

Companions of the Way

Edited by
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Waterhouse

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COMPANIONS OF THE WAY



COMPANIONS OF THE WAY

BEING SELECTIONS FOR MORNING
AND EVENING READING . CHOSEN
AND ARRANGED BY ELIZABETH
WATERHOUSE . EDITOR OF A LIT-
TLE BOOK OF LIFE AND DEATH



THEY SHALL ASK THE WAY TO ZION
WITH THEIR FACES THITHERWARD

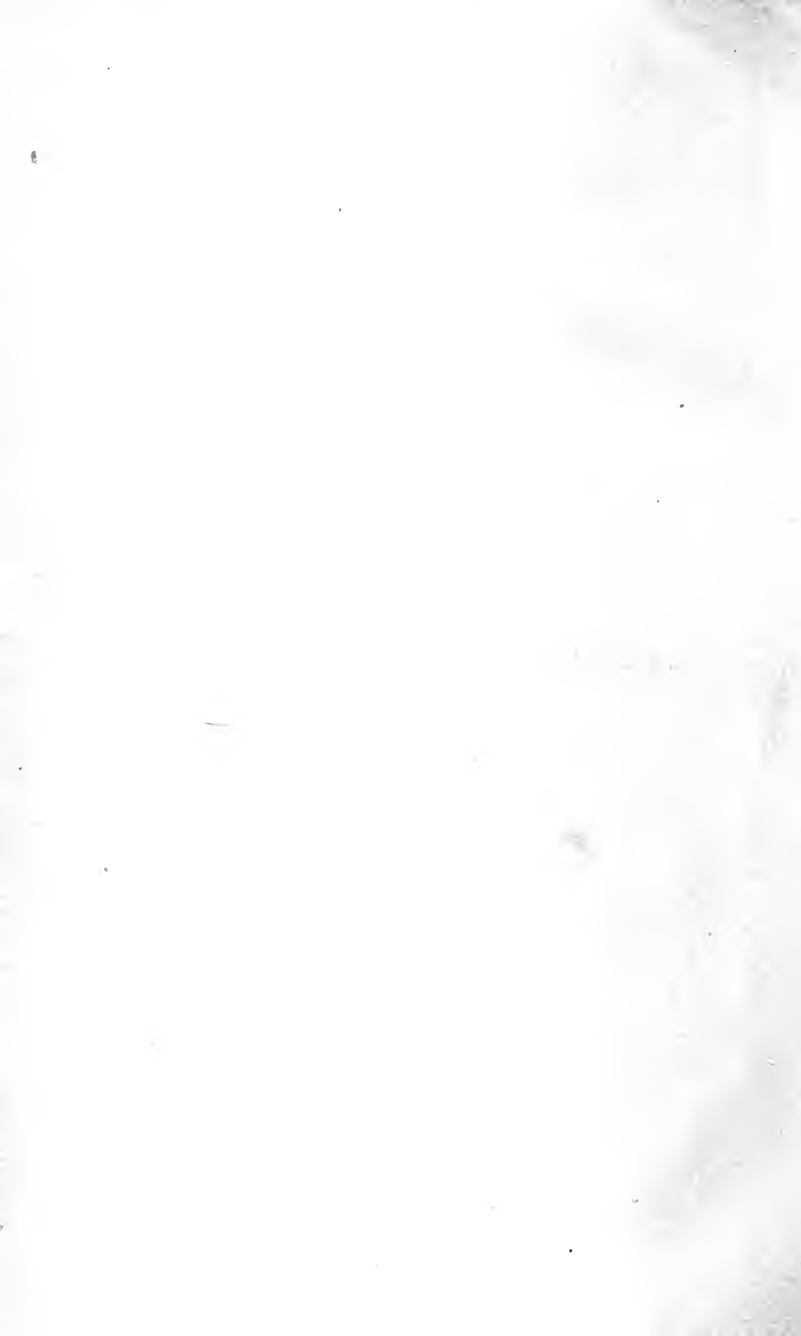
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GENERAL

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TO
MY CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

189284





PREFACE

I have pleasure in expressing my gratitude to the many authors who have allowed me to include selections from their writings in this book, some of whom have cheered the beggar at their doors, though a stranger, by the hand of fellowship held out, as well as by the gift given.

I thank "A. E." for poems from "By Still Waters," "The Divine Vision" and "Homeward Songs by the Way"; Mr. A. C. Benson for two poems, and for prose extracts from "The Upton Letters" and "The Thread of Gold"; Mr. William Braithwaite for a poem; Mr. Robert Bridges for seven poems; the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke for a hymn; Mr. John Buchan for two prose extracts and a poem from "A Lodge in the Wilderness"; Mr. William Canton for passages from "A Child's Book of Saints"; Mr. Gilbert Chesterton for a poem; and "C. M. E." for an extract from "The Many-sided Universe." I thank Mrs. Margaret Deland for the kind manner in which she has allowed me to use three poems from "The Old Garden"; Professor Dowden for five poems; Mr. J. Meade Falkner for his "Infinite Canon at Toledo"; C. C. Fraser-Tytler (Mrs. Edward Liddell) for one of her "Songs in Minor Keys"; Miss Joan M. Fry for two selections from "The Way of Peace"; and Mr. Gosse for part of his "Secreta Vitæ."

Mr. Haldane I thank for kindly allowing me two passages from his "Pathway to Reality"; Dr. J. Rendel Harris, for one from "The Guiding Hand of God";

COMPANIONS OF THE WAY

Colonel Higginson, *for his "Vestis Angelica"*; Mrs. K. Tynan Hinkson, *for four poems*; Mr. Bernard Holland, *for a passage from his introduction to "The Supersensual Life" and for allowing me the use of the translations of Jacob Behmen in that book*; the Rev. Dr. Huntington (*of Grace Church, New York*), *for two poems*; the Rev. W. R. Inge, *for many treasures from "Christian Mysticism" and "Truth and Falsehood in Religion"*; Professor Rufus Jones, *for two passages from "The Double Search"*; and Miss May Kendall, *for seven selections from her contributions to "Present Day Papers."* Mr. Rudyard Kipling *has kindly granted me his "Song of the English" from "The Seven Seas" and a few words from "The Second Jungle Book."* To Professor Knight *I owe seven of the prayers in this book; they are taken from his "Prayers Ancient and Modern."* Sir Oliver Lodge *has kindly allowed me to use five selections from his "Substance of Faith Allied with Science"*; Mr. Edwin Markham, *two poems from "The Man with the Hoe"*; Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, *selections from "In Peril of Change"*; Mrs. Meynell, *a poem*; and Dr. Weir Mitchell, *two stanzas from his rendering of the ancient "Pearl."* *I thank the author of "A Modern Mystic's Way" for giving me seven extracts from that book*; Mr. Gilbert Murray *for three from his translation of the "Bacchæ" of Euripides and one from that of the "Hyppolytus"*; Mr. Henry Newbolt *for two poems from "The Island Race" and one from "The Sailing of the Long Ships"*; "Moira O'Neill" *for two "Songs of the Glens of Antrim"*; Mr. William Scott Palmer *for three passages from "An Agnostic's Progress"*; and Miss Caroline E. Stephen *for many from her "Quaker Strongholds."* Mr. Swinburne *has most courteously given consent to my including six poems and a fragment from "Songs before Sunrise"*; and Mr. Arthur Symons *kindly but reluctantly permits a Rondel composed in his youth. Father Tyrrell allows me many selections from "Oil and Wine" and "Lex Orandi."*

PREFACE

Miss Waring *I thank for the very kind manner in which she has allowed me twelve hymns or portions of hymns ; and Miss Grace Warrack, for fourteen passages from her sympathetic rendering of the beautiful words of Julian the anchoress.*

To Mr. H. G. Wells I owe thanks for two extracts from "A Modern Utopia" ; to the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, for three from his "Studies in Theology" ; and to Mr. W. B. Yeats, for eight poems or parts of poems.

Among the relations and friends of authors I have pleasure in thanking Mrs. Robert Barbour for kindly allowing me two passages from Mr. Barbour's letters ; the representative of Miss J. E. A. Brown for eight poems in "From Advent to All Saints" ; the family of Miss E. Rachel Chapman for two sonnets from "A Little Child's Wreath" ; Mr. Coleridge for a poem by Miss M. E. Coleridge ; Mrs. Dixon for two selections from "Christ's Company" ; and the families of Mr. D. Mackworth-Dolben, the Rev. T. T. Lynch and Dr. George MacDonald for poems by these writers. Miss Martineau has kindly allowed me four selections from Dr. Martineau's "Hours of Thought" ; and Miss Christabel Massey, a hymn by her father. Mrs. Moberley has consented to my including five passages from "Atonement and Personality" ; and Mrs. Max Müller has kindly allowed me seven from "Thoughts on Life and Religion," a collection of Professor Max Müller's writings arranged by herself. For eight poems or parts of poems by Mr. Frederic W. H. Myers I am indebted to the kindness of Mrs. Myers ; and for thirteen selections in prose and verse from Mr. Coventry Patmore's works, to that of Mrs. Patmore. Mr. Dakyns has given permission for four poems by Mr. T. E. Brown ; and the trustees of Mr. William Morris, for poems from "Love is Enough." The authorities of Balliol College have generously allowed me many selections from the Life and the Sermons of Professor Jowett, and, with the delegates of the Clarendon Press, to whom also I express my thanks, quotations from

COMPANIONS OF THE WAY

Professor Jowett's Introduction to the "Dialogues of Plato," and a translation from "The Republic." These are taken from the five volume edition of "The Dialogues" (3rd ed.). The Clarendon Press has also kindly allowed me passages from "The Cambridge Platonists."

When I turn to publishers I must speak first of the large and generous kindness of Messrs. Macmillan, who have allowed me, asking nothing in payment, of the still copyright poems of Lord Tennyson, selections from "Akbar's Dream," "Gareth and Lynette," and "The Ancient Sage," and four complete poems, "Doubt and Prayer," "God and the Universe," "The Dawn" and "Crossing the Bar"; also four poems by "A. E." ("The Divine Vision"), four by Matthew Arnold, four by T. E. Brown ("Collected Poems," 1900), one by Francis Lucas ("Sketches of Rural Life"), and one by Christina Rossetti. They have allowed me nine prose extracts from "Marius the Epicurean" by Walter Pater, five from "John Inglesant" by J. H. Shorthouse, four from "The More Abundant Life" by Phillips Brooks, and one from "A Little Pilgrim in the Unseen" by Mrs. Oliphant; also a poem from "The Greater Glory" by Maarten Maartens.

Messrs. Longman have kindly obtained and confirmed to me the consent of Col. Higginson, of the trustees of William Morris, of Mr. William Scott Palmer, and of Father Tyrrell; and have allowed me the use of copyright poems by Jean Ingelow (Complete Edition, 1902).

Messrs. Murray very kindly confirm the consent of Mr. A. C. Benson for passages from "The Thread of Gold," of Mr. Haldane, of the Rev. W. R. Inge, and of Mrs. Moberley; and allow me four selections from Professor Jowett's "Commentary on the Epistle to the Thessalonians."

Messrs. Methuen have allowed me to use selections from the "Spiritual Guide" of Molinos (Library of Devotion); and confirmed the kind permission of Mr. Rudyard Kipling for two poems, and of the Rev. W. R.

PREFACE

Inge, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Miss Grace Warrack for prose selections.

I have to thank Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co. for confirming the permissions given by Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, Mr. William Canton, and the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed; and for allowing me to include three of the Hymns of Prudentius translated by R. Martin Pope.

Mr. John Lane I have to thank for confirming the permission of "A. E." for poems from "Homeward Songs by the Way," and of Mr. A. C. Benson for two from "Lyrics"; also for one poem by William Watson.

Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. have allowed me three poems from "Pearls of the Faith" by Sir Edwin Arnold, five parts of poems by Mrs. Hamilton King, and a selection from James Hinton's "Mystery of Pain." Mr. Fisher Unwin has kindly allowed me three poems by A. Mary F. Robinson, and part of a poem by George Santayana; and has confirmed the permission of Mr. W. B. Yeats for four poems.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus have given me two poems from Volume II. of the Poetical Works of Dr. George MacDonald; also a poem from "Underwoods" and one from "Songs of Travel," and a prose selection from "Æs Triplex" ("Virginibus Puerisque") by Robert Louis Stevenson. Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co. have allowed me three poems or portions of poems by George Meredith, and have confirmed Mrs. Max Müller's kind permission. I have to thank Messrs. James Maclehose & Sons for nine passages from Principal Caird's Gifford Lectures, and for five from "The Evolution of Religion" by Dr. Edward Caird (late Master of Balliol College); and The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for nine of Christina Rossetti's "Verses"; also for confirming Miss Waring's permission for hymns.

The Walter Scott Publishing Company have allowed me a poem by W. E. Henley, and another by R. Wilton from "Ballades and Rondeaux" (Canterbury

COMPANIONS OF THE WAY

Poets, 1s. edition). (*The two poems by George MacDonald, and the Rondel by Arthur Symons are contained in the same book.*)

I have to thank Messrs. George Allen & Sons for six selections from Maeterlinck's "Treasure of the Humble"; Messrs. Allenson for poems from "Carmina Crucis" and prose from "Colloquia Crucis" by Dora Greenwell; Messrs. George Bell & Sons for extracts from a copyright edition of Long's Marcus Aurelius; Messrs. Burns & Oates for two poems by Faber; Mr. Bertram Dobell for a poem by Thomas Traherne; Messrs. Headley Brothers for confirming the permission of Professor Rufus Jones; Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton for fourteen selections from Dr. George Adam Smith's "Book of Isaiah"; Messrs. Hurst & Blackett for a few words from "Sir Gibbie," by George MacDonald; Mr. Thomas Law for a passage from "The Guiding Hand of God," by Rendel Harris; Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. for ten extracts from "Hitherto," by A. D. T. Whitney; Mr. Elkin Matthews for four poems by W. B. Yeats ("The Wind among the Reeds"); Messrs. Nisbet & Co. for selections from "Hymns of Tersteegen, Suso and Others," translated by Frances Bevan; Sir I. Pitman & Sons for a poem by S. Williams; Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. for confirming Mr. A. C. Benson's kind permission for a passage from "The Upton Letters"; and Mr. Elliott Stock for six selections from J. W. Farquhar's "Gospel of Divine Humanity."

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To Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. I owe four poems by

PREFACE

Susan Coolidge, *two* by Helen Hunt Jackson, and *three* by Louise Chandler Moulton. To Messrs. C. Putnam's Sons, *a poem* by D. C. Dandridge, and *two* by Walt Whitman. To Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, *four poems* by Sidney Lanier (ed. 1884), and *one* by Julia C. R. Dorr, which appeared in their magazine (*Poems*; copyright, 1879, 1885, 1892).

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. have kindly allowed me *three quotations* from Professor Royce's "*Studies of Good and Evil*"; and Messrs. Harper & Brothers, *part of a poem* by Horatio Nelson Powers; they also confirm the kind consent of Mrs. Margaret Deland.

I have to take as kindly given the consent of Mr. Richard Burton, Miss K. E. Conway, and Mr. E. T. Campagnac, as I have not been able to hear from them. The Century Company has given me permission to include part of Mr. Burton's "Ultimate Nation," which was published in their magazine,—but I should have liked to be certain of his own approval.

In one or two other instances I have not known how to obtain the consent of authors, and in such cases I must ask them, if they should see this book, to forgive my inclusion of their words, and to receive my thanks.

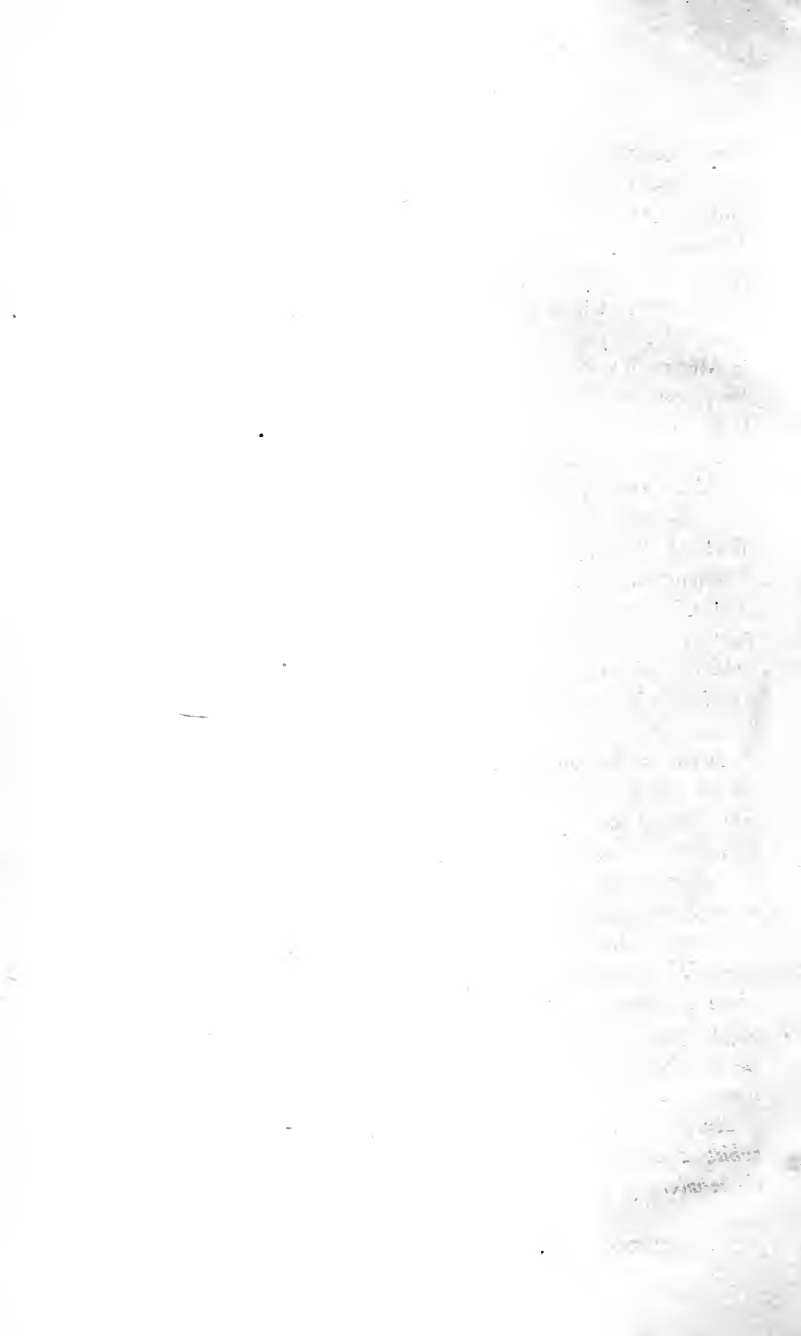
I must ask kind indulgence if through inadvertence I have omitted any acknowledgment that may still be due.

I wish here to express my warm thanks to the Rev. W. Garrett Horder for the valuable help he has given me about American copyrights, and also to acknowledge my debt to his delightful "Treasury of American Sacred Song," from which many of the American poems are taken.

Lastly, I should like to acknowledge the willing help which I have received in various ways and degrees from the members of my own family.

E. W.

YATTENDON, August 1908.



TO MY READERS

I HOPE it will be believed that I do not under-rate the privilege, or the responsibility, of whispering in your ear as you stand on the solemn confines of the day. I feel how much is required, and I have fallen far short of my ideal.

Some may expect, and will not find, either a steady sequence of thought through the year, or at least a grouping of selections in subjects for a month or a week. But, speaking for myself as a reader of such books, I know how it may irk to be bound for many days to a mood which may not be one's own at the time. So I have varied the subject from day to day, though sometimes led, either by my own feelings or by other inducements, a little to concentrate thought in one direction. Sorrow is twice allowed to speak more than at other times; and round the day called "Empire Day" I have let some thoughts of the wide duty of England group themselves.

Our mornings and our evenings may often find us in far differing humours, but a sense of the fitness of things seems to call for some sort of harmony between the left-hand and the right-hand page as they lie open before us. This has not always been easy to attain; and where, as I hope, attained, may not always easily be perceived.

I have desired to meet many moods of many

COMPANIONS OF THE WAY

spirits, knowing how various are the needs of *one* in passing through life's vicissitudes. There are times when we desire only to stand in the clear air of the heights in which some Vision of the absolute truth may be given us—philosophic, unemotional, kindling us as perceived certainty alone can do, giving us the sense of being washed by the pure keenness from temptation and grief and desire.

It may be thus when mind and body and outward things are in tune, and when other people cease from troubling. But when we sorrow or have sinned, when Fear casts its shadow, when sickness, or care, or weariness makes us ready to fall into low moods, or even sometimes to despair of the light of our Father's countenance, then we need some simple well-known words, not always skilfully set together, but healing and comforting. These are the old nurse, whose homely ways are just the very best to the sick or frightened child. If on any day she should seem to enter amiss, be gentle to her, dear readers, as to one whose humble presence you have needed once, and may need again.

Unity of idea must perhaps necessarily be wanting in books of this kind, but some thoughts more than others have been present in the choice of these "Companions of the Way."

One is that where poet or philosopher or dreamer is in presence of the highest that he knows, or of that which for the moment he recognises as the highest—such as Strength, or Beauty in Nature, or Intellectual Beauty, or Freedom, or Work, or Wisdom—he comes (whether he knows it or not) into the presence of God. He is indeed in the sanctuary and a companion of the saints, though he may think himself on a lonely mountain top

TO MY READERS

or in the throng of men, and may not see the crystalline walls that rise around him or the holy company among whom he stands.

Another thought is that, when we look upon the Crucified, we should remember the words, "he that hath seen Me hath seen the Father"—our God, who bears the griefs and carries the sorrows of all His children. There is no difference in that love.

A third is that all outward acts of worship, all words about the holiest things, are but the coarsest outer husk of that seed of life without which we perish.

These and kindred thoughts may, I trust, make the "Companions" seem to be of one family, or at least of one race, and not a motley or alien crowd.

Here and there an ideal character is called to walk beside you on the way; and early in each month I have tried to recall the ministry of the wisely ordered home, which should be, in its simplicity, its beauty, its fruitfulness and its joy, the very House of God and the Gate of Heaven.

In case this book should be read by any to whom the headings which are not in English are a difficulty, an interpreter of these is placed at the end of the year for reference.





*Some kinde herbs here, though low and far,
Watch for and know their loving star :
O let no star compare with Thee ;
Nor any herb out-duty me !
So shall my nights and mornings be
Thy time to shine and mine to see.*

HENRY VAUGHAN

PENITENCE AND HOPE

I
Jan.
Morning

A Prayer.

O MY Saviour Christ, Christ my Saviour! who will grant that I may die rather than again offend Thee! Christ my Saviour, O my Saviour! Lord, let a new manner of life prove that a new spirit hath descended on me; for true penitence is new life, and true praise unremitted penitence, and the observation of a perpetual Sabbath from sin, its occasions, fuel, and danger.

BISHOP

ANDREWES penitence.

PENITENCE AND HOPE

I
Jan.
Evening

Whom have I in Heaven but Thee ?

FROM past regret and present faithlessness,
From the deep shadow of foreseen distress,
And from the nameless weariness that grows
As life's long day seems wearing to its close ;

Thou Life within my life, than self more near !
Thou veiled Presence infinitely clear !
From all illusive shows of sense I flee,
To find my centre and my rest in Thee.

Take part with me against those doubts which rise
And seek to throne Thee far in distant skies !
Take part with me against the self that dares
Assume the burden of these sins and cares !

How shall I call Thee who art always here,
How shall I praise Thee who art still most dear,
What may I give Thee save what Thou hast given,
And whom but Thee have I in earth or heaven ?

ELIZA
SCUDDER

2

Jan.
Morning

*The Master saith unto thee, Where is the
guest-chamber?*

THE house in which she lives is for the orderly soul which does not live on blindly before her, but is ever, out of her passing experiences, building and adorning the parts of a many-roomed abode for herself, only an expansion of the body; as the body is but an expansion of the soul. For such an orderly soul, as she lives onward, all sorts of delicate affinities establish themselves, between her and the doors and passage-ways, the lights and shadows of her outward abode, until she seems incorporate into it—till at last, in the entire expressiveness of what is outward, there is for her, to speak properly, no longer any distinction between outward and inward at all; and the light which creeps at a particular hour on a wall, the scent of flowers in the air at a particular window, become to her, not so much apprehended objects, as themselves powers of apprehension, and doorways to things beyond—seeds or rudiments of new faculties, by which she, dimly yet surely, apprehends a matter lying beyond her actually attained capacity of sense and spirit.

WALTER
PATER,
*Marius
the Epi-
curean*

2
Jan.
Evening

*Surely the Lord is in this place ; And I
knew it not.*

WHEN He appoints to meet thee, go thou forth —
It matters not
If South or North,
Bleak waste or sunny plot.
Nor think, if haply He thou seek'st be late,
He does thee wrong.
To stile or gate
Lean thou thy head, and long !
It may be that to spy thee He is mounting
Upon a tower,
Or in thy counting
Thou hast mista'en the hour.
But, if He come not, neither do thou go
Till Vesper chime,
Belike thou then shalt know
He hath been with thee all the time.

T. E.
BROWN,
*Collected
Poems,*
1900

3
Jan.
Morning

*If haply they might feel after Him and
find Him.*

MAX
MÜLLER

FROM the first dawn that ever brightened a human hearth, or warmed a human heart, one generation has told another that there is a world beyond the dawn; and the keynotes of all religion—the feeling of the infinite, the bowing down before the incomprehensible, the yearning after the unseen—having once been set to vibrate, have never been altogether drowned in the strange and wild music of religious sects and sciences.

THE ANCIENT CRAVING

3
Jan.
Evening

I will give you Rest.

WINDS weary with the old sea tune
Slide inland with some cloud, and soon
From woods that whisper summer noon
Weigh their wight wings with odour boon.
So I, long salted in our ocean drear
Of disbelief that Essence can be won
By any form of thought invented here,
Felt such a gush of joy about
My heart-roots, as if in and out
'Twas life-blood billowed ; and as stout
As once we sent the battle-shout
Pitching clear notes against barbaric din,—
Oh, brother, my soul's voice against the rout
Of unbeliefs a man doth muse within,
Arising and protesting wild,
Spake, speaking out untruth defiled ;
Spake, speaking in the truth exiled ;
Spake, Little head and weary child,
Come home, God loves, God loves through sin and
shame,—
Come home, God loves His world.

RICHARD
WATSON
DIXON

4
Jan.
Morning

*The preaching of the Cross is to them that
perish foolishness.*

(Serenus de Cressy speaks.)

AH! if you adored a God crowned with roses and with pearls, it were a matter nothing strange; but to prostrate yourselves daily before a crucifix, charged with nails and thorns,—you living in such excess and superfluity in the flesh, dissolved in softness,—how can that be but cruel? Ah! think of that crucifix as you lie warm in silken curtains, perfumed with eau de naffe, as you sit at dainty feasts, as you ride forth in the sunshine in gallantry. He is cold and naked; He is alone; behind Him the sky is dreary and streaked with darkening clouds, for the night cometh—the night of God. His locks are wet with the driving rain; His hair is frozen with the sleet; His beauty is departed from Him; all men have left Him—all men, and God also, and the holy angels hide their faces. He is crowned with thorns, but you with garlands; He wears nothing in His hands but piercing nails; you have rubies and diamonds on yours. Ah! will you tell me you can still be faithful though in brave array? . . . Love which cannot suffer is unworthy of the name of love.

J. H.
SHORT-
HOUSE,
John
Inglesant

THE CROSS

4
Jan.
Evening

Ye cannot serve two masters.

BE mindful of the profession thou hast made, and have always before thine eyes the remembrance of thy Saviour crucified. Thou hast good cause to be ashamed, looking upon the life of Jesus Christ, seeing thou hast as yet no more endeavoured to conform thyself unto Him though thou hast walked a long time in the way of God.

*The
Imitation
of Christ*

5
Jan.
Morning

*They that say such things declare plainly that
they seek a country.*

THEY declare plainly that they are seeking their Fatherland. They declare it more plainly for every day of the search, for every night of the accomplished homeward march. It may be said of Christ's lovers, as is said in the song in *Hamlet*:

“How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.”

“Be shod,” said He, “with sandals!” Do you suppose He was only talking to the Seventy, or to the Twelve? . . . Not saying over all of us . . . “Are they not all pilgrim souls?” That little verse which I quote, describing the marks of the lover that is on pilgrimage, describes those marks progressively: they are not all gained at once. Those sandal shoes were, indeed, put on at the very beginning; but this shell in the hat, that was picked up on the shore of a certain Red Sea which lay by the pilgrim's path; and this staff that he carries was cut on the banks of the Jordan when he descended to it. He steadied himself with it as he passed through. . . . And so, brave soul that hast consented to be a Pilgrim of the Kingdom, know this, that thy definition becomes clearer as the years go by, and thou art more perfectly known as belonging to that heaven-born, heaven-bound company, of whom the most earnest speak like one who once willed to make an earthly pilgrimage, and, being asked what he wanted, said, “I am nought, I have nought, I desire nought, except to be at Jerusalem.”

J. RENDEL
HARRIS

5
Jan.
Evening

Ye that by night stand in the House of the Lord.

WITHIN THE HOLIEST.

HIS priest am I, before Him day and night,
Within His holy place ;
And death, and life, and all things dark and bright,
I spread before His Face.
Rejoicing with His joy, yet ever still,
For silence is my song ;
My work to bend beneath His blessed will,
All day, and all night long—
For ever holding with Him converse sweet,
Yet speechless, for my gladness is complete.

GER-
HARDT
TER-
STEEGEN,
trans.
Frances
Bevan

6
Jan.
Morning

Non per far, ma per non far, ho perduto.

“THE soul that sinneth, it shall die.”—Is that a threat? Is it not the deep utterance of a truth? Indeed, there cannot be a threat that is not the deep utterance of a truth, for no man can permanently suffer except by the eternal necessities of things,—not by whim, but by law. Is it not, then, as if it said, “The soul that sinneth *dies*, dies *in* its sinning, dies because for a soul there is no life but holiness”? . . .

“To sin is just so far to cease to live,” we said. . . . May we not also say, “To cease to live is just so far to sin”? . . .

The man who does no duty because he has taught other men and himself to look upon him as an unenterprising, good-natured mortal to whom they are to bring no duties,—the creature who sometimes ventures to demand our respect for the very qualities which make him contemptible, who is conservative because radicalism is troublesome, and calm because enthusiasm is a bore; all these, when we see them as Christ sees them, we shall know are wicked men. The lazy and labour-saving saint is a sinner. The man who is not vitally good, is bad, for he is shutting his heart against the work of Him who came that men might have *life*. God teach us all that to be alive is the first condition of being good!

PHILLIPS
BROOKS,
*The More
Abundant
Life*

6
Jan.
Evening

He that gathereth not with Me, scattereth.

O PATIENT CHRIST! when long ago
O'er old Judea's rugged hills,
Thy willing feet went to and fro
To find and comfort human ills—
Did once Thy tender, earnest eyes
Look down the solemn centuries,
And see the smallness of our lives?

Souls struggling for the victory,
And martyrs, finding death was gain,
Souls turning from the Truth and Thee,
And falling deep in sin and pain—
Great heights and depths were surely seen,
But oh! the dreary waste between—
Small lives, not base perhaps, but mean:

Their selfish efforts for the right,
Or cowardice that keeps from sin,
Content to only see the height
That nobler souls will toil to win!
Oh shame! to think Thine eyes should see
The souls contented just to be—
The lives too small to take in Thee.

Lord, let this thought awake our shame,
That blessed shame that stings to life,
Rouse us to live for Thy dear name,
Arm us with courage for the strife.
O Christ! be patient with us still;
Dear Christ! remember Calvary's hill,—
Our little lives with purpose fill!

MARGARET
DELAND

SORROW FOR FAULTS

7
Jan.
Morning

*That it may please Thee to forgive us all our
negligences and ignorances.*

“**N**EGLIGENCE and ignorances”—How often these weigh down our sorrowful, our well-nigh despairing spirits!

Against wilful sin long years of struggling fealty may have taught us to watch; but then, while we have gone gaily forward, eager and unafraid, a little duty has not even been guessed, a little kindness left undone, and “inasmuch as ye did it not” has filled the wide earth and air with the thunder of its judgment.

“So foolish was I, and ignorant, I was as a beast before Thee, nevertheless,”—ah, sorrowful heart, take comfort! “*nevertheless* I am continually with Thee. Thou hast holden me by my right hand,” and since I have no wisdom, Thou wilt give me Thine, “Thou wilt guide me by Thy counsel, and afterward receive me”—“to glory”? No, I would not ask for that, but just receive me where, being with Thee, I cannot again mistake, or forget—or fail.

*Thoughts
of a
Tertiary*

This “Nevertheless” I carry in my bosom, an eternal Amulet of Hope.

SORROW FOR SIN

7
Jan.
Evening

There was darkness. Let us draw near.

THE wounded creatures seek the shade
And creep away alone to die,
Sick hearts, of careless touch afraid,
Shun the rude world and open sky.

There is a deep and sacred gloom
Where wounded hearts may enter in ;
For every sorrow 'tis a tomb,
A hiding-place for every sin.

There bitter pangs of woe and loss,
There bitter pains of shame—the chief,
Are hidden by the Saviour's Cross,
And that dark cloud that veiled His grief.

Pass in thou stricken heart, 'tis dim ;
But One is there who bleeds for thee,
Thy anguish will be safe with Him,
Thy aching heart shall solaced be.

Through the deep gloom that shades that place
A voice of love shall soothe thy pain,
Although unseen the blessed Face
Of Him who dies thy peace to gain.

'Tis blessedness to share His woe,
And hidden in that darkness lie.
With Him despair thou canst not know,
By Him canst surely dare to die.

J. E. A.
BROWN

8
Jan.
Morning

*Bearing aloft in folded hands of prayer,
Safe through the windy world the fire divine.*

LIKENESS to God is not a far-off hope, a light that gleams upon us through the mists of time, a prize to be won only when revolving years have passed. It is a present and immediate experience, or rather it is a thing which does not belong to the sphere of time and cannot be spoken of in forms of expression that belong to it. In religion the spirit passes out of the realm of time, rises above the passing shows of things, the vain fears and vainer hopes that pertain to the things seen and temporal. The outward life may be still in some measure a life of effort, struggle, conflict; but in that inner sphere in which the true life lies, the strife is over, the victory already achieved; hope has passed into fruition, struggle into conquest, restless effort and endeavour into perfect peace—"the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

JOHN
CAIRD

THE PRESENT VICTORY

8
Jan.
Evening

I will redeem thee out of the hand of the terrible.

SURROUNDED by unnumbered foes,
Against my soul the battle goes !
Yet though I weary, sore distressed,
I know that I shall reach my rest ;
I lift my tearful eyes above,—
His banner over me is love.

My cloud of battle-dust may dim,
His veil of splendour curtain Him !
And in the midnight of my fear
I may not feel Him standing near ;
But, as I lift mine eyes above,
His banner over me is love.

GERALD
MASSEY

9
Jan.
Morning

*We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be
changed.*

ADELINÉ
D. T.
WHITNEY

NOTHING shall sleep, or wait, for ever. We might be patient for ourselves. We might be believing for each other. We might be more gladly conscious of the blessed world to come, which is only a world of light and air about us which we are blind to; into which some, yet rooted near us, have opened out their perfected life; opened out into God, in whom also we bide, and shall unfold.

DAWNS

9
Jan.
Evening

*The Glory of the Lord came into the house by
the way of the gate whose prospect is towards
the East.*

AT end of Love, at end of Life,
At end of Hope, at end of Strife,
At end of all we cling to so—
The sun is setting—must we go?

At dawn of Love, at dawn of Life,
At dawn of Peace that follows Strife,
At dawn of all we long for so—
The sun is rising—let us go!

LOUISE
CHANDLER
MOULTON

10
Jan.
Morning

Be ye Holy, for I am Holy.

IT (Holiness) means, in the first place, perfect disinterestedness, indifference to earthly and human interests. Again, it implies a mind one with God, over which no shadow of uncleanness or untruth ever passes, which seeks only to know His will, and, knowing it, to carry it out in the world. To purity and truth it adds peace and a certain dignity derived from independence of all things. It is heaven upon earth—to live loving all men, disturbed by nothing, fearing nothing. It is a temper of mind which is unshaken by changes of religious opinion, which is not dependent upon outward observances of religion. Such a character we may meet with once or twice in a long life, and derive a sort of inspiration from it. And oh! that it were possible that some of us might, even in the days of our youth, find the blessedness of leading such a life in God's presence always.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

HOLINESS

IO
Jan.
Evening

To be spiritually minded is Life and Peace.

I, THAT still pray at morning and at eve,
Loving those roots that feed us from the past,
And prizing, more than Plato, things I learned
At that best academe, a mother's knee,
Thrice in my life perhaps have truly prayed,
Thrice, stirred below my conscious self, have felt
That perfect disenthralment which is God ;
Nor know I which to hold worst enemy,—
Him who on speculation's windy waste
Would turn me loose, stript of the raiment warm
By Faith contrived against our nakedness ;
Or him who, cruel-kind, would fain obscure,
With painted saints and paraphrase of God,
The soul's east window of divine surprise.

JAMES
RUSSELL
LOWELL

II
Jan.
Morning

*Wisdom is the breath of the power of God,
and a pure influence flowing from the Glory of
the Almighty.*

I N the state of Religion, Spirituals and Naturals join and mingle in their Subjects, so that if a Man be once in a true state of Religion, he cannot distinguish between Religion and the Reason of his Mind ; so that his Religion is the Reason of his Mind, and the Reason of his Mind is his Religion. They are not two things now ; they do not go two several ways, but concur and agree ; they both run into one Principle, they make one Spirit, make one Stream. . . . His Reason is sanctified by his Religion, and his Religion helps and makes use of his Reason. . . .

If you meddle with Religion, be intelligent and rational in your Religion ; study Religion till the Reason of your Minds receive Satisfaction ; for till then you cannot account it your own, neither call it your own ; neither hath it security and settlement in its Subject.

BENJAMIN
WHICH-
COTE

II
Jan.
Evening

They shall not be ashamed that wait for Me.

“THE riddle of the world is understood
Only by him who feels that God is good,
As only he can feel who makes his love
The ladder of his faith, and climbs above
On th’ rounds of his best instincts ; draws no line
Between mere human goodness and divine,
But, judging God by what in him is best,
With a child’s trust leans on a Father’s breast,
And hears unmoved the old creeds babble still
Of kingly power and dread caprice of will,
Chary of blessing, prodigal of curse,
The pitiless doomsman of the universe.”

So heard I ; and the chaos round me spread
To light and order grew ; and, “ Lord,” I said,
“ Our sins are our tormentors, worst of all
Felt in distrustful shame that dares not call
Upon Thee as our Father. We have set
A strange god up, but Thou remainest yet.
All that I feel of pity Thou hast known
Before I was ; my best is all Thy own.
From Thy great heart of goodness mine but drew
Wishes and prayers ; but Thou, O Lord, wilt do,
In Thy own time, by ways I cannot see,
All that I feel when I am nearest Thee ! ”

J. G.
WHITTIER

I 2
Jan.
Morning

*This God is our God for ever and ever. He
will be our Guide even unto death.*

ARTHUR
CHRIS-
TOPHER
BENSON

THE secret waits for all who can throw aside convention and insincerity, who can make the sacrifice with a humble heart, and throw themselves utterly and fearlessly into the hands of God. Societies, organisations, ceremonies, forms, authority, dogma—they are all outside; silently and secretly, in the solitude of one's heart, must the lonely path be found; but the slender track once beneath our feet, all the complicated relations of the world become clear and simple.

THE PATH

12
Jan.
Evening

I will fear no evil.

I N pastures green? Not always; sometimes He
Who knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me
By weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

And by still waters? No, not always so;
Oft-times the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storm is loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I."

Above the tempest wild I hear Him say,
"Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day,
In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill-tops high and fair
I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where
The shadows lie—what matter? He is there.

HENRY
H.
BARRY

13
Jan.
Morning

*I form the light, and create darkness; I make
peace, and create evil: I the Lord do all these
things.*

COLD is the winter day, misty and dark :
The sunless sky with faded gleams is rent ;
And patches of thin snow outlying, mark
The landscape with a drear disfigurement.

The trees their mournful branches lift aloft :
The oak with knotty twigs is full of trust,
With bud-thronged bough the cherry in the croft ;
The chestnut holds her gluey knops upthrust.

No birds sing, but the starling chaps his bill
And chatters mockingly ; the newborn lambs
Within their strawbuilt fold beneath the hill
Answer with plaintive cry their bleating dams.

Their voices melt in welcome dreams of spring,
Green grass and leafy trees and sunny skies :
My fancy decks the woods, the thrushes sing,
Meadows are gay, bees hum and scents arise.

And God the Maker doth my heart grow bold
To praise for wintry works not understood,
Who all the worlds and ages doth behold,
Evil and good as one, and all as good.

ROBERT
BRIDGES

WINTER

13
Jan.
Evening

O ye frost and cold, bless ye the Lord.

SWEETER yet than dream or song of summer or
spring
Are winter's sometime smiles, that seem to well
From infancy ineffable ;
Her wandering, languorous gaze,
So unfamiliar, so without amaze,
On the elemental, chill adversity,
The uncomprehended rudeness ; and her sigh
And solemn, gathering tear,
And look of exile from some great repose, the sphere
Of ether, moved by ether only, or
By something still more tranquil.—

COVENTRY
PATMORE

14
Jan.
Morning

*Thou shalt hide them in the secret of Thy
Presence.*

AS the body is clad in the cloth, and the flesh in the skin, and the bones in the flesh, and the heart in the whole, so are we, soul and body, clad in the Goodness of God, and enclosed. Yea, and more homely: for all these may waste and wear away, but the Goodness of God is ever whole; and more near to us; . . . for truly our Lover desireth that our soul cleave to Him with all its might, and that we be evermore cleaving to His Goodness. For of all things that heart may think; this pleaseth most God, and soonest speedeth the soul.

JULIAN
THE
ANCHOR-
ESS

THE GOODNESS OF GOD

14
Jan.
Evening

*What thou understandest not when thou readest
that shalt thou know in the day of visitation.*

THEREFORE He loves thee not, because He
smites?

Ah, little know'st thou of thy Father's ways !
His children share not in the world's delights :
Long nights of grief He sends, and weary days,
When love grows weak, and faith decays.

Therefore He loves thee not ? Nay, rather this,
His most sure sign, His most kind voice of call ;
He will not have thee sleep in earthly bliss,
But bids thee gird thy loins, lest, after all,
Where some have fallen, thou too shouldst fall.

Let not thy fancied *therefore* dream of aid,
Just when thou wilt, whose time is always near ;
Nor deem *that* love, nor call *that* help delayed,
Which came too soon if sooner it were here :
He will not cause one needless tear.

JOHN
MASON
NEALE

15
Jan.
Morning

Blessed are ye Poor.

IF you are really poor, my daughter, for God's sake be so in spirit; make a virtue of necessity, and turn that precious stone Poverty to its true value. The brilliancy thereof is not perceived in this world, but nevertheless it is very great.

Patience then! you are in good company. Our dear Lord, our Lady, the Apostles, numberless saints, both men and women, were poor, and although they might have been rich, disdained to be so. How many great ones of this world have gone through many difficulties to seek holy poverty! . . . Whereas to you, my child, it has come unasked,—you have met poverty without seeking it—do you then embrace it as the beloved friend of Jesus Christ.

ST.
FRANCIS
DE SALES

POVERTY

15
Jan.
Evening

*What can I say more unto Thee? for Thou
Lord knowest Thy servant.*

THOU lovest still the poor ; oh blest
In poverty beloved to be !
Less lowly is my choice confess'd,
I love the rich in loving Thee !
My spirit bare before Thee stands,
I bring no gift, I ask no sign,
I come to Thee with empty hands,
The surer to be filled from Thine.

DORA
GREEN-
WELL

16
Jan.
Morning

He that hath this hope purifeth himself.

THE foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth, and is known by, them that are His. But we must not expect that "religious difficulties" will ever cease. Every truth that we know is but the husk of a deeper truth; and it may be that the Holy Spirit has still many things to say to us which we cannot bear now. Each generation and each individual has his own problem, which has never been set in exactly the same form before: we must all work out our own salvation, for it is God who worketh in us. If we have realised the meaning of these words of St. Paul . . . we cannot doubt that, though we now see through a glass darkly, and know only in part, we shall one day behold our Eternal Father face to face, and know Him even as we are known.

WILLIAM
RALPH
INGE

THE VISION



16
Jan.
Evening

*Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to
meet Him.*

I SAW Eternity the other night,
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright ;
And round beneath it Time, in hours, days, years,
Driven by the spheres,
Like a vast shadow moved, in which the world
And all her train were hurled.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soared up into the Ring ;
But most would use no wing.
O fools, said I, thus to prefer dark night
Before true light !
To live in grotts and caves, and hate the day
Because it shows the way,
The way, which from this dead and dark abode
Leads up to God,
A way where you might tread the Sun and be
More bright than he !
But, as I did their madnes so discusse,
One whispered thus,
"This Ring the Bridegroome did for none provide,
But for his Bride."

HENRY
VAUGHAN

17
Jan.
Morning

In all their affliction He was afflicted.

IN the Christian doctrines of the Incarnation and Atonement, whatever else they mean, we find a sanction for the thought that in the nature of God there is a capacity of condescending love, of boundless pity and forgiveness, yea, with reverence be it said, of pain and sorrow and sacrifice for the salvation of finite souls, a capacity which has been, and could only be, revealed and realised through the sorrow and sin of the world.

JOHN
CAIRD

17
Jan.
Evening

Crucified with Christ.

FOR the glory and passion of this midnight,
I praise Thy name, I give Thee thanks, O Christ!
Thou that hast neither failed me nor forsaken,
Through these hard hours with victory overpriced;
Now that I too of Thy passion have partaken,
For the world's sake called, elected, sacrificed.

Thou wast alone through Thy redemption vigil,
Thy friends had fled;
The angel at the garden from Thee parted,
And solitude instead,
More than the scourge, or Cross, O tender-hearted,
Under the crown of thorns bowed down Thy head.

But I, amid the torture and the taunting,
I have had Thee!
Thy hand was holding my hand fast and faster,
Thy voice was close to me,
And glorious eyes said, "Follow me, thy Master,
Smile as I smile thy faithfulness to see."

HARRIET
ELEANOR
HAMILTON
KING

18
Jan.
Morning

D'altro non calme.

REGARDING prayer not so much as consisting of particular acts of devotion, but as the spirit of life, it seems to be the spirit of harmony with the will of God. It is the aspiration after all good, the wish, stronger than any earthly passion or desire, to live in His service only. It is the temper of mind which says in the evening, "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit"; which rises up in the morning "To do Thy will, O God"; and which all the day regards the actions of business and of daily life as done unto the Lord and not to men,—“Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God.” The trivial employments, the meanest or lowest occupations, may receive a kind of dignity when thus converted into the service of God. Other men live for the most part in dependence on the opinion of their fellow-men; they are the creatures of their own interests, they hardly see anything clearly in the mists of their own self-deceptions. But he whose mind is resting in God rises above the petty aims and interests of men; he desires only to fulfil the Divine Will, he wishes only to know the truth. His “eye is single,” in the language of Scripture, and his whole body is full of light. The light of truth and disinterestedness flows into his soul; the presence of God, like the sun in the heavens, warms his heart. Such a one, whom I have imperfectly described, may be no mystic; he may be one among us whom we know not, undistinguished by any outward mark from his fellow-men, yet carrying within him a hidden source of truth and strength and peace.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

18
Jan.
Evening

Child of My love ! how have I wearied thee ?

NOW I am here, what Thou wilt do with me
None of my books will show ;
I reade, and sigh, and wish I were a tree ;
For sure then should I grow
To fruit or shade : at least some bird would trust
Her household to me, and I should be just.

Yet, though Thou troublest me, I must be meek ;
In weakness must be stout.
Well, I will change my service, and go seek
Some other master out.

Ah, my deare God ! though I am clean forgot,
Let me not love Thee, if I love Thee not.

GEORGE
HERBERT

19
Jan.
Morning

Her children arise up and call her blessed.

EARLY died
My honoured Mother, she who was the heart
And hinge of all our learnings and our loves :
 . . . She, not falsely taught,
Fetching her goodness rather from times past,
Than shaping novelties for times to come,
Had no presumption, no such jealousy,
Nor did by habit of her thoughts mistrust
Our nature, but had virtual faith that He
Who fills the Mother's breast with innocent milk,
Doth also for our nobler part provide,
Under His great correction and control,
As innocent instincts, and as innocent food ;
Or draws for minds that are left free to trust
In the simplicities of opening life
Sweet honey out of spurned or dreaded weeds.
This was her creed, and therefore she was pure
From anxious fear of error or mishap,
And evil, overweeningly so called ;
Was not puffed up by false unnatural hopes,
Nor selfish with unnecessary cares,
Nor with impatience from the season asked
More than its timely produce ; rather loved
The hours for what they are, than from regard
Glanced on their promises in restless pride.
Such was she—not from faculties more strong
Than others have, but from the times, perhaps,
And spot in which she lived, and through a grace
Of modest meekness, simple-mindedness,
A heart that found benignity and hope,
Being itself benign.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

19
Jan.
Evening

*Whosoever shall do the will of My Father
which is in heaven, the same is My . . . sister.*

WOMEN are indeed the veiled sisters of all the great things we do not see. They are indeed nearest of kin to the Infinite that is about us, and they alone can still smile at it with the intimate grace of the child, to whom its father inspires no fear. It is they who preserve here below the pure fragrance of the soul, like some jewel from Heaven, which none know how to use; and were they to depart, the spirit would reign in solitude in a desert. Theirs are still the divine emotions of the first days; and the sources of their being lie deeper far than ours in all that was illimitable.

MAURICE
MAETER-
LINCK

20

Jan.
Morning

*Through the ages one clear flame of sacrifice has
burned, and by its light men have seen God.*

IF peace means satisfaction, acceptance of the whole of an experience as good, and if even we, in our weakness, can frequently find rest in the very presence of conflict and of tension, in the very endurance of ill in a good cause, in the hero's triumph over temptation, or in the mourner's tearless refusal to accept the lower comforts of forgetfulness, or to wish that the lost one's preciousness had been less painfully revealed by death,—well, if even we know our little share of this harmony in the midst of the wrecks and disorders of life, what limit shall we set to the divine power to face this world of His own sorrows, and to find peace in the victory over all its ills.

JOSIAH
ROYCE

20
Jan.
Evening

*Our light affliction, which is but for a moment,
worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal
weight of glory.*

O F fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,
Complain no more ; for these, O heart,
Direct the random of the will
As rhymes direct the rage of art.

The lute's fixt fret, that runs athwart
The strain and purpose of the string,
For governance and nice consort
Doth bar his wilful wavering.

The dark hath many dear avails ;
The dark distils divinest dews ;
The dark is rich with nightingales,
With dreams, and with the heavenly Muse.

Of fret, of dark, of thorn, of chill,
Complain not thou, O heart ; for these
Bank-in the current of the will
To uses, arts, and charities.

SIDNEY
LANIER

21
Jan.
Morning

He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God.

NOTHING is sweeter than love ; nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better in heaven and in earth ; for love is born of God, and can rest only in God above all things created.

The lover flies, runs, and rejoices ; he is free and not held.

He gives all for all and has all in all, because he rests in one supreme above all, from whom all good flows and proceeds.

*The
Imitation
of Christ*

He looks not at the gifts, but turns himself above all goods to the giver.

21
Jan.
Evening

*For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but
with great mercies will I gather thee.*

I LOVE and love not: Lord, it breaks my heart
To love and not to love.
Thou, veiled within Thy glory, gone apart
Into Thy shrine, which is above,
Dost Thou not love me, Lord, or care
For this mine ill?—

*“ I love thee here or there,
I will accept thy broken heart ; lie still.”*

Lord, it was well with me in time gone by
That cometh not again,
When I was fresh and cheerful, who but I?
I fresh, I cheerful: worn with pain
Now, out of sight and out of heart ;
O Lord, how long?—

*“ I watch thee as thou art,
I will accept thy fainting heart ; be strong.”*

“ Lie still,” “ be strong,” to-day; but Lord, to-morrow,
What of to-morrow, Lord?
Shall there be rest from toil, be truce from sorrow,
Be living green upon the sward
Now but a barren grave to me,
Be joy for sorrow?—

*“ Did I not die for thee ?
Do not I live for thee ?—leave Me to-morrow.”*

CHRIS-
TINA G.
ROSSETTI

22
Jan.
Morning

Blessed is he that waiteth.

IT is neither what we seem to understand about God that feeds our love; nor the fact that He is infinitely beyond our understanding; but the fact that we can ever progress in knowledge and love, and always with a sense of an infinite "beyond." It is at the margin where the conquering light meets the receding darkness that love finds its inspirations. If we are forced to conceive Him human-wise, we know that the conception is but an idol or picture; that if He is all that, He is also infinitely more. To the savage He is but the biggest and strongest of men; to the rationalist He is but the most intelligent and moral; to Faith He is the hidden Infinite, of which these are but the finite symbols.

FATHER
TYRRELL

22
Jan.
Evening

Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth Eternity, whose name is Holy : I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and the heart of the contrite ones.

TOO much ye tremble, too much fear to feel
That yearning love which Allah's laws reveal ;
Too oft forget—your troubled journey through—
He who is Power, is Grace and Beauty too,
And Clemency, and Pity, and Pure Rest,
The Highest and the Uttermost and Best ;
Sweeter than honey, and more dear to see
Than any loveliness on land or sea
By bard or lover praised, or famed in story ;
For these were shadows of His perfect glory ;
Which is not told, because who sees God near
Loseth the speech to speak, in loving fear,
So joyous is he, so astonished.

SIR
EDWIN
ARNOLD

23
Jan.
Morning

As the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so shall the Lord God cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all nations.

MEN need never despair of the future of religion. Humanity, as a great philosopher affirmed, is not destined permanently to inhabit ruins. A world which is forgetting God does not involve a God who is forgetting the world. The movement of new spiritual advance may arise from without, not from within the Church; as so many of the great restorative movements of the past generation, whose divine origin and guidance were unrecognised by the members of the organised Christian community. We may be confident that the time of frost and present cold will break up before the warmth of another spring. The Church, by neglect of its election and high calling, may prolong the misery and increase the confusion of time. But no human wilfulness or weakness can for ever delay the restitution of all things and the triumph of the end. A new dawn will one day illuminate the vastness and desolation of the city. Each solitary life of its millions, perishing, as it seems, unheeded and alone, is destined at last to find the purpose of its being in union with the Infinite, alike its origin and goal.

C. F. G.
MASTER.
MAN

23
Jan.
Evening

The night is far spent, the day is at hand.

A LITTLE time we gain from time
To set our seasons in some chime,
For harsh or sweet or loud or low,
With seasons played out long ago
And souls that in their time and prime
Took part with summer or with snow,
Lived abject lives out or sublime,
And had their chance of seed to sow
For service or disservice done
To those dead days and this their son.

A little time that we may fill
Or with such good works or such ill
As loose the bonds or make them strong
Wherein all manhood suffers wrong.
By rose-hung river and light-foot rill
There are who rest not ; who think long,
Till they discern as from a hill
At the sun's hour of morning song,
Known of souls only, and those souls free,
The sacred spaces of the sea.

ALGERNON
CHARLES
SWIN-
BURNE

24
Jan.
Morning

Unspotted from the World.

HE walked by faith and not by sight,
By love and not by law ;
The presence of the wrong or right
He rather felt than saw.

And, pausing not for doubtful choice
Of evils great or small,
He listened to that inward voice
Which called away from all.

O Spirit of that early day,
So pure and strong and true,
Be with us in the narrow way
Our faithful fathers knew.

Give strength the evil to forsake,
The cross of truth to bear,
And love and reverent fear to make
Our daily lives a prayer.

JOHN
GREEN-
LEAF
WHITTIER

24
Jan.
Evening

What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God.

THE simple truths of religion are the natural bulwarks against doubt, and they are the natural boundaries of our knowledge of things beyond us. We cannot pierce the veil which separates us from the world of spirits, but the belief in love, in truth, in justice, in holiness, may sustain us in the valley of the shadow of death. These are the powers which encircle us, not the darkness of the unknown, as some philosophers tell us. Nor can any one pretend that because this is an age of criticism and unbelief he has lost the rule of life—he never had one who imagines this. We may sum up all in the precept, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbour as thyself”; he may pass his life in imitation of Him “who went about doing good.” There is nothing simpler in this world than the Gospel of BENJAMIN JOWETT Christ.

25
Jan.
Morning

Whose Temple ye are.

“**A** MEN, I say unto you there are some of them that stand here that shall not taste death till they see the Son of Man coming in His Kingdom.” Again, “I did not say that he should not die, but that he should not die till I come.” To some, not necessarily, perhaps, the greatest saints, Christ is actually and perceptibly risen. He has turned the water of nature into the wine of the Marriage Feast, though “His time is not yet come,” and, to the Sacrament of the Real Presence, He has added a Sacrament of the Manifest Presence. For souls thus favoured, the Church’s teaching and rites are but as a scaffolding which has fulfilled its purpose. The Temple is built and occupied. “Felix quem Veritas per se docet. . . . Taceant omnes doctores.”

COVENTRY
PATMORE

25
Jan.
Evening

O Lord, by these things men live.

W^{HETHER} we be young or old,
Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
Is with infinitude, and only there ;
With hope it is, hope that can never die,
Effort, and expectation, and desire,
And something evermore about to be.
Under such banners militant the soul
Seeks for no trophies, struggles for no spoils
That may attest her prowess, blest in thoughts
That are their own perfection and reward,
Strong in herself and in beatitude
That hides her, like the mighty flood of Nile
Poured from his fount of Abyssinian clouds
To fertilise the whole Egyptian plain.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

26

Jan.
Morning

*Fear God, and where you go men shall think
they walk in hallowed cathedrals.*

BE good at the depths of you, and you will discover that those who surround you will be good even to the same depths. Nothing responds more infallibly to the secret cry of goodness than the secret cry of goodness that is near. While you are actively good in the invisible, all those who approach you will unconsciously do things that they could not do by the side of any other man. Therein lies a force that has no name; a spiritual rivalry that knows no resistance. It is as though this were the actual place where is the sensitive spot of our soul; for there are souls that seem to have forgotten their existence, and to have renounced everything that enables them to rise; but, once touched here, they all draw themselves erect; and in the divine plains of the secret goodness the most humble souls cannot endure defeat.

MAURICE
MAETER-
LINCK

26
Jan.
Evening

They have forgotten their resting place.

DEAR Saints, it is not sorrow, as I hear,
Nor suffering, which shuts up eye and ear
To all that has delighted them before,
And lets us be what we were once no more.
No, we may suffer deeply, yet retain
Power to be moved and soothed, for all our pain,
By what of old pleased us, and will again.
No, 'tis the gradual furnace of the world,
In whose hot air our spirits are upcurled
Until they crumble, or else grow like steel—
Which kills in us the bloom, the youth, the spring—
Which leaves the fierce necessity to feel,
But takes away the power—this can avail,
By drying up our joy in everything,
To make our former pleasures all seem stale.

MATTHEW
ARNOLD

27
Jan.
Morning

Henceforth I call you not servants, but I have called you friends.

IT is lowness and imperfection in Religion, to drudge in it; and every Man drudges in Religion that takes up Religion as a Task, carries it as a Burden; and doth it, because he must do it, or because his Superiors require it of him, or because time, and place, and custom calls for it; because the Day requires it, or because it is such an Hour, because he is now up, or because he must now go to bed. If this be the best Motive a Man hath, his Religion is a Burthen. But they who are come to any growth in Religion, are free-spirited in it, and do it with inward Satisfaction, Pleasure and Content; they harmonise with it.

BENJAMIN
WHICH-
COTE

INDIFFERENCE

27
Jan.
Evening

He first loved us.

HE seeks for ours as we do seek for His ;
Nay, O my soul, ours is far more His bliss
Than His is ours ; at least it so doth seem,
Both in His own and our esteem.

His earnest love, His infinite desires,
His living, endless, and devouring fires,
Do rage in thirst, and fervently require
A love 'tis strange it should desire.

We cold and careless are, and scarcely think
Upon the glorious spring whereat we drink.
Did He not love us we could be content :
We wretches are indifferent !

'Tis death, my soul, to be indifferent ;
Set forth thyself unto thy whole extent,
And all the glory of His passion prize,
Who for thee lives, Who for thee dies.

THOMAS
TRAHERNE

28
Jan.
Morning

Pensa che questo dì mai non raggiorna.

THE element of illusion lends all its force to hide the values of present time. Who is he that does not always find himself doing something less than his best task? "What are you doing?" "Oh, nothing; I have been doing thus, or I shall do so and so, but now I am only—" Ah, poor dupe, will you never slip out of the web of the master juggler,—never learn that, as soon as the irrecoverable years have woven their blue glory between to-day and us, these passing hours shall glitter and draw us, as the wildest romance and the homes of beauty and poetry?

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

28
Jan.
Evening

The night cometh when no man can work.

A ROUNDEL OF REST.

I F rest is sweet at shut of day
For tired hands and tired feet,
How sweet at last to rest for aye,
If rest is sweet !

We work or work not through the heat :
Death bids us soon our labours lay
In lands where night and twilight meet.

When the last dawns are fallen on grey
And all life's toils and ease complete,
They know who work, not they who play,
If rest is sweet.

ARTHUR
SYMONS,
1887

29
Jan.
Morning

Help Thou mine unbelief.

BECAUSE I seek Thee not, oh seek Thou me !
 Because my lips are dumb, oh hear the cry
 I do not utter as Thou passest by,
 And from my life-long bondage set me free !
 Because content I perish, far from Thee,
 O seize me, snatch me from my fate, and try
 My soul in Thy consuming fire ! Draw nigh
 And let me, blinded, Thy salvation see.

If I were pouring at Thy feet my tears,
 If I were clamoring to see Thy face,
 I should not need Thee, Lord, as now I need,
 Whose dumb, dead soul knows neither hopes nor fears,
 Nor dreads the outer darkness of this place—
Because I seek not, pray not, give Thou heed !

LOUISE
CHANDLER
MOULTON

IN DARKNESS

29
Jan.
Evening

We have seen the Lord.

THE bonds that press and fetter,
That chafe the soul and fret her,
What man can know them better,
O brother men, than I?

And yet, my burden bearing,
The five wounds ever wearing,—
I too in my despairing

Have seen Him as I say ;—
Gross darkness all around Him
Enwrapt Him and enwound Him,—
O late at night I found Him
And lost Him in the day !

Yet bolder grown and braver
At sight of one to save her
My soul no more shall waver,
With wings no longer furled,—
But cut with one decision
From doubt and men's derision
That sweet and vanished vision
Shall follow through the world.

FREDERIC
W. H.
MYERS,
A Vision.

THE BELOVED

30
Jan.
Morning

Let my Beloved come into His garden.

YE who tremble for death, or the death of desire,
Pass about the cold winter-tide garden and ponder
On the rose in his glory amidst of June's fire,
On the languor of noontide that gathered the thunder,
On the morn and its freshness, the eve and its wonder :
Ye may wake it no more—shall spring come to awaken ?
Live on, for Love liveth, and earth shall be shaken
By the wind of his wings.

WILLIAM
MORRIS

THE BELOVED

30
Jan.
Evening

What is thy Beloved more than another beloved, O thou fairest among women? My Beloved is the chiefest among ten thousand.

HEAVENLY Love! the sound is sweet,
Lo, it stays my wandering feet,—
Leads to Thee for all I lack,—
Softly bids me welcome back.
Thoughts of perfect gifts it brings,
Thoughts of deep enduring things,—
Thoughts of joy I yet may see
Hidden in Thy word for me.

A. L.
WARING

31
Jan.
Morning

*Henceforth I bear in my body the marks of the
Lord Jesus.*

HERE hast thou found me, oh mine enemy !
And yet rejoice not thou, by strength shall none
prevail.

By noon thine arrows fly,
None faileth of its mark ; thou dost not tire ;
And yet rejoice not thou ! Each shaft of fire
That finds me here becomes a living nail.
What strength of thine, what skill can now avail
To tear me from the Cross ? My soul and heart
Are fastened here ! I feel the cloven dart
Pierce keenly through. What hands have power to wring
Me hence ? What voice can now so sweetly sing
To lure my spirit from its rest ? Oh now

DORA
GREEN-
WELL

Rejoice my soul, for thou
Hast trodden down thy foeman's strength through pain.

THE CROSS

31
Jan.
Evening

*Now hath He reconciled in the body of His
flesh through death.*

WHO speaketh now of peace?
Who seeketh for release?
The Cross is strength, the solemn Cross is gain.
The Cross is Jesus' breast,
Here giveth He the rest
That to His best belov'd doth still remain.

How sweet an ended strife!
How sweet a dawning life!
Here will I lie as one who draws his breath
With ease, and hearken what my Saviour saith
Concerning me; the solemn Cross is gain;
Who willeth now to choose?
Who strives to bind or loose?
Sweet life, sweet death, sweet triumph and sweet pain.

DORA
GREEN-
WELL

THE ONE RESTING PLACE

I
Feb.
Morning

A Prayer.

GRANT me, most sweet and loving Jesus, to rest in Thee above all things created ; above all health and beauty, above all glory and honour, above all power and dignity, above all knowledge and subtlety, above all riches and arts, above all joy and gladness, above all fame and praise, above all sweetness and consolation, above all hope and promise, above all merit and desire, above all gifts and boons which thou canst give and infuse, above all joy and jubilation which the mind can contain and feel ; in a word, above all angels and archangels and all the host of heaven, above all things visible and invisible, and above all that is not Thee, my God.

*The
Imitation
of Christ*

THE ONE RESTING PLACE

I
Feb.
Evening

Whither shall-I flee from Thy presence?

I F there had anywhere appeared in space
Another place of refuge, where to flee,
Our hearts had taken refuge in that place,
And not with Thee.

For we against creation's bars had beat
Like prisoned eagles, through great worlds had sought
Though but a foot of ground to plant our feet,
Where Thou wert not.

And only when we found in earth and air,
In heaven or hell, that such might nowhere be—
That we could not flee from Thee anywhere,
We fled to Thee.

ARCH-
BISHOP
TRENCH

2
Feb.
Morning

As unto the Lord.

A HOUSE of holy service and of peace
Was this they dwelt in ; living in one bond
Of purity, and brotherhood of love ;
Speaking but little, praying, praising God
With joyful service of the hearts and hands.
All hardly worked and hardly fared alike :
But unto me, the lowest in the house,
Most dull and ignorant, there fell by right
The lowest tasks ; and I most truly found
The life a hard one, strictly ruled and lined,
And having little change or pleasantness.
—To fetch and carry, and to sweep and scour ;
To hew wood, and draw water ;—but in heaven !
For now I grew to look on heaven itself
As of a kingdom round about ourselves ;
And felt the very sadness and restraint
Part of the higher and more heavenly life.

HARRIET
ELEANOR
HAMILTON
KING

2
Feb.
Evening

*I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God
Almighty and the Lamb are the Temple of it.*

IT is the effluence of a Presence, which alone can create in us and keep in us a clean heart. . . . Ritual and sacrament are to the living God but as the wick of a candle to the light thereof. They are given to reveal Him, and the process is not perfect unless they themselves perish from the thoughts to which they convey Him. . . . Unless we are able to forget our ritual in spiritual communion with the very God, and to become unconscious of our organisation in devout consciousness of our personal relation to Him, then ritual will be only a means of sensuous indulgence, organisation only a machinery for selfish or sectarian ends. The vision of God—this is the one thing needful for worship and for conduct.

GEORGE
ADAM
SMITH

3
Feb.
Morning

*Go thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest
and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.*

GOD is our Father, and His eternal purpose towards us is a purpose of infinite love, to draw us out of all our unworthiness into perfect filial trust, and so into perfect participation of His own righteousness and blessedness. We cannot have rightness with God unless we trust in Him, and we cannot have filial trust until we have the assurance of His paternal love, that is of an unextinguishable love which will not indeed withhold any needed punishment, but which no sin of ours can ever weary out or weaken, a love which seeks our righteousness, and will persevere until its object is attained.

THOMAS
ERSKINE
OF LIN-
LATHEN

THE RESTITUTION OF ALL THINGS

3
Feb.
Evening

If I make my bed in Hell, behold Thou art there.

“FATHER of all!” he urges his strong plea,
“Thou lovest all: Thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee!”

All souls are Thine; the wings of morning bear
None from that Presence which is everywhere,
Nor Hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.

Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and shame and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.

Wilt Thou not make, Eternal Source and Goal!
In Thy long years, life's broken circle whole,
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul?”

J. G.
WHITTIER

4
Feb.
Morning

*In falling and in rising again we are ever
preciously kept in one Love.*

L O, I have slept too long—
Lord, I confess—
This weary body by Thy hand was made,
But for the love of ease
In me so strong,
And feeble will that kept me from my knees—
Ah, whence are these?
To think I am afraid.
Tho' comfort speaks : "Thou knowest my foolishness."

But this I pray :
Let not my day begin
As through a gate shadowed and stained by sin,
Ashamed and hopeless, fallen from Thy grace ;
But with a radiant face,
So freshly bathed in penitential dew,
That, all day through,
The joy of sweet forgiveness being mine,
I may, high-hearted, walk a duteous way,
My hand in Thine ;
Whispering sometimes to Thee, my dearest Friend,
"I will no more offend,
But with to-morrow's morn rise and obey
The tender Master whom I serve to-day."

AND DREAMS

4
Feb.
Evening

O, that I knew where I might find Him.

IT looks as if in dreams the soul was free,
No bodily limit checks its absolute play ;
Then why doth it not use its liberty,
And clear a certain way
To further truth beyond the actual sea ?

O, but if God would make a deep suspense,
And draw me perfect from th' adhesive sheath ;
If all the veils and swathings of pretence,
Dropt from me, sunk beneath,
Then would I get me very far from hence.

I'd come to Him with one swift arrow-dart,
Aimed at the zenith of th' o'erbrooding blue ;
Straight to the centre of His awful heart
The flight long-winged and true
Should bear me rapt through all the spheres that part.

T. E.
BROWN

5
Feb.
Morning

*As the sun when it ariseth in the high heaven,
so is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering
of her house.*

NOT as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear ;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening star ;
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know ;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not
Although no home were half so fair ;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise ;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemèd in her eyes.

Blessing she is : God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow ;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

JAMES
RUSSELL
LOWELL

5
Feb.
Evening

*Every one that loveth is born of God and
knoweth God.*

THE nearer the soul approaches to the divine and eternal source of love, the more fully do the obligations of sacred human love reveal themselves, and the more keen is the self-reproach for the neglect of even the smallest of these. Those who have loved the most, and with the greatest fidelity, have ever been the first to confess in the moment of death, "I have not loved enough! in many things I have been unfaithful to love."

JOSEPHINE
BUTLER

6

Feb.

Morning

*Shut up alms in thy storehouses ; and it shall
deliver thee from all affliction.*

THE rich man who held his things lightly, nor let them nestle in his heart, who was a channel and no cistern, who was ever and always forsaking his money, starts in the new world side by side with the man who accepted, not hated, his poverty.

ANON.

6
Feb.
Evening

They toil not.

SILVER and gold ! The snowdrop white
And yellow-blossomed aconite,
Waking from winter's slumber cold,
Their hoarded treasures now unfold,
And scatter them to left and right.
Ah, with how much more rare delight
Upon my sense their colours smite
Than if my fingers were to hold
Silver and gold.
They bear the superscription bright
Of the great King of love and might
Who stamped such beauty there of old
That men might learn, as ages rolled,
To trust in God, nor worship quite
Silver and gold.

RICHARD
WILTON

7
Feb.
Morning

I will walk at liberty.

THE Divine, if it is to reveal itself at all to us, will best reveal itself in our own human form. However far the human may be from the divine, nothing on earth is nearer to God than man, nothing on earth more godlike than man. And as man grows from childhood to old age, the idea of the divine must grow with us from the cradle to the grave, from grace to grace. A religion which is not able thus to grow and live with us as we grow and live, is dead already. Definite and unvarying uniformity, so far from being a sign of honesty and life, is always a sign of dishonesty and death. Every religion, if it is to be a bond between the wise and the foolish, the old and the young, must be pliant, must be high and deep and broad; bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things, enduring all things. The more it is so, the greater its vitality, the greater the strength and warmth of its embrace.

MAX
MÜLLER

7
Feb.
Evening

*It is good that a man should both hope and
quietly wait for the Salvation of the Lord.*

L ORD CHRIST, if Thou art with us and these eyes
Are holden, while we go sadly and say,
“We hoped it had been He, and now to-day
Is the third day, and hope within us dies.”
Bear with us, O our Master, Thou art wise,
And knowest our foolishness ; we do not pray,
“Declare Thyself, since weary grows the way
And faith’s new burden hard upon us lies.”
Nay, choose Thy time ; but ah ! whoe’er Thou art,
Leave us not ; where have we heard any voice
Like Thine ? Our hearts burn in us as we go ;
Stay with us ; break our bread ; so, for our part,
Ere darkness falls, haply we may rejoice,
Haply, when day has been far spent, may know.

EDWARD
DOWDEN

8

Feb.

Morning

His Secret is with the righteous.

IN speaking of divine perfection, we mean to say that God is just and true and loving, the Author of order and not of disorder, of good and not of evil. Or rather, that He is justice, that He is truth, that He is love, that He is order ; . . . and that wherever these qualities are present, whether in the human soul or in the order of nature, there is God. We might still see Him everywhere if we had not been mistakenly seeking Him apart from us, instead of in us ; away from the laws of nature, instead of in them. And we become united to Him not by mystical absorption, but by partaking, whether consciously or unconsciously, of that truth and justice and love which He Himself is.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

8
Feb.
Evening

My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.

I S this wide world not large enough to fill thee,
Nor Nature, nor that deep man's Nature, Art?
Are they too thin, too weak and poor to still thee,
Thou little heart?

Dust art thou, and to dust again returnest,
A spark of fire within a beating clod,
Should that be infinite for which thou burnest?
Must it be God?

MARY E.
COLERIDGE

9
Feb.
Morning

*I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may be
made perfect in one.*

THE spirit of the Incarnate in us is not only our personal association, but our personal union with the Incarnate Christ. . . . He is more and more, as the Christian consummation is approached, the Spirit within ourselves of Righteousness and Truth, of Life and of Love. He is more, indeed, than within us. He is the ultimate consummation of ourselves. He is the response, from us, of goodness and love, to the goodness and love of God. He is, with quite unreserved truth, when all is consummated, our own personal response. . . . His presence in us is *His* response in us, become ultimately ourselves. He is Christ Himself in us, become the spirit which constitutes us what we are; and therefore, though in us,—though ultimately ourselves,—a response really worthy of God, really adequate to God; a mirror, an echo, nay even a living presentment and realisation of what Christ Himself is—who is the Eternal God.

R. C.
MOBERLY

THE ARK OF THE COVENANT

9
Feb.
Evening

Fear not, I am the First and the Last.

G RAND is the leisure of the earth ;
She gives her happy myriads birth,
And after harvest fears not dearth,
But goes to sleep in snow-wreaths dim.
Dread is the leisure up above
The while He sits whose name is Love
And waits, as Noah did, for the dove,
To wit if she would fly to Him.

He waits for us, while, houseless things,
We beat about with bruised wings
On the dark floods and water-springs,
The ruined world, the desolate sea ;
With open windows from the prime
All night, all day, He waits sublime,
Until the fulness of the time
Decreed from His eternity.

JEAN
INGELOW



10
Feb.
Morning

Thy Kingdom come.

AND if, on due and honest thought over these things, it seems that the kind of existence to which men are now summoned by every plea of pity and claim of right, may, for some time at least, not be a luxurious one;—consider whether, even supposing it guiltless, luxury would be desired by any of us if we saw clearly at our sides the suffering which accompanies it in the world. Luxury is indeed possible in the future—innocent and exquisite; luxury for all and by the help of all; but luxury at present can only be enjoyed by the ignorant; the cruellest man living could not sit at his feast unless he sat blindfold. Raise the veil boldly; face the light; and if, as yet, the light of the eye can only be through tears, and the light of the body through sackcloth, go thou forth weeping, bearing precious seed, until the time come, and the kingdom, when Christ's gift of bread and bequest of peace shall be "Unto this last as unto thee"; and when, for earth's severed multitudes of the wicked and the weary, there shall be holier reconciliation than that of the narrow home, and calm economy, where the Wicked cease—not from trouble, but from troubling—and the Weary are at rest.

JOHN
RUSKIN

10
Feb.
Evening

Behold I make—a new Earth.

OLD man, old man, God never closed a door
Unless one opened. I am desolate,
For a most sad resolve wakes in my heart ;
But always I have faith. Old men and women
Be silent ; He does not forsake the world,
But stands before it modelling in the clay
And moulding there His image. Age by age
The clay wars with His fingers and pleads hard
For its old heavy, dull, and shapeless ease.

W. B.
YEATS

II
Feb.

Morning

The foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst.

WE want to know them all,—yes; if we can be worthy. But it is hard reading, some of it. . . . If we had our way we should build a low, poor wall, of but one stone perhaps. See! this crimson that lies at the beginning,—it is the colour of passion, suffering. Out of the crimson we climb into the blue,—that is truth and calm. Beyond is the white, glistening chalcedony, for purity; and next, flashes out the green,—the hope of glory. Then they mingle and alternate,—the tenderness and the pain and the purifying; it is the veined sardonyx stands for that, the life-story.

The blood-red sard is the sixth stone,—the whole triumphant love that contains and overwhelms all passion; the blessedness intense with its included anguish. It is the middle band; the supreme and central type; crowning the human, underlying the heavenly. Then the tints grow clear and spiritual; chrysolite, golden-green, touched with a glory manifest; the blending of a rarer and serener blue,—the wonderful, sea-pure beryl. Then, the sun-filled rapture of the topaz; and chrysoprase where flame and azure find each other,—the joy of the Lord, and the peace that passeth understanding. In the end, the jacinth purple and pure amethyst into which the rainbow refines itself at last, hinting at the far distance of ineffable things.—For it is the story of the rainbow too.

ADELINE
D. T.
WHITNEY

THROUGH PAIN TO JOY

11
Feb.
Evening

Bring my Soul out of prison.

O, BREAK my heart ; but break it as a field
Is by the plough up-broken for the corn :
O, break it as the buds, by green leaf sealed,
Are, to unloose the golden blossom torn :
Love would I offer unto love's great Master,
Set free the odour, break the alabaster.

O, break my heart ; break it, victorious God,
That life's eternal well may flash abroad :
O, let it break as when the captive trees,
Breaking cold bonds, regain their liberties :
And as thought's sacred grove to life is springing,
Be joys, like birds, their hope thy victory singing.

THOMAS
TOKE
LYNCH

I 2
Feb.
Morning

Surely they are disquieted in vain.

SON, be not curious, and take not on thyself empty cares. What is this or that to thee? Follow thou Me. For what is it to thee whether this man be such or such, or that other do and say thus and thus? Thou needest not to answer for others, but must give an account for thyself; why, then, dost thou entangle thyself?

Behold, I know every one, and see all things that are done under the sun; and I know how it is with every one,—what he thinks, what he would have, and at what his intencion aims.

*The
Imitation
of Christ*

All things, therefore, are to be committed to me; but keep thou thyself in good peace, and let the busy-body be as busy as he will.

12
Feb.
Evening

*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose
mind is stayed on Thee.*

I HEARD the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose ;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before !
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of care,
And they complain no more.

Peace ! peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer !
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed-for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night !

HENRY
WADS-
WORTH
LONG-
FELLOW

13
Feb.
Morning

Thou wilt show me the Path of Life.

I N endeavouring to confirm my hold of a personal relation between God and man, and of His personal dealings with man, I find myself helped by realising my own personal individuality. I belong to a race and nature comprehending all human beings, yet I feel myself to be different from them all, and to require a treatment and guidance special to myself. God sees and knows me as a work of His own hands, altogether distinct from all His other works. He intends me to fill a place which no other creature can fill, and is dealing with me in accordance with this special individuality. Thus I feel myself, as it were, alone with God. He only fully understands me, and He meets my need, according to His full understanding of me, by a course of circumstances chosen for my own special education by His fatherly love and wisdom. . . . I feel as face to face continually with one who is watching every change that comes over my spirit, as if He had nothing else to care for in the Universe.

THOMAS
ERSKINE
OF LIN-
LATHEN

13
Feb.
Evening

*Thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion
from the strife of tongues.*

CALM soul of all things ! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make and cannot mar.

The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give !
Calm, calm me more ! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live.

MATTHEW
ARNOLD

14
Feb.
Morning

*Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of
my heart be acceptable in Thy sight.*

OCCUPY thyself with few things, says the philosopher, if thou wouldst be tranquil.—But consider if it would not be better to say, Do what is necessary, and whatever the reason of the animal which is naturally social requires, and as it requires. For this brings not only the tranquillity which comes from doing well, but also that which comes from doing few things. For the greatest part of what we say and do being unnecessary, if a man takes this away he will have more leisure and less uneasiness. Accordingly on every occasion a man should ask himself, Is this one of the unnecessary things? Now, a man should take away not only unnecessary acts, but also unnecessary thoughts, for thus superfluous acts will not follow after.

MARCUS
AURELIUS
ANTON-
INUS

14
Feb.
Evening

O God, my heart is ready.

IF we with earnest effort could succeed
To make our life one long, connected prayer,
As lives of some perhaps have been and are,
If never leaving Thee, we had no need
Our wandering spirits back again to lead
Into Thy presence, but continued there,
Like angels standing on the highest stair
Of the sapphire Throne, this were to pray indeed.
But if distractions manifold prevail,
And if in this we must confess we fail,
Grant us to keep at least a prompt desire,
Continual readiness for prayer and praise,
An altar heaped and waiting to take fire
With the least spark, and leap into a blaze.

ARCH-
BISHOP
TRENCH

15
Feb.
Morning

Surely He hath borne our griefs.

THE Cross had become the unchanging centre of my thoughts, but these, as they revolved around it, had gradually, yet surely, formed for themselves an orbit widely diverging from the circle in which Christian consciousness is wont to move. The Cross, as I looked at it more and more intently, became to me the revelation of a loving and a suffering God. I learnt to look upon the sacrifice of the death of Christ, not only as being the all-sufficient satisfaction for the sins of the whole world, *but also as the everlasting witness to God's sympathy with man.* The mystery of the Cross did not, it is true, *explain* any one of the enigmas connected with our mortal existence and destiny, but it linked itself in my spirit with them all. It was itself an enigma flung down by God alongside the sorrowful problem of human life, the confession of Omnipotence itself to some stern reality of misery and wrong.

DORA
GREEN-
WELL

15
Feb.
Evening

The beauty of the heavens, the glory of the stars, an ornament giving light in the high places of the Lord. At the commandment of the Holy One they will stand in their order, and never faint in their watches.

BE kind to our darkness, O Fashioner, dwelling in
light,

And feeding the lamps of the sky;

Look down upon this one, and let it be sweet in Thy
sight

I pray Thee, to-night.

O watch whom Thou madest to dwell on its soil, Thou
Most High!

For this is a world full of sorrow (there may be but
one);

Keep watch o'er its dust, else Thy children for aye
are undone,

For this is a world where we die.

JEAN
INGELOW

16
Feb.
Morning

*The ways unto God are as the number of the
souls of the children of men.*

A LIVING faith always has this quality of growing and changing with our growth. It is incomplete because we, thank God, are incomplete. Mankind is still "in the making"; we know in part, and we prophesy in part. The witness of the *heart* to God has long made its deep and tender tones heard throughout the world. The witness of the *conscience*, the "stern lawgiver" who "yet doth wear the Godhead's most benignant grace," has caused its trumpet-call to sound during long ages. The full witness of the reason is yet to come. Latest born of our faculties, it has been the slowest to reach maturity, the last to come to complete self-consciousness. But it has its goal (which in a sense is also its starting-point) in God's own truth; and as faith leads us onward toward the beatific vision which shall one day be ours, it will take away and give us back, transmuted and purified, each of our early beliefs in turn, till nothing is left that has not been baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire.

WILLIAM
RALPH
INGE

16
Feb.
Evening

*Beliefs worth calling beliefs must be purchased
with the sweat of the brow.*

H E that never changed any of his opinions never corrected any of his mistakes: and he, who never was wise enough to find out any mistake in himself, will not be charitable enough to excuse what he reckons mistakes in others.

BENJAMIN
WHICH-
COTE

17
Feb.
Morning

Souls are not saved in bundles. The Spirit saith to the man, "How is it with thee? thee personally? Is it well? Is it ill?"

I N the end each must do the work for himself, and in his own fashion. Only in solitude can the hardest part of the pathway to reality be trodden:—

Space is but narrow—east and west—
There is not room for two abreast.

No one of us is like any other, either in his needs or in the mode in which these needs must be satisfied. Every man bears the impress of his finitude, with its infinite variety of form. Hardly less is that impress borne by even the greatest and highest expression in which the truth is told to us. Yet if that truth be hard to reach—nay, even if the most genuinely strenuous effort to reach it must ever remain incomplete, and the work have to be done over again by each one for himself, we have no justification for despair, or for sitting in idleness with folded hands. For in the search for truth, as in all the other phases of our activity, we only gain and keep our life and freedom by daily conquering them anew.

RICHARD
BURDON
HALDANE,
*The
Pathway
to Reality*

TO EACH HIS TASK

17
Feb.
Evening

So run I, not as uncertainly.

BRAVE racer, who hast sped the living light
With throat outstretched and every nerve a-strain,
Now on thy left hand labors grey-faced Pain,
And Death hangs close behind thee on the right.
Soon flag the flying feet, soon fails the sight,
With every pulse the gaunt pursuers gain ;
And all thy splendour of strong life must wane
And set into the mystery of night.

Yet fear not, though in falling, blindness hide
Whose hand shall snatch, before it sears the sod,
The light thy lessening grasp no more controls :
Truth's rescuer, Trust shall instantly provide ;
This is the torch-race game, that noblest souls
Play on through time beneath the eyes of God.

HELEN
GRAY
CONE

18
Feb.
Morning

*Alles Ding hat seine Zeit,
Gottes Lieb in Ewigkeit.*

WE may imagine an aged man who has lived through the last fifty or sixty years, and has been watching the movements which have agitated the Church from extreme to extreme and back again, each tendency seeming to have as great, or even a greater, reaction. He would see . . . that all other things come to an end, but that of the love of God and man there is no end. He would not raise questions about the rites of the Church, or the canonicity of the books of Scripture: these belong to criticism and ecclesiastical history, not to the spiritual life. He would seek for the permanent and essential only in the books of Scripture, in the lives of good men, in the religion of the world. To follow Christ, to speak the truth in love, to do to others as you would they should do to you, these are the eternal elements of religion which can never pass away, and he who lives in these lives in God.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

*For we know that if our earthly house of this
tabernacle were dissolved, we have a Building
of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in
the heavens.*

18
Feb.
Evening

I DREAMED that I was growing old
(It may be it was not a dream),

I shivered in the frosty cold

And trembled in the summer beam ;

It cost me many a bitter sigh,

Until I knew it was not I.

The house my Maker for me made

Received His likeness in its form ;

His wisdom all its parts displayed,

His beauty clothed its chambers warm ;

If not so fair as years go by,

What matter—for it is not I.

The lamps that light its rooms burn low,

Its music sounds more dull of late,

And one—it may be friend or foe,

Knocks loudly often at its gate ;

I tremble then—I scarce know why,

My house he claims, it is not I.

I am indeed a dweller there,

A winter and a summer guest,

Its rust and its decay I share,

But cannot look therein to rest ;

I'm sure to leave it by and by,

'Tis but my house—it is not I.

I sometimes think, when lying down,

For the last time I lock the door,

And leave the home so long my own,

That I may find it yet once more

So changed and fair I scarce shall know

The home I lived in long ago.

J. E. A.
BROWN

19
Feb.
Morning

A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand.

A THIRD illusion haunts us, that a long duration, as a year, a decade, a century, is valuable. But an old French sentence says, "God works in moments,"—"En peu d'heure Dieu labeure." We ask for long life, but 'tis deep life, or grand moments that signify. Let the measure of Time be spiritual, not mechanical. Life is unnecessarily long. Moments of insight, of fine personal relation, a smile, a glance,—what ample borrowers of eternity they are !

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

19
Feb.
Evening

*So the sun returned ten degrees by which degrees
it had gone down.*

TIME'S waters will not ebb, nor stay,
Power cannot change them, but Love may ;
What cannot be, Love counts it done.
Deep in the heart, her searching view
Can read where faith is fixed and true,
Through shades of setting life can see Heaven's work
begun.

.
Till, as each moment wafts us higher,
By every gush of pure desire,
And high-breathed hope of joys above,
By every secret sigh we heave
Whole years of folly we outlive,
In His unerring sight, who measures Life by Love.

JOHN
KEBLE

20
Feb.
Morning

*Nor by the way-side ruins let us mourn,
Who have the eternal towers for our appointed
bourne.*

SOME men used to believe that the city of Jerusalem was literally the centre of the earth; they drew their maps with all the rest of the world spread in a circle round that point. Have we not seen what is the spiritual truth which such ideas contained? The true life must always be going up to the City of God. It must go there for its first total consecration. It must go there for its education. It must go there for its work. It must go there to catch sight of the promised victory. And at last it must go there for its final sacrifice and pain, which bring the end and the victory. Under every variety of circumstance we go up to Him, and the gates of God are always open to us. He takes us in our sorrow and our joy, in our triumph or our shame, and every mood and time of life come to their best only as they enter into Him.

PHILLIPS
BROOKS,
*The More
Abundant
Life*

20
Feb.
Evening

*Awake, O North Wind (of sorrow), and come
thou South (of joy), blow upon my garden that
the spices thereof may flow out.*

SPIRIT of Grace, thou Light of Life
Amidst the darkness of the dead !
Bright Star, whereby through worldly strife
The patient pilgrim still is led,
Thou Dayspring in the deepest gloom
Wildered and dark, to thee I come !

Pure Fire of God, burn out my sin,
Cleanse all the earthly dross from me ;
Refine my secret heart within,
The golden streams of love set free !
Live thou in me, O Life divine !
Until my deepest love be thine.

O Breath from far Eternity !
Breathe o'er my soul's unfertile land ;
So shall the pine and myrtle-tree
Spring up amid the desert-sand ;
And where thy living water flows
My heart shall blossom as the rose.

GERHARDT
TER-
STEEGEN,
trans.
B. H.
Kennedy

21
Feb.
Morning

*Enclosed doth lie,
In each "Come Lord" a "Here am I."*

IF we could say nothing more we could at least affirm that prayer, like faith, is itself the victory. The seeking is the finding. The wrestling is the blessing. It is no more a means to something else than love is. It is an end in itself. It is its own excuse for being. It is a kind of first fruit of the mystic nature of personality. The edge of the self is always touching a circle of life beyond itself to which it responds. The human heart is sensitive to God as the retina is to light-waves. The soul possesses a native yearning for intercourse and companionship which takes it to God as naturally as the home instinct of the pigeon takes it to the place of its birth. There is in every normal soul a spontaneous outreach, a free play of spirit which gives it onward yearning of unstilled desire. It is no mere subjective instinct. If it met no response it would soon be weeded out of the race. It would shrivel like the functionless organ. We could not long continue to pray in faith if we lost the assurance that there is a person who cares, and who actually corresponds with us. . . . In fact, the very desire to pray is in itself prophetic of a Heavenly Friend—a Divine Companion.

RUFUS
JONES

21
Feb.
Evening

*I cried unto Thee, O Lord. I said, Thou art
my Refuge.*

MY sorrow had pierced me through, it throbbed in
my heart like a thorn ;

This way and that I stared, as a bird with a broken
limb

Hearing the hound's strong feet thrust imminent through
the corn,

So to my God I turned : and I had forgotten Him.

Into the night I breathed a prayer like a soaring fire ;—

So to the wind-swept cliff the resonant rocket streams,
And it struck its mark, I know ; for I felt my flying
desire

Strain, like a rope drawn home, and catch in the land
of dreams.

What was the answer ? This—the horrible depth of night,
And deeper, as ever I peer, the huge cliff's mountainous
shade,

While the frail boat cracks and grinds, and never a star
in sight,

And the seething waves smite fiercer ;—and yet I am
not afraid.

ARTHUR
CHRIS-
TOPHER
BENSON

22

Feb.

Morning

The Lord is my high tower.

MOST pure is the happiness which may be ours if only we will ; a bliss without a shade of sorrow. There are no thorns now in the hidden life of Christ ; no chill, no blemish in its gladness. All things, even the best, below God, have a canker somewhere, and the taint of a fallen world is on them. Not so the life which is with Christ in God. It is as peaceful as it is pure ; high above the reach of all perturbations. They that live in Him have their dwelling in God ; they look out of Him as out of an everlasting shelter, and look down on the wide weltering sea of this world's troubled life. Let us pray of Him to draw us within the veil ; to make us forgotten among men ; to gather up all our life into Himself : that "when Christ, who is our life, shall appear," we may "appear with Him in glory."

CARDINAL
MANNING

22
Feb.
Evening

*The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about
them that fear Him.*

O H, this is blessing, this is rest—
Into Thine arms, O Lord, I flee :
I hide me in Thy faithful breast
And pour out all my soul to Thee.
There is a host dissuading me,—
But, all their voices far above,
I hear Thy words—"O taste and see
The comfort of a Saviour's love !"
And hushing every adverse sound,
Songs of defence my soul surround,
As if all saints encamped about
One trusting heart, pursued by doubt.

A. L.
WARING

23
Feb.
Morning

*I will refine them as silver is refined, and try
them as gold is tried.*

AROUND us from all sides comes the cry, spoken or unspoken, "Give us of your oil." But we who are not unsupplied are being sternly taught to reply, "Not so; but go ye to them that sell, and buy for yourselves."

"To them that sell." The "Water of Life" is for all that are athirst; the "wine and milk" are without money and without price. But the oil, the supply of light for other lives, this must truly be bought with a price. Not at second-hand, not by sitting at our ease and absorbing the thoughts of others, can we become as lamps to show forth the path of life. Our own hearts must first be baptized with fire, and our knowledge bought at the cost of suffering.

CAROLINE
EMELIA
STEPHEN

23
Feb.
Evening

I am among you as He that serveth.

REJOICE we are allied
To that which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive !
A spark disturbs our clod ;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

ROBERT
BROWNING

24
Feb.
Morning

Glorious is the fruit of good labours.

ALL true Work is sacred ; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow ; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart ; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms,—up to that “Agony of bloody sweat,” which all men have called divine ! O brother, if this is not “worship,” then I say, the more pity for worship ; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God’s sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil ? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother ; see thy fellow-workmen there, in God’s Eternity ; surviving there, they alone surviving : sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Body-guard of the Empire of Mankind.

THOMAS
CARLYLE

THE TOILERS

24
Feb.
Morning

*Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and
die, it abideth alone.*

LIFE was to them the bag of grain,
And Death the weedy harrow's tooth.
Those warriors of the fighting brain
Give worn Humanity new youth.

Our song and star are they to lead
The tidal multitudes and blind
From bestial to the higher breed
By fighting souls of love divined.

They scorned the ventral dream of peace,
Unknown in nature. This they knew:
That life begets with fair increase
Beyond the flesh, if life be true.

GEORGE
MERE-
DITH

25
Feb.
Morning

*Many waters cannot quench Love, neither can
the floods drown it.*

PERHAPS we do not yet know what the word "to love" means. There are within us lives in which we love unconsciously. To love thus means more than to have pity, to make inner sacrifices, to be anxious to help and give happiness; it is a thing that lies a thousand fathoms deeper, where our softest, swiftest, strongest words cannot reach it. At moments we might believe it to be a recollection, furtive but excessively keen, of the great primitive unity.

MAURICE
MAETER-
LINCK

25
Feb.
Evening

Ecco l' Angel di Dio, piega le mani.

THE WEAVER OF SOULS.

WHO is this unseen messenger
For ever between me and her,
Who brings love's precious merchandise,
The golden breath, the dew of sighs,
And the wild, gentle thoughts that dwell
Too fragile for the lips to tell,
Each at their birth, to us before
A heaving of the heart is o'er.
Who art thou, unseen messenger?

I think, O Angel of the Lord,
You make our hearts to so accord
That those who hear in after hours
May sigh for love as deep as ours;
And seek the magic that can give
An Eden where the soul may live,
Nor need to walk a road of clay
With stumbling feet, nor fall away
From Thee, O Angel of the Lord.

A. E.,
*The
Divine
Vision*

26
Feb.
Morning

Thou desirest Truth in the inward parts.

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

TO make our word or act sublime we must make it real. It is our system that counts, not the single word or unsupported action. Use what language you will, you can never say anything but what you are. What I am, and what I think, is conveyed to you in spite of my efforts to hold it back. What I am has been secretly conveyed from me to another, whilst I was vainly making up my mind to tell him it. He has heard from me what I never spoke.

INWARD TRUTH

26
Feb.
Evening

*Who is He that condemneth ? It is Christ
that died.*

I N His glory ! When the spheres
Lighten with that wondrous blaze,
How shall all my sins and fears
Meet thy dawning, Day of days ?

“Nothing hid !” No thought so mean
That to darkness it may creep ;
Very darkness shall be seen,
Very death to life shall leap.

Nothing deep, or far, or old ;
Nothing left in years behind ;
All the secret self unrolled :
Light of God ! I would be blind !

Only I shall see a Face
In the glory lifted up ;
And a Hand, the Hand of Grace,
Whose sweet mercy held the Cup.

And a Voice, I think, will speak,
Asking of each sin-defiled
Whom His saving came to seek,
As a mother asks her child :

“Wert thou sorry ?” “Yea, dear Christ,
Very sorry I have been,
Wearily Thy ways have missed :
Wash my feet, and lead me in.”

ADELINE
D. T.
WHITNEY

27
Feb.
Morning

Guarda mi ben : ben son, ben son Beatrice.

LORD, whomsoever Thou shalt send to me,
Let that same be
Mine Angel predilect :
Veiled or unveiled, benignant or austere,
Aloof or near ;
Thine, therefore mine, elect.

So may my soul nurse patience day by day,
Watch on and pray,
Obedient and at peace ;
Living a lonely life in hope, in faith ;
Loving till death,
When life, not love, shall cease.

. . . Lo, thou mine Angel with transfigured face
Brimful of grace,
Brimful of love for me !
Did I misdoubt thee all that weary while,
Thee with a smile
For me as I for thee ?

CHRIS-
TINA G.
ROSSETTI

*When they shall rise from the dead they
neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are
as the angels.*

27

Feb.

Evening

THE INVISIBLE BRIDE.

THE low-voiced girls that go
In gardens of the Lord,
Like flowers of the field they grow
In sisterly accord.

Their whispering feet are white
Along the leafy ways;
They go in whirls of light
Too beautiful for praise.

And in their band, forsooth,
Is one to set me free—
The one that touched my youth—
The one God gave to me.

She kindles the desire
Whereby the gods survive—
The white ideal fire
That keeps my soul alive.

Now at the wondrous hour
She leaves her star supreme,
And comes in the night's still power
To touch me with a dream.

Sibyl of mystery
On roads unknown to men,
Softly she comes to me,
And goes to God again.

EDWIN
MARK-
HAM

28
Feb.
Morning

*With all thy heart and with all thy soul and
with all thy mind.*

E. C. CAM-
PAGNAC

IT is not his belief and it is not his performance of duty which makes a man's religion; though conduct and belief are both requisite. A man's religion is himself, the sum of his powers, his nature in its ideal perfection. .

28
Feb.
Evening

*Come then, Lord God, Holy One that lovest
me, for when Thou shalt come in unto my heart
all that is within me shall leap for joy.*

I ASKED for Peace,—
My sins arose
And bound me close ;
I could not find release.

I asked for Truth,—
My doubts came in,
And with their din
They wearied all my youth.

I asked for Love,—
My lovers failed,—
And griefs assailed
Around, beneath, above.

I asked for Thee,—
And Thou didst come
To take me home
Within Thy heart to be.

DIGBY
MACK-
WORTH-
DOLBEN

29
Feb.
Morning

*There is joy in Heaven over one sinner that
repenteth.*

WHEN the Gods heard, they straight arose, and
took

Their horses, and rode forth through all the world.
North, south, east, west, they struck, and roamed the world,
Entreating all things to weep Balder's death.
And all that lived, and all without life, wept.
And as in winter, when the frost breaks up,
At winter's end, before the spring begins,
And a warm west-wind blows, and thaw sets in—
After an hour a dripping sound is heard
In all the forests, and the soft-strewn snow
Under the trees is dibbled thick with holes,
And from the boughs the snowloads shuffle down ;
And, in fields sloping to the south, dark plots
Of grass peep out amid surrounding snow,
And widen, and the peasant's heart is glad—
So through the world was heard a dripping noise
Of all things weeping to bring Balder back ;
And there fell joy upon the Gods to hear.

MATTHEW
ARNOLD

29
Feb.
Evening

Per una lagrimetta.

TO Thee, O Lord, I confess, because if I would I cannot conceal: to Thee my very many, my very great, my very heinous sins. I profess also to grieve, as Thou knowest. But I need more grief: I plainly need it. . . . Do Thou, O Lord, give tears, give a fountain of waters to my head. Give the grace of tears. Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and bedew the dryness of my heart. Give me, O Lord, this grace. None were more welcome to me; neither riches, nor all the good things of this world were to be coveted in comparison of tears: tears such as Thou didst give to David of old, or Jeremiah, St. Peter, or St. Mary Magdalene. . . . If I may not water my couch, nor wash Thy feet: if I may not weep bitterly as Peter, plentifully as Jeremiah—(and yet, oh, that it might be even thus!) at least one or two little tears, which Thou mayst put into Thy bottle, and write in Thy book.

BISHOP
ANDREWES

MY GOD, MY ALL

I
March
Morning

Prayer.

*The
Imitation
of Christ*

MY God, my Love, Thou art all mine, and I am
all Thine.

MY GOD, MY ALL

I
March
Evening

*Inside the Kaabah it matters nought
Whither men turn.*

THOU art, O God, my East ! In Thee I dawned ;
Within me ever let Thy day-spring shine ;
Then, for each night of sorrow I have mourned,
I'll bless Thee, Father, since it seals me Thine.

Thou art, O God, my North ! My trembling soul,
Like a charmed needle, points to Thee alone :
Each wave of time, each storm of life, shall roll
My trusting spirit forward to Thy throne.

Thou art, O God, my South ! Thy fervent love
Perennial verdure o'er my life hath shed ;
And constant sunshine, from Thy heart above,
With wine and oil Thy grateful child hath fed.

Thou art, O God, my West ! Into Thy arms,
Glad as the setting sun, may I decline ;
Baptized from earthly stains and sin's alarms,
Re-born, arise in Thy new heavens to shine

SAMUEL
DOWSE
ROBBINS

2

March
Morning

*The olive leaf, the ivied wand, the sword in
myrtle drest—
Each relic of the shadowy land—now wakes a
vision blest.*

ALL around, in those well-ordered precincts, were quiet signs of wealth and a noble taste—a taste, indeed, chiefly evidenced in the selection and juxtaposition of the material it had to deal with, consisting almost exclusively of the remains of older art, here arranged and harmonised, with effects, both as regards colour and form, so delicate, as to seem really derivative from a spirit fairer than any which lay within the resources of the ancient world. It was the old way of true *Renaissance*, the way of nature with her roses, the divine way with the body of man, and it may be with his very soul—conceiving the new organism, by no sudden and abrupt creation, but rather by the action of a new principle upon elements all of which had indeed lived and died many times. The fragments of older architecture, the mosaics, the spiral columns, the precious corner-stones of immemorial building, had put on, by such juxtaposition, a new and singular expressiveness, an air of grave thought and intellectual purpose.

WALTER
PATER,
*Marius
the Epi-
curean*

2
March
Evening

*As many as are led by the Spirit of God they
are the Sons of God.*

SO build we up the Being that we are ;
Thus deeply drinking in the soul of things,
We shall be wise perforce ; and, while inspired
By choice, and conscious that the Will is free,
Shall move unswerving, even as if impelled
By strict necessity, along the path
Of order and of good. Whate'er we see,
Or feel, shall tend to quicken and refine ;
Shall fix, in calmer seats of moral strength,
Earthly desires ; and raise, to loftier heights
Of divine love, our intellectual soul.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

3
March
Morning

*In the secret place
Of perfect love to God, words are as breath,
And will is all.*

RUDYARD
KIPLING

HE believed that all things were one big Miracle, and when a man knows that much he knows something to go upon. He knew for a certainty that there was nothing great and nothing little in this world; and day and night he strove to think out his way into the heart of things, back to the place whence his soul had come.

3
March
Evening

The Lord thy God will rejoice over thee with joy. He will rest in His love. He will joy over thee with singing.

FOR, ah ! who can express
 How full of bonds and simpleness
 Is God ;
 How narrow is He,
 And how the wide, waste field of possibility
 Is only trod
 Straight to His homestead in the human heart ;
 Whose thoughts but live and move
 Round Man ; Who woos his will
 To wedlock with His own, and does distil
 To that drop's span
 The attar of all rose-fields of all love !

COVENTRY
PATMORE

4

March
Morning

*The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err
therein.*

BY Reason the limits of the finite may be transcended in knowledge, as for the dying saint they are in practice, and men may be certain that, could they comprehend as God comprehends, they should see the Eternal made manifest through the fleeting shadows of time. For there is but one Single Subject within which all knowledge and all reality fall. With and in that Single Subject philosophy and faith alike assure us that we are one. And so when his simple creed, pictorial it may be, but symbolical of the deeper meaning of reality, bids the humblest soul in his greatest and last extremity be assured that his Redeemer liveth, it may be that there has come to him an insight in form only different from that of the profoundest thinker.

RICHARD
BURDON
HALDANE,
*The
Pathway
to Reality*

THE HEART SPEAKS

We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him.

4
March
Evening

WHAT we, when face to face we see
The Father of our souls, shall be
John tells us, doth not yet appear ;
Ah, did he tell what we are here !

A mind for thoughts to pass into,
A heart for loves to travel through,
Five senses to detect things near,
Is this the whole that we are here ?

O may we for assurance sake
Some arbitrary judgment take,
And wilfully pronounce it clear,
For this or that 'tis we are here ?

Or is it right, and will it do,
To pace the sad confusion through,
And say :—It doth not yet appear
What we shall be, what we are here ?

Ah yet, when all is thought and said,
The heart still overrules the head ;
Still what we hope we must believe,
And what is given us must receive ;

Must still believe, for still we hope
That in a world of larger scope,
What here is painfully begun
Will be completed, not undone.

My child, we still must think, when we
That ampler life together see,
Some true result will yet appear
Of what we are, together, here.

ARTHUR
HUGH ·
CLOUGH



5
March
Morning

*Lord, if Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean.
I will: be thou clean.*

JULIAN
THE
ANCHOR-
ESS

SOME of us believe that God is Almighty and may do all, and that He is All-Wisdom and can do all; but that He is All-Love and will do all, there we stop short. And this not-knowing it is that hindereth most God's lovers, as to my sight.

5
March
Evening

God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

THEN did she pass toward the almond tree,
And none she saw beneath it ; yet each saint
Upon his coming meekly bent the knee,
And all their glory as they gazed waxed faint,
And then a lighting Angel neared the place,
And folded his fair wings before his face.

She also knelt, and spread her aged hands
As feeling for the sacred human feet ;
She said, " Mine eyes are held, but if He stands
Anear, I will not let Him hence retreat
Except He bless me." Then, O sweet ! O fair !
Some words were spoken, but she knew not where.

She knew not if beneath the boughs they woke,
Or dropt upon her from the realms above ;
" What wilt thou, woman ? " in the dream He spoke,
Thy sorrow moveth me, thyself I love ;
Long have I counted up thy mournful years,—
Once did I weep to wipe away thy tears."

She said : " My one Redeemer, only blest,
I know Thy voice, and from my yearning heart
Draw out my deep desire, my great request,
My prayer that I might enter where Thou art.
Call me, O call from this world troublesome,
And let me see Thy face." He answered : " Come." JEAN INGELow

6

March
Morning

*Convenne rege aver, che discernesse
Della vera cittade almen la torre.*

“**T**HAT is what I want,—to do good!” says the bewildered soul, and sets out to secure vaster popularity as a stepping-stone to righteousness. It fancies that the crowd is following it, but really it is following the crowd, obedient to its lightest caprice, attentive to its softest whisper. Is not the ministry of the Spirit needed here? It is for the neglect of it that many a man fails, even when his life seems crowned. There are others who do not fail, though their paths lie through the most dazzling worldly success. They are unspotted from the world as little children. But it is because they have journeyed, as it were, deaf and blind. This does not mean that they were ascetics, who closed their eyes and stopped their ears to the fascinations of success,—but they were always looking to the light of the far, far city, always listening for one unmistakable voice; and the voices of the crowd were powerless to distract them. They did not forget the crowd—ah no! They understood it better than it understood itself; they heard God’s verdict on it, not its own, and so they helped it

MAY
KENDALL best.

6
March
Evening

*Where is God my Maker, who giveth songs
in the night?*

O NIGHT, look down through cloud and star
Upon our fret and pain!

Bid all the dreams that day denies

Bloom into faith again!

In silvery shades of shadow come,

And take earth's weary children home!

Sweet teacher, wiser than the schools,

Thy speechless lessons bring!

The rebel soul, the aching heart,

The will like broken wing,

Make ready for a stiller night,

And for a dearer Morning Light!

ELLEN
MACKAY
HUTCHIN-
SON

THE ONE WORSHIP

7
March
Morning

*The Lord is in His Holy Temple, let all the
earth keep silence before Him.*

WILLIAM
PENN

A MUSE not thyself with the numerous Opinions of the World, nor value thyself upon verbal Orthodoxy, Philosophy, or thy Skill in Tongues, or Knowledge of the Fathers; (too much the Business and Vanity of the World). But in this rejoyce, That thou knowest God, that is the Lord, who exerciseth Loving Kindness, and Judgment, and Righteousness in the Earth.

THE ONE WORSHIP

7
March
Evening

Neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem.

THE world will have its idols,
And flesh and sense their sign ;
But the blinded eyes shall open,
And the gross ears be fine.

What if the vision tarry ?
God's time is always best ;
The true Light shall be witnessed,
The Christ within confessed.

In mercy or in judgment
He shall turn and overturn,
Till the heart shall be His temple
Where all of Him shall learn.

JOHN
GREEN-
LEAF
WHITTIER

8

March
Morning

*That, and the Child's unheeded dream,
Is all the light of all their day.*

IT is well that we should sometimes think of the forms of thought under which the idea of immortality is most naturally presented to us. . . . First of all, there is the thought of rest and freedom from pain; they have gone home, as the common saying is, and the cares of this world touch them no more. Secondly, we may imagine them as they were at their best and brightest, humbly fulfilling their daily round of duties—selfless, childlike, unaffected by the world; when the eye was single and the whole body seemed to be full of light; when the mind was clear and saw into the purposes of God. Thirdly, we may think of them as possessed by a great love of God and man, working out His will at a further stage in the heavenly pilgrimage. And yet we acknowledge that these are the things which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, and therefore it hath not entered into the heart of man in any sensible manner to conceive them. Fourthly, there may have been some moments in our own lives when we have risen above ourselves, or been conscious of our truer selves, in which the will of God has superseded our wills, and we have entered into communion with Him, and been partakers for a brief season of the Divine truth and love, in which, like Christ, we have been inspired to utter the prayer, “I in them, and thou in me, that we may be all made perfect in one.” These precious moments, if we have ever known them, are the nearest approach which we can make to the idea of immortality.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

*Whether in the body I cannot tell, or whether
out of the body I cannot tell.*

8
March
Evening

'TIS from those moods in which Life stands
With feet earth-planted, yet with hands
Stretched toward visionary lands,
Where vapours lift
A moment, and ærial strands
Gleam through the rift,

The poet wins, in hours benign,
At older than the Delphic shrine,
Those intimations faint and fine
To which belongs
Whatever character divine
Invests his songs.

And could we live more near allied
To cloud and mountain, wind and tide,
Cast this unmeaning coil aside,
And go forth free,
The World our goal, Desire our guide,—
We then might see

Those master moments grow less rare,
And oftener feel that nameless air
Come rumouring from we know not where ;
And touch at whiles
Fantastic shores, the fringes fair
Of fairy isles,

And hail the mystic bird that brings
News from the inner courts of things,
The eternal courier-dove whose wings
Are never furled ;
And hear the bubbling of the springs
That feed the world.

WILLIAM
WATSON

THE WAYS OF DEATH

9
March
Morning

*Tu la vedrai di sopra, in su la vetta
Di questo monte, ridere e felice.*

A T noon-tide came a voice, "Thou must away ;
Hast thou some look to give, some word to say,
Or hear, of fond farewell?" I answered, "Nay,

My soul hath said its farewell long ago,
How light, when summer comes, the loosened snow
Slides from the hills ! Yet tell me, *where I go*

Doth any wait for me ? " Then like the clear
Full drops of summer rain that seem to cheer
The skies they fall from, soft within mine ear,

And slow, as if to render through that sweet
Delay a blest assurance more complete,
"Yea," only "yea," was whispered me, and then
A silence that was unto it, Amen.

DORA
GREEN-
WELL

THE WAYS OF DEATH

9
March
Evening

*God created man to be immortal, and made him
to be the image of His own eternity.*

THE ways of Death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.
From camp and church, the fireside and the street,
She signs to come, and strife and song have been.

A summer night descending, cool and green
And dark, on daytime's dust and stress and heat,
The ways of Death are soothing and serene,
And all the words of Death are grave and sweet.

O glad and sorrowful, with triumphant mien
And hopeful faces look upon and greet
This last of all your lovers, and to meet
Her kiss, the Comforter's, your spirit lean . . .
The ways of Death are soothing and serene.

W.
ERNEST
HENLEY

10
March
Morning

Christ in you, the hope of glory.

IT is the highest prerogative of our spiritual nature that, when we think best, it is not our own thoughts we think—that it is possible to rise above ourselves as individual minds, and to yield ourselves up to a Mind or Thought that is other and larger than our own. All intellectual and spiritual progress may be said to be measured by the degree in which we cease to think our own thoughts, abnegate all self-assertion, and let our minds become the pure media of the universal and absolute intelligence. Yet in such self-abnegation there is no pantheistic annulling of our own life as intelligent and rational beings. For the life of absolute truth or reason is not a life that is foreign to us. If it is above us, it is also within us. In yielding to it we are not quelling but realising our own truest nature. For it is the freedom and fulfilment of our spiritual being to breathe in the atmosphere of the universal life, to become the organ of the infinite reason. And the goal and perfection of our spiritual life would be reached if every movement of our mind, every pulsation of our intellectual and moral life, were identified with it, so that in isolation from it we had no life that we could call our own.

JOHN
CAIRD,
*Funda-
mental
Ideas of
Chris-
tianity*

10
March
Evening

*That ye might be filled with all the fulness
of God.*

I COME to Thee not asking aught ; I crave
No gift of Thine, no grace ;
Yet where the suppliants enter let me have
Within Thy courts a place.

My hands, my heart contain no offering ;
Thy name I would not bless
With lips untouched by altar-fire ; I bring
Only my weariness.

EDWARD
DOWDEN

II
March
Morning

*Woe unto you . . . ye shut up the Kingdom of
Heaven against men.*

UNDER whatever provocation,—and the provocation often is great,—all consistent cynicism as to the real presence and working of goodness in the world, R. C. MOBERLY is, in fact, flat refusal of belief in Christ.

II
March
Evening

*After this manner therefore pray ye :
Thy Kingdom come.*

WE have to realise that the Will of God is to be done on earth, that the Kingdom of Heaven is to be a present Kingdom, here and now, not relegated indefinitely to the future. Our life is not in the future, but in the present, and it always will be in the present : it is in our life that we have to apply our beliefs—utilise our talents, and bring forth fruit. The Kingdom of Heaven is not only at hand, it is potentially in our midst, and may be actually within us. These are its two chief aspects, the social and the individual. The ideal is to be made real, in each and in all : nothing is too good to be true : each soul is to attain its highest aim : the world is to be transfigured and transformed.

SIR
OLIVER
LODGE

12
March
Morning

Wilt thou lay down thy life for My sake ?

MY Redeemer and my Lord,
I beseech Thee, I entreat Thee,
Guide me in each act and word,
That hereafter I may meet Thee,
Watching, waiting, hoping, yearning,
With my lamp well trimmed and burning !
Interceding
With these bleeding
Wounds upon Thy hands and side,
For all who have lived and errèd
Thou hast suffered, Thou hast died,
Scourged, and mocked, and crucified,
And in the grave hast Thou been buried !
If my feeble prayer can reach Thee,
O my Saviour, I beseech Thee,
Even as Thou hast died for me,
More sincerely
Let me follow where Thou leadest ;
Let me, bleeding as Thou bleedest,
Die, if dying I may give
Life to one who asks to live,
And more nearly,
Dying thus, resemble Thee !

HENRY
WADS-
WORTH
LONG-
FELLOW

SERVICE

12
March
Evening

*His servants shall serve Him, and they shall
see His face.*

LORD, a happy child of Thine,
Patient through the love of Thee,
In the light, the life divine,
Lives and walks at liberty.

Leaning on Thy tender care,
Thou hast led my soul aright;
Fervent was my morning prayer,
Joyful is my song to-night.

O my Saviour, Guardian true,
All my life is Thine to keep;
At Thy feet my work I do,
In Thy arms I fall asleep.

A. L.
WARING

13
March
Morn

Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of, and with the baptism that I am baptized withal shall ye be baptized.

THEY preach of a great Vicarious Anguish suffered for the world. Do they not know, rather, that it was suffered in and with it? that it was instead an Infinite Participance and Sympathy? that the anguish was in the world, and the Love came down, and tasted, and identified itself with it, making of the ultimate of pain a sublime, mysterious Rapture? That it is far more to feel the upholding touch of One who goes down into the deep waters before us, and to receive, so, some little drops that we can bear of the great Chrism, than to stand apart, safe on the sunny bank, while He passeth the flood for us, bringing it safely for our uncleansed feet for ever. That—not this—was the Pity and the Sacrifice; that is the Help and the Salvation; the Love and the Pain enfold us together; that is what the jasper and the crimson mean; the first refraction where the Divine Light falls into our denser medium of being; the foundation stone of the heavenly building. The beginning of the At-one-ment; till, through . . . the tenderer, peacefuller tints, our life passes the whole prism of its mysterious experience, and beyond the far-off violet, at last, it rarifies to receive and to transmit the full white Light of

A. D. T.
WHITNEY God.

13
March
Evening

And was made in the likeness of man.

AND didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee,
And didst Thou take to Heaven a human brow?
Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous sea?
Art Thou his kinsman now?

O God, O Kinsman, loved, but not enough!
O man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath!

By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where sinless Thou dost shine,
To draw us sinners in,

By Thy last silence in the judgment-hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
I pray Thee visit me.

Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the guest adored she entertain—
Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day
Should miss Thy heavenly reign.

JEAN
INGELOW

14
March
Morning

And now abideth—Hope.

THEN sound again the golden horn with promise
ever new,

The princely doe will ne'er be caught by those that slack
pursue,—

Yes! sound again the horn of Hope, the golden horn!
Answer it, flutes and pipes, from valleys still and lorn;
Warders from your high towers, with trumps of silver
scorn,

And harps in maidens' bowers, with strings from deep
hearts torn,

ANON.

All answer to the horn of Hope, the golden horn!

The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.

SO in order, in law, and in power I find the Christian faith at the centre of things expanding to include all else ; and I find throughout the world, indwelt as it is assuredly by the same Spirit that indwells the Church of Christ, prophecy, yearning, broken lights, anticipations, hopes and faith, meeting with fulfilment there, and bringing thither new interpretation and the stimulus of peculiar need. It is a passing of my pilgrimage into the larger road, the road which will widen out at last into a garden of God. But even there it will not come to an end, for in the light wherein our light shines this road in God is an endless road of the vision of the blessed, and every step in it is new fulness of joy.

WILLIAM
SCOTT
PALMER

15
March
Morning

The Earth is the Lord's.

FOR the management of their land the whole nation is responsible to God, but especially those who own or manage estates. This is a sacred office. When one not only remembers the nature of land—how it is an element of life, so that if a man abuse the soil it is as if he poisoned the air or darkened the heavens—but appreciates also the multitude of personal relations which the landowner or factor holds in his hand—the peace of homes, the continuity of local traditions, the physical health, the social fearlessness and frankness, and the thousand delicate associations which their habitations entwine about the hearts of men—one feels that to all who possess or manage land is granted an opportunity of patriotism and piety open to few, a ministry less honourable and sacred than none other committed by God to Man for his fellow-men.

GEORGE
ADAM
SMITH

15
March
Evening

Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth.

O THOU who hast taught us that not one of the things which we possess is our own, and yet that having nothing we may possess all things in Thee, help us to bear in mind that we are owners—both of what is great, and what is little—only for a time ; and that whatsoever we call our own we now possess in common with the poorest of Thy children. We would use what we have, remembering that soon we must lay it down, while others take it up. May we learn to work more steadfastly while Thou workest in us, to do and to will of Thy good will, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

W. K.

16

March
Morning

*Non però qui si pente, ma si ride,
Non della colpa, ch'a mente non torna,
Ma del valore ch'ordinò e provvide.*

I CAN see no possible, reasonable, and enduring peace for any human being in this world, except in the conviction that everything that happens in this world is appointed or permitted with a purpose of love to everyone . . .

I find an ocean of unfathomed comfort in that word, "He hath included them all in unbelief, that He might have mercy on all." Many things appear, and are, irretrievable to us, but there is nothing irretrievable with God. This is a great gospel to my heart. He who knows how to take occasion from the Fall to bring in the Redemption may be safely trusted with each event, and with every action, good or bad. I believe that love reigns and that love will prevail. I believe that He says to me every morning, "Begin again thy journey and thy life; thy sins which are many are not only forgiven, they shall be made by the wisdom of God the basis on which He will build blessings."

THOMAS
ERSKINE
OF LIN-
LATHEN

16
March
Evening

The Sun to rule by day.

THOU sayest, "Fit me, fashion me for Thee."
Stretch forth thine empty hands, and be thou
still;

O restless soul, thou dost but hinder Me
By valiant purpose and by steadfast will,
Behold the summer flowers beneath the sun,
In stillness His great glory they behold;
And sweetly thus His mighty work is done,
And resting in His gladness they unfold.
So are the sweetness and the joy divine
Thine, O belovèd, and the work is Mine.

GERHARDT
TER-
STEEGEN,
trans. by
Frances
Bevan

17
March
Morning

This also is vanity.

BUT hear ye this, ye sons of men !
They that bear rule, and are obeyed,
Unto a rule more strong than theirs
Are in their turn obedient made.

In vain, therefore, with wistful eyes
Gazing up hither, the poor man,
Who loiters by the high-heap'd booths,
Below there, in the Registrà,

Says : " Happy he who lodges there !
With silken raiment, store of rice,
And for this drought, all kinds of fruits,
Grape syrup—squares of coloured ice,

With cherries served in drifts of snow."
In vain hath a king power to build
Houses, arcades, enamell'd mosques,
And to make orchard closes filled

With curious fruit-trees brought from far ;
With cisterns for the winter-rain,
And in the desert, spacious inns
In divers places—if that' pain

Is not more lighten'd, which he feels,
If his will be not satisfied—
And that it be not, from all time
The law is planted, to abide.

MATTHEW
ARNOLD

17.
March
Evening

Our hearts find no rest until they rest in Thee.

“LOVE, we go
To the Island of Forgetfulness, for lo !
The Islands of Dancing and of Victories
Are empty of all power.”

“And which of these
Is the Island of Content ?”

“None know,” she said,
And on my bosom laid her weeping head.

W. B.
YEATS

18

March
Morning

urge me with hyssop and I shall be clean.

ESSENTIAL purity is order, and there can be no perfection of order without knowledge of what is the right order of things within us ; and the purest of created beings has still to pray, "Order all things in me strongly and sweetly from end to end."

COVENTRY
PATMORE

18
March
Evening

*Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take
not Thy Holy Spirit from me.*

AYE, do not go ! Thou know'st, I'll dye !
My Spring and Fall are in Thy book !
Or, if Thou goest, do not deny
To lend me, though from far, one look !

My sins long since have made Thee strange,
A very stranger unto me ;
No morning-meetings since this change,
Nor evening-walks have I with Thee.

Though I have spoiled, O spoil not Thou !
Hate not Thine own dear gift and token !
Poor birds sing best, and prettiest show,
When their nest is faln and broken.

Dear Lord ! restore Thy ancient peace,
Thy quikning friendship, man's bright wealth !
And if Thou wilt not give me ease
From sicknesse, give my spirit health !

HENRY
VAUGHAN

19
March
Morning

*Better the fountain in the heart than the fountain
by the way.*

HAVE you ever considered what a deep under meaning there lies, or at least may be read, if we choose, in our custom of strewing flowers before those whom we think most happy? Do you suppose it is merely to deceive them into the hope that happiness is always to fall thus in showers at their feet?—that wherever they pass they will tread on herbs of sweet scent, and that the rough ground will be made smooth for them by depth of roses? So surely as they believe that, they will have instead, to walk on bitter herbs and thorns, and the only softness to their feet will be of snow. But it is not thus intended they should believe; there is a better meaning in that old custom. The path of a good woman is indeed strewn with flowers; but they rise behind her steps, not before them. “Her feet have touched the meadows, and left the daisies rosy.”

JOHN
RUSKIN

19
March
Evening

*That alone which we have within, can we
see without.*

WISE as women are
When genial circumstance hath favoured them,
She welcomed what was given and craved no more ;
Whate'er the scene presented to her view
That was the best, to that she was attuned
By her benign simplicity of life,
And through a perfect happiness of soul,
Whose variegated feelings were in this
Sisters, that they were each some new delight.
Birds in the bower, and lambs in the green field,
Could they have known her, would have loved ; methought
Her very presence such a sweetness breathed,
That flowers, and trees, and even the silent hills
And everything she looked on, should have had
An intimation how she bore herself
Towards them and all the creatures. God delights
In such a being ; for her common thoughts
Are piety, her life is gratitude.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

20

March
Morning

Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain that are ready to die ; for I have not found thy work perfect before God.

RELIGION has rejoiced in the clear knowledge of God, and forgotten the fellowship of man. And the punishment has been, not the overthrow of its outward prosperity, but the slow withdrawal of that revelation of which it seemed to possess so secure a certainty. So that now we walk for the most part blindly, in the twilight, with no clear vision of a spiritual world and an unseen Father. It may be that the way back to the unclouded height will be found through the humble and deliberate search after that fellowship which has been offended and denied. . . Teaching so familiar as to become meaningless may assume a new significance. The feast to which first are to be called the friendless and the poor: the "Inasmuch" with its triumph and its mysterious warning; the strange and solitary revelation of future judgment for a rich man who lived happily with want and misery lying unnoticed at his doors; the woes pronounced on the complacent orthodox religious, so entirely convinced that they are fulfilling every jot and tittle of the law; these have a meaning for Christianity in England at the dawn of the twentieth century. Assuredly it is as well that the old gospel should be given a trial before we proclaim the necessity for a new.

C. F. G.
MASTER-
MAN

THE HOUSE ON THE SAND

20
March
Evening

*Remember therefore how thou hast received and
heard, and hold fast.*

BLESSINGS beforehand, tyes of gratefulnesse,
The sound of glorie ringing in our eares ;
Without, our shame ; within, our consciences ;
Angels and grace, eternall hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
One cunning bosome-sinne blows quite away.

GEORGE
HERBERT

March
Morning

*Old things are passed away, behold all things
are become new.*

ONE man will live after the pattern of the Sermon on the Mount, or the Epistle of St. James. Another finds a deep consolation and meaning in a closer union with Christ; he will "put on Christ," he will hide himself in Christ; he will experience in his own person the truth of those words of the Apostle, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." But if he have the spirit of moderation that there was in St. Paul, he will not stereotype these true, though often passing, feelings in any formula of substitution or satisfaction; still less will he draw out formulas of this sort into remote consequences. Such logical idealism is of another age; it is neither faith nor philosophy in this. . . . Having Christ near as a friend and a brother, and making the Christian life his great aim, he is no longer under the dominion of a conventional theology. He will not be distracted by its phrases from communion with his fellow-men. He can never fall into that confusion of head and heart which elevates matters of opinion into practical principles. Difficulties and doubts diminish with him, as he himself grows more like Christ; not because he forcibly suppresses them, but because they become unimportant in comparison with purity, and holiness, and love. Enough of truth for him seems to radiate from the person of the Saviour. He thinks more and more of the human nature of Christ as the expression of the Divine. He has found the way of life—that way is not an easy way—but neither is it beset by the imaginary perplexities with which a false use of the intellect in religion has often surrounded it.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

21
March
Evening

*The dust of the rose petals is for the heart of
the perfume seller.*

BUT at Thy touch let veiled hearts awake
That nearest to Thine altar lie,
Yet least of holy things descry.

Teacher of teachers ! Priest of priests ! from Thee
The sweet strong prayer
Must rise, to free*

First Levi, then all Israel, from the snare.
Thou art our Moses out of sight,
Speak for us or we perish quite.

JOHN
KEBLE

22

March
Morning

My Father worketh hitherto.

REVERE the Maker ; fetch thine eye
Up to His style, and manners of the sky.
Not of adamant and gold
Built He heaven stark and cold ;
No, but a nest of bending reeds,
Flowering grass and scented weeds ;
Or like a traveller's fleeing tent,
Or bow above the tempest bent ;
Built of tears and sacred flames,
And virtue reaching to its aims ;
Built of furtherance and pursuing,
Not of spent deeds, but of doing.
Silent rushes the swift Lord
Through ruined systems still restored,
Broadsowing, bleak and void to bless,
Plants with worlds the wilderness ;
Waters with tears of ancient sorrow
Apples of Eden ripe to-morrow.
House and tenant go to ground,
Lost in God, in Godhead found.

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

22
March
Evening

*The invisible things of Him from the creation
of the world are clearly seen, being understood
by the things that are made.*

O MASTER of the Beautiful,
Creating us from hour to hour,
Give me this vision to the full
To see in lightest things Thy power !

This vision give, no heaven afar,
No throne, and yet I will rejoice,
Knowing beneath my feet a star,
Thy word in every wandering voice.

“A. E.”

23

March
Morning

*When I am old and grey-headed, O God,
forsake me not, until I have shewed Thy strength
unto this generation.*

GROW old along with me !
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made :
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, " A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half ; trust God : see all, nor be
afraid ! "

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term :
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute ; a God, though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new :
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

ROBERT

BROWNING

23
March
Evening

So He bringeth them to their desired Haven.

OLD age hath yet his honour and his toil.
 Death closes all ; but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle on the rocks ;
 The long day wanes ; the slow moon climbs ; the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulphs will wash us down,
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles whom we knew.
 Though much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are ;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

ALFRED,
LORD
TENNYSON

24
March
Morning

I did know thee in the wilderness.

K NOW that although exterior Solitude doth much assist for the obtaining of inner Peace, yet the Lord did not mean this when He spake by His Prophet, *I will bring her into the wilderness and speak comfortably unto her.* But he meant the inner Solitude which, together with the other, conduces to the obtaining of the precious Jewel of inner Peace. Inner Solitude consists in the forgetting of all Creatures, in detachment, in a perfect abnegation of all purpose, desire, thought, and will. This is the true Solitude, wherein the Soul reposes in a sweet and inward serenity, in the arms of the Highest Good.

O what infinite room is there in a Soul that has attained this divine Solitude! O what inward, what hidden, what secret, what spacious, what vast ranges are there within a happy Soul that has once come to be truly Solitary! There the Lord converses, and communes inwardly with the soul.

Go on, blessed Soul! go on without delay, towards this blessedness of internal Solitude. See how God calls thee to enter into thy inward Centre, where He will renew thee, change thee, fill thee, clothe thee, and show thee a new and Heavenly Kingdom, full of joy, peace, content, and serenity.

MIGUEL
DE
MOLINOS

24
March
Evening

In Thy light shall we see light.

NOT for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise ;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

25
March
Morning

Even there shall Thy hand lead me.

MARCUS
AURELIUS
ANTON-
INUS

LET it make no difference to thee whether thou art cold or warm, if thou art doing thy duty ; and whether thou art drowsy or satisfied with sleep ; and whether ill-spoken of or praised ; and whether dying or doing something else. For it is one of the acts of life, this act by which we die : it is sufficient, then, in this act also to do well what we have in hand.

25
March
Evening

Then shall they see.

B LINDFOLDED and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late ;
Too heavy burdens in the load,
And too few helpers on the road,
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long ;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless law are ordered still,
“Not as I will.”

“Not as I will” : the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat.
“Not as I will” : the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless
All unrest and all loneliness.
“Not as I will,” because the One
Who loved us first and best has gone
Before us on the road, and still
For us must all His Love fulfil,
“Not as we will.”

HELEN
HUNT
JACKSON

26

March
Morning

*Behold the glory of the God of Israel came
from the way of the East, and the earth shined
with His glory.*

*Chorus
in the
Bacchæ of
Euripides,*
GILBERT
MURRAY

LOVE thou the Day and the Night ;
Be glad of the Dark and the Light,—
And avert thine eyes from the lore of the wise,
That have honour in proud men's sight.
The simple nameless herd of Humanity
Hath deeds and faith that are truth enough for me.

26
Evening
March

*The earth, with all its imperfections, is one of
the heavenly bodies.*

DOST thou tremble, here on earth alone,
To look on spring and autumn, death and life ?

O spread thy spirit's pinions, soar aloft
Up to that nearest planet's silver disk ;
From there look out upon the earth, and let
This globe and all thou knowest hereupon
By distance be transfigured to a star,—
Cities and mountains and old monuments,
All the dear forms of men and every child !
Then see thyself, too, as a pilgrim here
Who, sojourning awhile upon the earth,
Bides in her valleys with the nightingales,
Dwells in her springs and autumns, days and nights,
So will sweet peace sink down into thy soul,
As when thou lookest on the evening star.

*A Lay-
man's
Breviary*

27
March
Morning

These are written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing ye might have life through His name.

THE more clearly we appreciate the divinity of Christ, and His place as the Life-giver, the less shall we seek to formulate rules for the saving of souls, and the more eager shall we be that we and all men may be drawn into that mystic union which cleanses and saves us. The secret of salvation will not be curtly told in our words: it is safe from our definings and limitations. The call of the life without us to the buried life within, as the spring calls to the heart of the seed, this is the thought with which, in the tender little *envoi* that once ended the book, John recalls us to the point whence he started: the story of Jesus has been written that men may know that life comes through Him, because He is the Son of God.

JOAN
MARY
FRY

27
March
Evening

By night I sought Him whom my soul loveth.

O THOU ! unseen by me, that like a child
Tries in the night to find its mother's heart,
And weeping, wanders only more apart,
Not knowing in the darkness that she smiled—

Thou, all unseen, dost hear my tired cry,
As I, in darkness of a half belief,
Grove for Thy heart, in love and doubt and grief :
O Lord ! speak soon to me—"Lo, here am I !"

MAR-
GARET
DELAND

THE SECRET PLACE

28

March
Morning

*He that dwelleth in the secret place of the
Most High shall abide under the shadow of the
Almighty.*

THERE is a secret place of rest
God's saints alone may know ;
Thou shalt not find it east nor west,
Though seeking to and fro.
A cell where Jesus is the door,
His Love the only key ;
Who enter will go out no more,
But there with Jesus be.

If thou hadst dwelt within that place,
Then would thine heart the while,
In vision of the Saviour's face,
Forget all other smile ;
Forget the charm earth's waters had
If once thy foot had trod
Beside the river that makes glad
The city of our God.

*The Inner
Life.*

28
March
Evening

Your joy no man taketh from you.

IF once such joy had filled thine heart,
Earth's hatred or earth's scorn
Would seem but as a moment's smart,
Forgot as soon as borne.
Nay, thou in pain, or shame, or loss,
Christ's fellowship wouldst see,
And with thine heart embrace the cross
On which He hung for thee.

Wouldst count it blest to live, to die,
Where He is all in all ;
Where rapt, earth unperceived goes by
And from ourselves we fall.
Till, from His secret place below,
To mansions fair above,
He leads thee, there to make thee know
The perfect joys of love.

*The Inner
Life.*

29

March
Morning

*She turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing,
and knew not that it was Jesus.*

FAITH is a certain pliability of the living mind in respect to the Truth, by which a man is ready to follow it "whithersoever it goeth" with perfect liberty, certain that God "will save His word in all things," and "be justified in His sayings." It is not a state of inflexible rigidity—of a rock graven with inscribed formulæ; but of a living converse between the Creator and the creature who sits at the Master's feet and drinks in the ever-progressive stream of His words. A faith which does not grow every instant into something new that swallows up and includes the faith of the moment before, is dead in formalism and unreality; for life is movement before everything. Hence while living faith clings with unshaken confidence to the Divine Word, it is wholly detached from its own inadequate apprehension of that word; ever ready to receive continual correction and adjustment; never surprised at any new face the familiar but many-sided Truth may present. It will never be so obstinately set upon looking for the Truth in one direction only, according to some ungrounded prepossession, as not to be ready at a word to turn right round and find Jesus standing in the light of the Sun, not lying in the darkness of the tomb; living among the living, not dead among the dead—nearest where He seemed farthest away.

FATHER
TYRRELL

29
March
Evening

Let none that wait on Thee be ashamed.

COME back again, my olden heart!—
 Ah, fickle spirit and untrue,
 I bade the only guide depart
 Whose faithfulness I surely knew :
 I said, my heart is all too soft ;
 He who would climb and soar aloft
 Must needs keep ever at his side
 The tonic of a wholesome pride.

Come back again, old heart ! Ah me !
 Methinks in those thy coward fears
 There might, perchance, a courage be,
 That fails in these the manlier years ;
 Courage to let the courage sink,
 Itself a coward base to think,
 Rather than not for heavenly light
 Wait on to show the truly right.

ARTHUR
HUGH
CLOUGH

30
March
Morning

*Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the
dead, and Christ shall give thee light.*

MEN cannot live by thought alone ; the world
of sense is always breaking in upon them.
They are for the most part confined to a corner of the
earth, and see but a little way beyond their own home
or place of abode ; they do not “lift up their eyes to
the hills” ; they are not awake when the dawn appears.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

AWAKING

30
March
Evening

*Except a man be born again he cannot see the
Kingdom of God.*

OUR veritable birth dates from the day when, for the first time, we feel at the deepest of us that there is something grave and unexpected in life. . . . We can be born thus more than once; and each birth brings us a little nearer to our God. But most of us are content to wait till an event, charged with almost irresistible radiance, intrudes itself violently upon our darkness, and enlightens us, in our own despite. We await I know not what happy coincidence, when it may so come about that the eyes of our soul shall be open at the very moment that something extraordinary takes place. But in everything that happens there is light; and the greatness of the greatest men has but consisted in that they had trained their eyes to be open to every ray of this light.

MAURICE
MAETER-
LINCK

PRAYER

31
March
Morning

*I have loved thee with an everlasting Love,
therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn
thee.*

IN the perfect state prayer will be as normal and continuous as breathing. In the rudimentary stages of human education it is fitful, and limited by the state of the worshipper; yet all discipline, all trials, every awakening of a sense of need, all pains and sorrows, are forms of God's prayer to us that we may seek after

J. W.
FARQUHAR Him.

*Let the lifting up of my hands be as the
evening sacrifice.*

PRAYER the Churches banquet, Angels age,
God's breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet sounding heaven and earth ;

Engine against th' Almightye, sinners towre,
Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
The six daies world-transposing in an houre,
A kind of tune, which all things heare and fear ;

Softnesse, and peace, and joy and love, and blisse,
Exalted Manna, gladnesse of the best,
Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,
The milkie way, the bird of Paradise ;

Church-bels beyond the starres heard, the soul's bloud, GEORGE
The land of spices ; *something understood.* HERBERT

SILENCE

I
April
Morning

Prayer.

*The
Imitation
of Christ*

O JESUS, brightness of the eternal glory, comfort
of the pilgrim soul, with Thee are my lips
without a voice, and my very silence speaks to Thee.

*The Garment of Praise for the Spirit of
Heaviness.*

I
April
Evening

I N sorrow and in nakedness of soul
I look into the street,
If haply there mine eye may meet,
As up and down it ranges,
The servants of my Father bearing changes
Of raiment sweet—
Seven changes sweet with violet and moly,
Seven changes pure and holy.
But nowhere 'mid that thick entangled throng
Mark I their proud sad paces;
Nowhere the light upon their faces,
Serene with that great beauty
Wherein the single meditated duty
Its empire traces :—
Only the fretful merchants stand and cry,
“Come buy ! come buy ! come buy !”
O naked soul, be patient in this stead !
Thrice blest are they that wait.
O Father of my soul, the gate
Will open soon, and they
Who minister to Thee and Thine alway
Will enter straight,
And speak to me, that I shall understand
The speech of Thy great land.
And I will rise, and wash, and they will dress me
As Thou wouldst have me drest ;
And I shall stand confest
Thy son ; and men shall falter :—
“Behold the ephod of the unseen altar !
O, God-possessed !
Thy raiment is not from the looms of earth,
But has a heavenly birth.”

T. E.
BROWN,
*Collected
Poems,*
1900

2

April
Morning

The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children.

A PICTURE of sunniness and full content ; of a strong, true, manly tenderness ; of a wide, cheery house, brimful of busy pleasantness and loving cares ; of a man and woman leaving their young days behind, and living on into ripe, happy years ; of a story beginning over again that had begun over and over here before ; of little children growing up ; of the old, bright "Mother's room," out of which motherhood should not die away ; of the big workbasket, and the Bible, used right on by somebody, into another old age ; of hands-full and heart-full, just the same only passed on,—household "keys of the Kingdom of Heaven" through womanly apostleship, —these were "the beautiful things out in the years."

A. D. T.
WHITNEY

2
April
Evening

Whatsoever things are lovely.

VESTIS ANGELICA.

O GATHER, gather ! Stand
Round her on either hand !
O shining angel-band
More pure than priest !
A garment white and whole
Weave for this passing sou
Whose earthly joy and dole
Have almost ceased.

Weave it of mothers' prayers,
Of sacred thoughts and cares,
Of peace beneath grey hairs,
Of hallowed pain ;
Weave it of vanished tears,
Of childlike hopes and fears,
Of joys, by saintly years
Washed free from stain.

Weave it of happy hours,
Of smiles and summer flowers,
Of passing sunlit showers,
Of acts of love ;
Of footsteps that did go
Amid life's work and woe,—
Her eyes still fixed below,
Her thoughts above.

THOMAS
WENT-
WORTH
HIGGIN-
SON

3
April
Morning

*The nations of them that are saved shall walk
in the light of it (the city).*

THIS old earth—that is what we have business with. How to shape her into something more worthy of our best, and how in the process to learn from her her mysterious wisdom! That is our problem. We have been too long away from her in barren cloudlands. Our new precept is that the Kingdom of God is around us and within us.

JOHN
BUCHAN

*Break forth into singing ye mountains, O
forest and every tree therein, for the Lord hath
redeemed.*

3
April
Evening

I HEARD a Seer cry—"The wilderness,
The solitary place,
Shall yet be glad for Him, and He shall bless
(Thy Kingdom come!) with His revealed face
The forests; they shall drop their precious gum,
And shed for Him their balm: and He shall yield
The grandeur of His speech to charm the field.

Then all the soothèd winds shall drop to listen,
(Thy Kingdom come!),
Comforted waters waxen calm shall glisten
With bashful tremblement beneath His smile;
And Echo ever the while
Shall take, and in her awful joy repeat,
The laughter of His lips—(Thy Kingdom come):
And hills that sit apart shall be no longer dumb;
No, they shall shout and shout,
Raining their lovely loyalty along the dewy plain:
And valleys round about,
And all the well-contented land, made sweet
With flowers she opened at His feet,
Shall answer; shout and make the welkin ring,
And tell it to the stars, shout, shout, and sing;
Her cup being full to the brim,
Her poverty made rich with Him,
Her yearning satisfied to its utmost sum—
Lift up thy voice, O earth, prepare thy song,
It shall not yet be long,
Lift up, O earth, for He shall come again,
Thy Lord; and He shall reign, and He shall reign—
Thy Kingdom come."

JEAN
INGELOW

THE CROSS

4
April
Morning

*By Thy cross and passion, good Lord,
deliver me.*

TO many this seems a hard saying: Deny thyself, take up thy Cross and follow Jesus. . . . This sign, the sign of the Cross, will be in heaven when the Lord shall come to judgment. Then all the servants of the Cross, who in their lifetime have made themselves like to the Crucified, will draw near with great confidence to Christ, the Judge. Why, then, fearest thou to take up thy Cross, through which is the way to the kingdom?

The Cross is salvation; in the Cross is life; in the Cross is protection from enemies.

In the Cross is infusion of sweetness from above; in the Cross is strength of mind; in the Cross is joy of spirit. . . .

*The
Imitation
of Christ*

There is no health of the soul, nor hope of eternal life, but in the Cross.

THE CROSS

4
April
Evening

*The precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb
without blemish and without spot.*

ALL in the April evening
April airs were abroad ;
The sheep with their little lambs
Passed by me on the road

The sheep with their little lambs
Passed by me on the road :
All in an April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying
With a weak human cry ;
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet ;
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.

But for the Lamb of God
Up on the hilltop green,
Only a cross of shame
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening
April airs were abroad
I saw the sheep with their lambs
And thought on the Lamb of God.

KATH-
ARINE
TYNAN
HINKSON

5
April
Morning

*Let him labour, working with his hands the
thing that is good.*

IT has been written, "An endless significance lies in work"; a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider now, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man: but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour is in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame!

THOMAS
CARLYLE

5
April
Evening

*Unto you is Paradise opened, the Tree of
Life is planted, . . . a city is builded and rest
is allowed.*

ONE lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity.

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity,
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy quiet ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting ;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Labourers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

MATTHEW
ARNOLD

6

April
Morning

To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life.

TRUE religion is a conviction of the character of God, and a resting upon that alone for salvation. We need nothing more to begin with; and everything else, in our experience and fortune, helps us only in so far as it makes that primary conviction more clear and certain. Darkness may be over us, and we lonely and starved beneath it. We may be destitute of experience to support our faith; we may be able to discover nothing in life about us making in the direction of our hopes. Still, *let us wait on the Lord*. It is by bare trust in Him that we *renew our strength, put forth wings like eagles, run and not weary, walk and not faint*.

Put forth wings—run—walk! Is the order correct? Hope swerves from the edge of so descending a promise, which seems only to repeat the falling course of nature—that droop, we all know, from short ambitions, through temporary impulsiveness, to the old common-place and routine. Soaring, running, walking—and is not the next stage, a cynic might ask, standing still?

On the contrary, it is a natural and true climax, rising from the easier to the more difficult, from the ideal to the real, from dream to duty, from what can only be the rare occasions of life to what must be life's usual and abiding experience.

GEORGE
ADAM
SMITH

PATIENCE

6
April
Evening

Have patience with me.

PATIENCE divine I claim,
To-day in Jesu's name,
Because our weakness He indeed hath known ;
Hath felt the failing powers
That evermore are ours,
Hath made our sorrows and our griefs His own.

By the sore needs of men
Thou tookest on Thee then,
Remember, Lord, how fast the twilight falls,
How stumbling steps despair
To climb the heavenly stair
Which leads to gates of pearl and golden walls.

Was there no piteous eve
When even Thou didst grieve
O'er failing strength the weary way to run ?
Was there no shining morn
To Thee in darkness born
Because Thy children's sins obscured the sun ?

Our only comfort grows
From this—our Saviour knows,
Our Saviour by our straits was also tried ;
His patience He will keep
Until we fall asleep,
And wake in health and strength to see Him by our side. J. E. A. BROWN

OUR STAR

7
April
Morning

*I, even I, am He that comforteth you, . . .
that hath stretched forth the Heavens, and laid
the foundation of the Earth.*

OUTWARD BOUND.

DEAR Earth, near Earth, the clay that made us
men,
The land we sowed,
The hearth that glowed—
O Mother, must we bid farewell to thee?
Fast dawns the last dawn, and what shall comfort then
The lonely hearts that roam the outer sea?

Grey wakes the daybreak, the shivering sails are set,
To misty deeps
The channel sweeps—

O Mother think on us who think on thee!
Earth-home, birth-home, with love remember yet
The sons in exile on the eternal sea.

HENRY
NEWBOLT

7
April
Evening

A land of hills and valleys that drinketh water of the rain of heaven, a land which the Lord thy God careth for. The eyes of the Lord are always upon it.

(Spoken in the Unseen.)

O BRETHREN, though all is more beautiful and joyful here where we know, yet to remember the days when we knew not, and the ways when all was uncertain, and the end could not be distinguished from the beginning, is sweet and dear; and that which was done in the dim twilight should be celebrated in the day; and our Father Himself loves to hear of those who, having not seen, loved, and who learned without any teacher, and followed the light, though they did not understand.

. . . Oh dear mother earth, oh little world and great, thou art lovely and dear, and the sun of God shines upon thee and the sweet dews fall; and there were we born, and loved, and died, and are come thence to bless the Father and the Son. For in no other world, though they are so vast, is it given to any to know the Lord in the darkness, and follow Him groping, and make way through sin and death, and overcome the evil, and conquer in His Name.

MRS.
OLIPHANT

8

April
Morning

The work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever.

WE need examples of people who, leaving Heaven to decide whether they are to rise in the world, decide for themselves that they will be happy in it, and have resolved to seek—not greater wealth, but simpler pleasure; not higher fortune, but deeper felicity; making the first of possessions, self-possession; and honouring themselves in the harmless pride and calm pursuits of peace. Of which lowly peace it is written that “justice and peace have kissed each other”; and that the fruit of justice is “sown in peace of them that make peace”; not “peace makers” in the common understanding—reconcilers of quarrels (though that function also follows on the greater one); but peace-Creators; Givers of Calm. Which you cannot give, unless you first gain.

JOHN
RUSKIN

HAPPINESS

8
April
Evening

As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.

HAPPY he, on the weary sea,
Who hath fled the tempest and won the haven ;
Happy whoso hath risen, free,
Above his striving. For strangely graven
Is the orb of life, that one and another
In gold and power may outpass his brother.
And men in their millions float and flow
And see the with a million hopes as leaven ;
And they win their Will, or they miss their Will,
And the hopes are dead or are pined for still ;
But whoe'er can know,
As the long days go,
That To Live is happy, hath found his Heaven !

Chorus
in the
Bacchæ of
Euripides,
trans.
Gilbert
Murray

9
April
Morning

*The half of us that longs to be the whole,—
The Infinite in mercy drawing near.*

I N a deep sense, the desire of the Spark of Life in the Soul to return to its Original Source is part of the longing desire of the universal Life for its own heart or centre. Of this longing the universal attraction, striving against resistance, towards a universal centre, proved to govern the phenomenal or physical world, is but the outer sheath and visible working. . . .

There is in truth but one Religion, that founded upon the eternal, immutable, universal processes of the actual Nature of things, and of this Christianity, rightly apprehended, is the supreme Revelation. This will be seen better by all as the Religion unfolds itself. Rightly speaking there is no such thing as *Supernatural* Religion; there is but one Religion, that of Nature. It is the work of visible religion to teach by signs and parables, embody-
BERNARD
HOLLAND ing the mystery in symbols, and clothing it with adoration.

THE SOUL'S DESIRE

9
April
Evening

If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?

MY Son, the World is dark with griefs and graves,
So dark that men cry out against the Heavens.
Who knows but that the darkness is in man ?
The doors of Night may be the gates of Light ;
For wert thou born or blind or deaf, and then
Suddenly healed, how would'st thou glory in all
The splendours and the voices of the world !
And we, the poor earth's dying race, and yet
No phantoms, watching from a phantom shore,
Await the last and largest sense to make
The phantom walls of this illusion fade,
And show us that the world is wholly fair.

ALFRED,
LORD
TENNY-
SON,
"The
Ancient
Sage"

THE SPIRIT OF REST

10
April
Morning

Thou art careful and troubled about many things.

THE inner life sits at home, and does not learn to do things, nor value these feats at all. 'Tis a quiet, wise perception. It loves truth because it is itself real; it loves right, it knows nothing else; but it makes no progress; was as wise in our first memory of it as now; is just the same now in maturity, and hereafter in age, it was in youth. We have grown to manhood and womanhood; we have powers, connection, children, reputations, professions; this makes no account of them all. It lives in the great present, it makes the present great. This tranquil, well-founded, wide-seeing soul is no express-rider, no attorney, no magistrate: it lies in the sun, and broods on the world. A person of this temper once said to a man of much activity: "I will pardon you that you do so much, and you me that I do nothing." And Euripides says that "Zeus hates busy-bodies, and those who do too much."

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

THE SPIRIT OF REST

10
April
Evening

The mountains shall bring peace.

I HAVE learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Not harsh or grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts : a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit that impels,
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

II
April
Morning

I will hear what God the Lord will speak.

NO man ever lived in the light of the ideal more than he did. Through ideals he endeavoured to give shape to his own life; through ideals he sought to educate and elevate others—ideals drawn from the noblest poetry and philosophy, from sacred books, from the lives of the great and good. In himself he was one of those noble natures with whom even trivial daily acts become a “reasonable service,” whose ears seem to be ever listening for the voice of Truth above the noise and babble of the world. In his view the ideal and practical were not to be separated: ideals without practice bear no fruit; practice without the ideal is like the helpless wandering of some headless creature.

*Life of
Benjamin
Jowett*

II
April
Evening

Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.

A RE there not, then, two musics unto men?—
One loud and bold and coarse,
And overpowering still perforce
All tone and tune beside ;
Yet in despite its pride
Only of fumes of foolish fancy bred,
And sounding solely in the sounding head :
The other soft and low,
Stealing whence we not know,
Painfully heard, and easily forgot,
With pauses oft and many a silence strange,
(And silent oft it seems, when silence it is not)
Revivals too of unexpected change :
Haply thou think'st 'twill never be begun,
Or that 't has come, and been, and passed away ;
Yet turn to other none—
Turn not, oh, turn not thou !
But listen, listen, listen,—if haply be heard it may ;
Listen, listen, listen,—is it not sounding now ?

ARTHUR
HUGH
CLOUGH

I 2
April
Morning

Love is the key of Life and Death.

MAX
MÜLLER

I F we could but learn to value each hour of life, to enjoy it fully, to use it fully, never to spoil a minute by selfishness, then death would never come too soon; it is the wasted hours which are like death in life, and which make life really so short. It is not too late to learn to try to be more humble, more courteous, or, what is at the root of all, more loving.

Nothing works either in God or Nature, or creature but desire. . . . Everything had its beginning in it and from it, and everything is led by it to all its happiness.

LOVE on my heart from heaven fell,
Soft as the dew on flowers of spring,
Sweet as the hidden drops that swell
Their honey-throated chaliceing.

Now never from him do I part,
Hosanna evermore I cry :
I taste his savour in my heart,
And bid all praise him as do I.

Without him nought soever is,
Nor was afore, nor e'er shall be :
Nor any other joy than his
Wish I for mine to comfort me.

ROBERT
BRIDGES

13
April
Morning

*Soul of our soul and safeguard of the world,
Sustain,—Thou only canst.*

THE soul needs for its fulness of life that sense which can only be called a sense of "creature-ship" of most intimate dependence on One who is "dearer than father, mother, child, or spouse"; "closer than breathing, nearer than hands or feet"—the soul's own soul, as it were; one "in whom we live and move and are," not as a part lives and moves in the organism to which it belongs at the cost of its own freedom and individuality, but with an infinitely closer intimacy that yet saves our freedom and separateness; one to whom we are bound, not as word is bound to word in speech, but rather somewhat as the spoken word is bound to the thought which it incorporates, by which it is enveloped and permeated, and from which it can be severed only by some witless ear sensitive to the sound but dead to the sense.

FATHER
TYRRELL

13
April
Evening

*There is none upon earth that I desire beside
Thee.*

BE Thou the well by which I lie and rest ;
Be Thou my tree of life, my garden ground ;
Be Thou my home, my fire, my chamber blest,
My book of wisdom, loved of all the best ;
Oh, be my friend, each day still newer found,
As the eternal days and nights go round !
Nay, nay—Thou art *my God*, in whom all loves are bound !

GEORGE
MAC
DONALD



14
April
Morning

This my son was lost and is found.

THE distressed Soul began its course now under the patient suffering of Christ, and depending solely upon the Strength and Power of God in it, entered into Hope. Thenceforth it grew stronger every day, and its evil inclinations died more and more in it. So that it arrived at length to a high state or degree of Grace; and the Gates of the Divine Revelation and the Kingdom of Heaven were opened to and manifested in it.

And thus the Soul, through Repentance, Faith, and Prayer, returned to its true Rest, and became a right and beloved Child of God again; to which may He of His infinite mercy help us all. Amen.

JACOB
BEHMEN

14
April
Evening

I have found my piece that was lost.

I WAS not resolute in heart and will
To rise up suddenly and seek Thy face,
Leaving the swine-husks in the desert place
And crying, "I have sinned, receive me still!"

I could not even at the Shepherd's voice
Startle and thrill, with yearnings for the fold,
Till He should take me in His blessed hold,
And lay me on His shoulder and rejoice.

But lying silent, will-less in the dark,
A little piece of silver lost from Thee,
I only knew Thy hands were seeking me
And that I bore through all Thy heavenly mark.

15
April
Morning

*Take no thought for the morrow.
Be of good cheer.*

THE sword in the world, the right eye plucked out, the right hand cut off, the spirit of reproach which those images express, and of which monasticism is the fulfilment, reflect one side only of the nature of the divine missionary of the New Testament. Opposed to, yet blent with, this ascetic or militant character, is the image of the Good Shepherd—favourite sacred image of the primitive church—serene, blithe, and debonair, beyond the gentlest shepherd of Greek mythology; the daily food of whose spirit is the beatific vision of the kingdom of peace among men. And this latter side of the divine character of Christ, rightly understood, is the final achievement of that vein of bold and brilliant hopefulness in man, which had sustained him so far through his immense labour, his immense sorrows; and of which that peculiarly Greek *gaiety*, in the handling of life, is but one manifestation. Sometimes one, sometimes the other, of these two contrasted aspects of the character of Christ, have, in different ages and under the urgency of differing human needs, been at work also in his “mystical body.”

WALTER
PATER,
*Marius
the Epi-
curean.*

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

15
April
Evening

*As the tender grass springing out of the earth
by clear shining after rain.*

LOOK up ; the rainy heavens withdraw,
Light flows anew at ebb of day ;
Look, and believe the gracious law,
That love shall have the final sway.

In such an hour is understood
The sacred mystery of woe ;
We feel a life divinely good
Within us rise, around us flow .

A spirit tranquil as of one
Who finds in happy languor rest,
Sore wearied with his work well done,
But through well-doing richly blest :

A spirit as of one who broods
On sorrows ceased but unforgot ;
Whose heart, like heaven, the rainiest moods
Leave softer but without a blot.

Come, holy Peace, when evening's flame
Burns in the west intensely still,
Come, kindling salutary shame
For half-won good, half-vanquished ill.

THOMAS
TOKE
LYNCH

16
April
Morning

*Let, I pray Thee, Thy merciful kindness be
for my comfort.*

TENDER mercies, on my way
Falling softly like the dew
Sent me freshly every day,
I will bless the Lord for you.

Though I have not all I would,
Though to greater bliss I go,
Every present gift of good
To Eternal Love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,
Well of joy for which I long,
Let the song I sing to Thee
Be an everlasting song.

ANNA
LÆTITIA
WARING

16
April
Evening

*He hath said, "I will never leave thee nor
forsake thee."*

I N this same time our Lord shewed me a spiritual
sight of His homely loving.

I saw that He is to us everything that is good and
comfortable for us: He is our clothing that for love
wrappeth us, claspeth us, and all encloseth us for tender
love, that He may never leave us; being to us all-thing
that is good, as to mine understanding.

JULIAN,
THE
ANCHOR-
ESS

THE LAST ANGEL

17
April
Morning

I shall be satisfied when I awake.

OF T have I wakened ere the spring of day,
And from my window looking forth have found
All dim and strange the long-familiar ground ;
But soon I saw the mist glide slow away,
And leave the hills in wonted green array,
While from the stream-sides and the fields around
Rose many a pensive day-entreating sound,
And the deep-breasted woodlands seemed to pray.

Will it be even so when first we wake
Beyond the Night in which are merged all nights,—
The soul sleep-heavy and forlorn will ache,
Deeming herself mid alien sounds and sights?
Then will the gradual Day with comfort break
Along the old deeps of being, the old heights?

EDITH
MATILDA
THOMAS

17
April
Evening

*In Thee, O Lord, do I put my trust ; let me
never be put to confusion.*

SOME day soon a greater angel will stand before me in the way, whom I shall know without doubt, and meet, I hope, without fear ; despite the sword with which his liberating word must pierce my flesh. I shall not die ; I shall pass on with opening eyes to find close at hand more of my meaning and more life in some crystalline world. God is most surely Reason, and He puts no man's to confusion. I am a son whom He loves, a son learning to love Him, learning to love His truth, His beauty, His holiness, and Himself, love's self ; I am enfolded in His purpose, I, whom He has compelled to be ; I am rooted in His eternity ; and I shall most surely find myself and all my meaning fulfilled at last within the kingdom of His heart. There waits the goal of my heart-way, there is Jerusalem ; death does but open wide my way.

*A Modern
Mystic's
Way*

THE INMOST GUEST

18
April
Morning

*He shall come down like rain upon the mown
grass, as showers that water the earth.*

WILT Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels Thy gentle dew;
And every blade of grass I see,
From Thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
The morning calls on me with cheering tone;
And every hill and tree
Lends but one voice, the voice of Thee alone.

Come, for I need Thy love,
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;
Come, gently as Thy holy Dove,
And let me in Thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me,
Nor plant nor tree Thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
My spirit loves with Thine in peace to dwell.

JONES
VERY

18
April
Evening

*At that day ye shall know that I am in my
Father, and ye in Me, and I in you.*

AND then all these anxious visions left me; and I felt for awhile like a tiny spray of seaweed floating on an infinite sea, with the brightness of the morning overhead. I felt that I was indeed set where I found myself to be, and that if now my little heart and brain are too small to hold the truth, yet I thanked God for making even the conception of the mystery, the width, the depth, possible to me; and I prayed to Him that He would give me as much of the truth as I could bear. And I do not doubt that He gave me that; for I felt for an instant that, whatever befell me, I was indeed a part of Himself; not a thing outside and separate: not even His Son and His Child; but Himself.

ARTHUR
CHRIS-
TOPHER
BENSON

THE CHILD

19
April
Morning

*Jesus called a little child unto Him.
Are they not all ministering spirits?*

“**C**OME away, O human child !
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
For the world's more full of weeping than you can
understand.”

Away with us he's going,
The solemn-eyed :
He'll hear no more the lowing
Of the calves on the warm hillside.

For he comes, the human child
To the waters and the wild
With a faery, hand in hand,
From a world more full of weeping than he can under-
stand.

W. B.
YEATS

19
April
Evening

*In heaven their angels do always behold the
face of My Father.*

THEREFORE no song of mine,—
But prayer in place of singing ; prayer that would
Commend thee to the new-creating God,
Whose gift is childhood's heart without its stain
Of weakness, ignorance, and changing vain—
That gift of God be thine !

So wilt thou aye be young,
In lovelier childhood than thy shining brow
And pretty winning accents make thee now.
Yea, sweeter than this scarce articulate sound
(How sweet !) of " Father," " Mother," shall be found
The ABBA on thy tongue.

And so, as years shall chase
Each other's shadows, thou wilt less resemble
Thy fellows of the earth who toil and tremble,
Than him thou seest not, thine angel bold
Yet meek, whose ever-lifted eyes behold
The Ever-loving's face.

ELIZA-
BETH
BARRETT
BROWNING

20
April
Morning

A little child shall lead them.

HUMAN life and conduct are affected by ideas in the same way that they are affected by the examples of eminent men. Neither the one nor the other are immediately applicable to practice, but there is a virtue flowing from them which tends to raise individuals above the common routine of society or trade, and to elevate States above the mere interests of commerce or the necessities of self-defence. Like the ideals of art, they are partly framed by the omission of particulars; they require to be viewed at a certain distance, and are apt to fade away if we attempt to approach them. They gain an imaginary distinctness when embodied in a state or a system of philosophy, but they still remain the visions of "a world unrealised." More striking and obvious to the ordinary mind are the examples of great men, who have served their own generation and are remembered in another. Even in our own family circle there may have been someone, a woman, or even a child, in whose face has shone forth a goodness more than human. The ideal then approaches nearer to us, and we fondly cling to it.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

20
April
Evening

Unless ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

SO docile was my dear, so wise to know
And love the tender rule he should obey,—
So childly tractable, withal so slow
To childish wrath, so clean from passion's sway,

The momentary doubt would sometimes rise
If in the patient child reposed the will
The man would need, the force, the enterprise
To face the strife, to grapple with the ill.

I know not, but I know that manhood's crown
Was ever meekness, since the children's friend
Rode humbly royal through the palm-strewn town
Unto a stern retributory end.

I see foreshadow'd in that seven-years' span
The fulness of the stature of a man.

ELIZA-
BETH
RACHEL
CHAPMAN

21

April
Morning

*His soul pleased the Lord, therefore hasted He
to take him away from among the wicked.*

YET, O stricken heart, remember, O remember
How of human days he lived the better part
April came to bloom, and never dim December
Breathed its killing chills upon the head or heart.

Doomed to know not Winter, only Spring, a being
Trode the flowery April blithely for a while,
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile.

Came and stayed and went, and now when all is finished,
You alone have crossed the melancholy stream,
Yours the pang, but his, O his, the undiminished
Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream.

All that life contains of torture, toil, and treason,
Shame, dishonour, death, to him were but a name.
Here, a boy, he dwelt, through all the singing season,
And ere the day of sorrow departed as he came.

ROBERT
LOUIS
STEVEN-
SON

21
April
Evening

*Safe in Thy Paradise where no flower can
wither.*

O H, safe for evermore,
With never a weird to dree :
Is any burden sore
When one's beloved goes free ?
Come pain, come woe to me,
My well-beloved goes free !

You are so far away,
And yet have come so near :
On many a heavy day
I think of you, my dear,
Safe in your shelter there,
Christ's hand upon your hair.

KATH-
ARINE
TYNAN
HINKSON

THE TEMPLE WITHIN

22

April
Morning

Ye are the Temple of the Living God.

THIS Pearl of Eternity is the Church or Temple of God within thee, the consecrated Place of Divine Worship, where alone thou canst worship God in Spirit and in Truth. In Spirit, because thy spirit is that alone in thee which can unite and cleave unto God, and receive the workings of His Divine Spirit upon thee. In Truth, because this Adoration in the Spirit is that Truth and Reality of which all outward Forms and Rites, though instituted by God, are only the Figure for a Time, but this Worship is Eternal. Accustom thyself to the Holy Service of this inward Temple. In the midst of it is the Fountain of Living Water, of which thou mayest drink and live for ever. There the Mysteries of thy Redemption are celebrated, or rather opened in Life and Power. There the Supper of the Lamb is kept; the Bread that came down from Heaven, that giveth life unto the world, is thy true nourishment: all is done, and known in real Experience, in a living sensibility of the Work of God on the Soul. There the Birth, the Life, the Sufferings, the Death, the Resurrection and Ascension of Christ, are not merely remembered, but inwardly found and enjoyed as the real states of thy soul, which has followed Christ in the Regeneration.

WILLIAM
LAW

22
April
Evening

Wherefore we, receiving a kingdom that cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably.

THEREFORE I trust, although to outward sense
Both true and false seem shaken ; I will hold
With newer light my reverence for the old,
And calmly wait the births of Providence.
No gain is lost ; the clear-eyed saints look down
Untroubled on the wreck of schemes and creeds ;
Love yet remains, its rosary of good deeds
Counting in task-field and o'er peopled town ;
Truth has charmed life ! the Inward Word survives,
And, day by day, its revelation brings ;
Faith, hope, and charity, whatsoever things
Which cannot be shaken, stand. Still holy lives
Reveal the Christ of whom the letter told,
And the new gospel verifies the old.

J. G.
WHITTIER

23
April
Morning

*I will be glad and rejoice in Thee, O Thou
Most High.*

IF we say that religion is the absolute surrender of the soul to God, the surrender derives its meaning and value from this, that it is a conscious self-surrender—that it is not the meaningless rapture of the mystic striving after an impossible self-annihilation, but the “joy in God” of the spirit which, in the inmost depths of its being, thrills with the consciousness of unimpeded union with the life of the Infinite.

JOHN
CAIRD

THE SOUL'S SURRENDER

23
April
Evening

Be it unto me according to Thy Word.

LOVE saith to me, "Repent" ;
Love saith to me; "Believe" ;
Love sayeth oft-times, "Grieve
That thou hast little lent,
That thou hast little given,
To Him, thy Lord in Heaven,
And when He cometh, what wilt thou receive?"

Love sayeth to me, "Pray
That thou mayest meet that day
Desired yet feared" ; and oft-times Love again
Repeats these words, and oh ! my spirit then,
What sayest thou ? "I say
To all Love sayeth, Yea,
Yea evermore, and evermore. Amen!"

DORA
GREEN-
WELL

24
April
Morning

*Look about thee toward the East, and behold
the joy that cometh unto thee from God.*

O SILENCE deep and strange !
The earth doth yet in quiet slumber lie,
No stir of life, save on yon woodland range
The tall trees bow as if their Lord passed by.

Like to one new-create,
I have no memory of grief and care ;
Of all the things that vexed my soul of late
I am ashamed in this calm morning air.

From the
German of
J. F.
EICHEN-
DORF

This world, with all its band
Of clamorous joys and griefs, shall be to me
A bridge whereon, my pilgrim-staff in hand,
I cross the Stream of Time, O Lord, to Thee.

24
April
Evening

*Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold
wondrous things.*

ARE the divine recollections that slumber in our souls to be awakened only by the lance-thrusts of grief? The sage needs no such violent arousing. . . . He never ceases to behold that of which you have caught but a passing glimpse; and a smile will readily tell him all that it needed a tempest, or even the hand of death to reveal to you. . . . Must we always be warned, and can we only fall on our knees when some one is there to tell us that God is passing by? If you have loved profoundly you have needed no one to tell you that your soul was a thing as great in itself as the world; that the stars, the flowers, the waves of night and sea were not solitary; that it was on the threshold of appearances that everything began, but nothing ended. . . . You have beheld that which in life cannot be seen without ecstasy. But cannot we live as though we always loved? It was this that the saints and heroes did; this and nothing more.

MAURICE
MAETER-
LINCK

SUNRISE

25

April

Morning

*Let them that love Him be as the Sun when he
goeth forth in his might.*

O GOLDEN Sun, whose ray
My path illumineth :
Light of the circling day,
Whose night is birth and death :

Now with resplendent flood
Gladden my waking eyes,
And stir my slothful blood
To joyous enterprise.

Arise, arise, as when
At first God said LIGHT BE !
That He might make us men
With eyes His light to see.

Scatter the clouds that hide
The face of heaven, and show
Where sweet Peace doth abide,
Where Truth and Beauty grow.

Awaken, cheer, adorn,
Invite, inspire, assure
The joys that praise thy morn,
The toils thy noons mature :

And soothe the eve of day,
That darkens back to death ;
O golden Sun, whose ray
Our path illumineth !

ROBERT
BRIDGES

25
April
Evening

*They that be wise shall shine as the brightness
of the firmament.*

BRIGHT Sirius ! that when Orion pales
To dotlings under moonlight still art keen
With cheerful fervour of a warrior's mien
Who holds in his great heart the battle-scales :
Unquenched of flame though swift the flood assails,
Reducing many lustrous to the lean :
Be thou my star, and thou in me be seen
To show what source divine is, and prevails.
Long watches through, at one with godly night,
I mark thee planting joy in constant fire ;
And thy quick beams, whose jets of life inspire
Life to the spirit, passion for the light,
Dark Earth since first she lost her lord from sight
Has viewed and felt them sweep her as a lyre.

GEORGE
MEREDITH

AT THE DOOR

26
April
Morning

The Lord looseth the prisoners.

AT the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the
well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth ;
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a
whisper,
Set ope the doors O Soul,

WALT Tenderly, be not impatient,
WHITMAN (Strong is your hold O mortal flesh ;
 Strong is your hold O love).

AT THE DOOR

*Così, com'io t'amai
Nel mortal corpo, così t'amo sciolta.*

26
April
Evening

DO not their souls, who 'neath the Altar wait
Until their second birth,
The gift of patience need, as separate
From their first friends of earth?
Not that earth's blessings are not all outshone
By Eden's Angel flame,
But that earth knows not yet, the Dead has won
That crown which was his aim.
For when he left it, 'twas a twilight scene
About his silent bier,
A breathless struggle, faith and sight between,
And Hope and sacred Fear.

.
So day by day for him from earth ascends,
As dew in summer even,
The speechless intercession of his friends,
Toward the azure heaven.

.
Ah! dearest, with a word he could dispel
All questioning, and raise
Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well,
And turning prayer to praise.
And other secrets too he could declare,
By patterns all divine,
His earthly creed retouching here and there
And deepening every line.
Dearest! he longs to speak, as I to know,
And yet we both refrain;
It were not good; a little doubt below,
And all will soon be plain.

CARDINAL
NEWMAN

THE VISITED SOUL

27
April
Morning

*My soul cleaveth unto the dust, quicken Thou
me according to Thy word.*

UNFOLD! unfold! Take in His light
Who makes thy cares more short than night,
The joys which with His day-star rise
He deals to all but drowsy eyes:
And, (what the men of this world miss)
Some drops and dews of future bliss.
Hark! how His winds have changed their note!
And with warm whispers call thee out.
The frosts are past, the storms are gone,
And backward life at last comes on.
The lofty groves in express joyes
Reply unto the turtle's voice;
And here in dust and dirt, O here
The lilies of His love appear!

HENRY
VAUGHAN

27
April
Evening

*I will give thee the treasures of darkness and
hidden riches of secret places.*

SUCH a soul is free from the outward Man, and easily enters into the inner Solitude, where she sees none but God, and herself in Him, loving Him with Quiet, with Peace, and with true Love. There in that secret Centre God is tenderly speaking to her, teaching her a new Kingdom, true Peace and Joy.

This spiritual, abstracted and retired Soul hath her Peace no more broken, though outwardly she may meet with Combats; because, through the infinite distance, tempests do never reach to that serenest Heaven within, where abideth pure and perfect Love; and though sometimes she finds herself forsaken, opposed and desolate, this is but the fury of a storm, which can only threaten and rage without.

MIGUEL
DE
MOLINOS

28
April
Morning

*Behold, in the day of your fast ye
find pleasure.*

THE Utopians hold that man, on the whole, is good. That is their cardinal belief. Man has pride and conscience, they hold, that you may refine by training as you refine his eye and ear; he has remorse and sorrow in his being, coming upon the heels of all inconsequent enjoyments. . . . He is religious; religion is as natural to him as lust and anger, less intense, indeed, but coming with a wide-sweeping inevitableness, as peace comes after all tumults and noises. And in Utopia they understand this. . . . They accept Religion as they accept thirst, as something inseparable from the mysterious rhythms of life. And just as thirst and pride and all desires may be perverted in an age of abundant opportunities, and men may be degraded and wasted by intemperance in drinking, by display, or by ambition, so too the nobler complex of desires that constitute religion may be turned to evil by the dull, the base, and the careless. Slovenly indulgence in religious inclinations, a failure to think hard and discriminate as fairly as possible in religious matters, is just as alien to the men under the Rule as it would be to drink deeply because they were thirsty. . . . And to all things that are less than religion and that seek to comprehend it, to cosmogonies and philosophies, to creeds and formulæ, to catechisms and easy explanations, the attitude of the (initiated) will be distrust.

H. G.
WELLS,
*A Modern
Utopia*

28
April
Evening

I hate, I despise your feast days. Take away from Me the noise of thy songs, for I will not hear the melody of thy viols, but let judgment run down as waters and righteousness as a mighty stream.

MEN are apt to think that they cannot have too much of a good thing,—too much piety, too much religious feeling, too much attendance at the public worship of God. They forget the truth which the old philosophy taught, that the life of man should be a harmony; not absorbed in any one thought, even of God, or in any one duty or affection, but growing up as a whole to the fulness of the perfect man. That is a maimed soul which loves goodness and has no love of truth, or which loves truth and has no love of goodness. The cultivation of one part of religion to the exclusion of another seems often to exact a terrible retribution both in individual characters and in churches. There is a Nemesis of believing all things, or indeed of any degree of intellectual dishonesty, which sometimes ends in despair of all truth.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

29
April
Morning

*As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.*

AS truly as it is part of our nature to look *outwards* and fill our life with objective interests, as truly as it is part of our nature to look *inwards*, to return upon ourselves and to become conscious of an inner life of our own in which we are separated from all others—so it is part of our nature, an immanent necessity of our rational being, to look *upwards*, and to regard our whole life, inner and outer, as based upon and circumscribed by a Power in whom we and all things live and move and have our being. Hence the consciousness of God is as near to us, as necessary to us, as the consciousness of the world or of self; nay, in a sense it has a higher necessity than either, and we are nearer to God than to ourselves; for the consciousness of self rests upon the idea of God, as at once its first presupposition and its last end and goal. All our life is a progress through the world and through ourselves to the God from whom we come, in whom we are, to whom we tend.

EDWARD
CAIRD

THE PATH

29
April
Evening

*When He made a decree for the rain and a
way for the lightning of the thunder, then did
He see it and declare it, yea, and searched it out.*

O PATH which no eagle knoweth,
No vulture's eye hath seen,
Where never the lion goeth,
Nor the fierce lion's track hath been ;

Not in the land of the living
That wondrous path is known,
But Death and Destruction know it,
Path trodden by One alone.

Path of the lonely sorrow,
Path of the Lamb who died,
Path from the grave to the glory—
No other path beside.

From the depths of the doom and darkness
Ascends that wondrous road,
Which leads the heart of the sinner
Up to the heart of God.

For from heights of the golden city
He made the glorious road,
Which leads to the heart of the sinner
Down from the heart of God.

MS. of the
earlier
part of the
fourteenth
century,
trans.
Frances
Bevan

30
April
Morning

*Thou hast borne, and hast patience, and for my
sake hast laboured and hast not fainted.*

THE hindrances that baffle or overwhelm us, the small annoyances that rob our days of zest and sweetness, the body's perpetual chafing tyranny, in all these we are facing universal conditions, and bidden to realise a universal being. An infinitesimal fraction of the burden that God bears is on our shoulders—but we are not bearing it alone. This spiritual toil is no degrading punishment laid on us merely for our sins, but the measure of our sonship. Infinite patience seems often to be all that is asked of us. But patience is Godlike—patience is love submitting, and enduring, transmuting poison to sweetness in the life, as surely as enthusiasm is love conquering and striving, and flowing out towards God and man. Nor can we draw distinctions concerning their relative value to God.

MAY
KENDALL

30
April
Evening

Though the vision tarry, wait for it.

BETWEEN the swallows and the stars
To wait is all that hope can do ;
Between the weary window-bars
To watch the fading belts of blue ;
To wait and hold a balanced mind
Till Life his promised bride shall find.

Ah ! for the simple guileless faith
That raves not at the bolts of fate ;
Ah ! for the patient tongue that saith
“ Though late he cometh, not too late ! ”
The heart that beats in coolest rhyme
With “ God’s good time,” and “ in God’s good time.”

Long sought, long dreamed of, long withstood,
Cajoled by youth, and foiled by sin,
Ethereal Love ! Immortal Good !
O, thine own pathway to me win ;
Nor let me faint in hopeless strife
Until I clasp the core of life !

EDMUND
W. GOSSE

BUILDING THE FUTURE

I
May
Morning

A Prayer.

O GOD, so fill us with Thy grace and enlist us in Thy work, so manifest the might of Thy word to us, that the ideal of Thy perfect kingdom may shine as bright and near to us as to Thy prophet of old, and that we may become its inspired preachers and ever labour in its hope.

GEORGE
ADAM
SMITH

BUILDING THE FUTURE

I
May
Evening

*The palace is not for man, but for the
Lord God.*

Men.—WE are sojourners here, as all our fathers were,
As all our children shall be, forgetting and forgot.
The fame of man is a murmur that passeth on the air,—
We perish indeed if Thou remember not.

We are sojourners here, as all our fathers were,
Strangers travelling down to the land of death :
There is neither work nor device nor knowledge there,—
O grant us might for our labour, and to rest in faith.

Boys.—In joy, in the joy of the light to be.

Men.—O Father of Lights, unvarying and true,

Boys.—Let us build the Palace of Life anew.

Men.—Let us build for the years we shall not see,

Boys.—Lofty of line and glorious of hue,
With gold and pearl and with the cedar tree.

Men.—With silence due
And with service free,

Boys.—Let us build it for ever in splendour new.

Men.—Let us build in hope and in sorrow, and rest in
Thee.

HENRY
NEWBOLT,
*The
Building
of the
Temple*

2

May
Morning

*Say "Peace be to this house," and if the Son of
Peace be there, your peace shall rest upon it.*

THY house hath gracious freedom, like the air
Of open fields; its silence hath a speech
Of royal welcome to the friends who reach
Its threshold, and its upper chambers bear,
Above their doors, such spells that, entering there,
And laying off the dusty garments, each
Soul whispers to herself: "'Twere like a breach
Of reverence in a temple could I dare
Here speak untruth, here wrong my inmost thought.
Here I grow strong and pure; here I may yield,
Without shamefacedness, the little brought
From out my poorer life, and stand revealed,
And glad, and trusting, in the sweet and rare
And tender presence which hath filled this air."

HELEN
HUNT
JACKSON

*Hearken unto Me, O ye children, for blessed
are they that keep my ways.*

HAPPY are they, they that love God,
Whose hearts have Christ confest,
Who by His cross have found their life,
And 'neath His yoke their rest.

Glad is the praise, sweet are the songs,
When they together sing ;
And strong the prayers that bow the ear
Of heaven's eternal King.

Christ to their homes giveth His peace,
And makes their loves His own.
But ah, what tares the Evil one
Hath in His garden sown.

Sad were our lot, evil this earth,
Did not its sorrows prove
The path whereby the sheep may find
The fold of Jesu's love.

Then shall they know, they that love Him,
How all their pain is good ;
And death itself cannot unbind
Their happy brotherhood.

*The
Yattendon
Hymn-
Book*

3
May Morning *Come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with
me from Lebanon; look from the top of Anana,
from the top of Shenir and Hermon, from the
lions' dens, from the mountains of leopards.*

I N the ancient orderly places, with a blank and orderly
mind,
We sit in our green walled gardens and our corn and
oil increase;
Sunset nor dawn can wake us, for the face of the heavens
is kind;
We light our taper at even and call our comfort peace.
Peaceful our clear horizon, calm as our sheltered days
Are the lilied meadows we dwell in, the decent high-
ways we tread.
Duly we make our offerings, but we know not the God
we praise,
For He is the God of the living, but we, his children,
are dead.

I will arise and get me beyond this country of dreams,
Where all is ancient and ordered and hoar with the
frost of years,
To the land where loftier mountains cradle their wilder
streams,
And the fruitful earth is blessed with more bountiful
smiles and tears,—

There in the home of the lightnings, where the fear of
the Lord is set free,
Where the thunderous midnights fade to the turquoise
magic of morn,
The days of man are a vapour, blown from a shoreless sea,
A little cloud before sunrise, a cry in the void forlorn—

I am weary of men and cities and the service of little things,
Where the flamelike glories of life are shrunk to a
candle's ray.

Smite me, my God, with Thy presence, blind my eyes
with Thy wings,
In the heart of Thy virgin earth show me Thy secret
way!

3
May
Evening

*Blessed of the Lord be his land, for the chief
things of the ancient mountains, and for the
precious things of the lasting hills.*

I N the highlands, in the country places,
Where the old plain men have rosy faces,
And the young fair maidens
Quiet eyes ;
Where essential Silence chills and blesses,
And for ever in the hill-recesses
Her more lovely music
Broods and dies.

O to mount again where erst I haunted ;
Where the old red hills are bird-enchanted,
And the low green meadows
Bright with sward ;
And when even dies, the million-tinted,
And the night has come, and planets glinted,
Lo, the valley hollow
Lamp-bestarred !

O to dream, O to awake and wander
There, and with delight to take and render,
Through the trance of silence,
Quiet Breath !
Lo ! for there, among the flowers and grasses,
Only the mightier movement sounds and passes ;
Only winds and rivers,
Life and death.

R. L.
STEVEN-
SON

4
May
Morning

I heard Thy voice in the Garden.

I WILL out into my garden to hear the birds sing,
The dawn is green and golden, the night hath
taken wing ;
The dews so fresh and fragrant the world to smiles will
win,—
I will out into my garden, where many birds begin.

Within my walled garden the morning's like wine,
With rue and balm of healing, and rose and lily fine ;
And in the wide green dawning there's nought of soil
and sin,—
I will out into my garden to hear the birds begin.

And through mine olive garden perchance that One goes,
As in an Easter dawning of sapphire and rose,
With blessed feet still bleeding where bitter nails went
in,—

KATH-
ARINE
TYNAN
HINKSON

I will out into my garden, where many birds begin.

THE CROSS

4
May
Evening

The place whereon thou standest is Holy ground.

HOW often in contemplating Christianity as a whole, especially as it appears in the central fact of its great sacrifice, "A God dying upon a cross," I have felt it to be the world's chief wonder, one of which my eyes could never weary, nor my spirit rightly fathom! When I have turned aside to behold that strange sight . . . I have felt that to understand the Passion one must be one's self, as it were, God infinite, and able to comprehend the love and the agony of an infinite nature. This sight, of all I look upon, alone has power to arrest my heart. It seems foreign to the order in which I am at present moving, yet it is friendly, familiar to some inner instinct, as if it were native to a kingdom in which I had once moved.

DORA
GREEN-
WELL

5
May
Morning

Calm, whatsoever storms may shake the world.

RECTITUDE and Uprightness are the health and purity of a man's soul. A man is then right and straight; he is whole within himself, and all things are as they should be. There should never be any transporting imaginations; no discomposure of mind, for that is a failure in the government of a man's spirit. There ought to be no eagerness or inordinacy towards the things of this world. We should not be borne down by the objects of sense. There ought to be serenity and calmness and clear apprehensions, fair weather within; . . . an intellectual calmness; a just balance; an equal poise of a man's mind; no perplexity of soul; no confusion; no provocation; no disturbance; no perturbation. A man should not be borne off from himself, or put out of himself, because things without him are ungoverned and disordered; for these disturbances do unhallow the mind; lay it open; and make it common.

BENJAMIN
WHICH-
COTE

QUIETNESS

5
May
Evening

*Arise, go forth in the plain, there will I talk
with thee.*

MASTER, they argued fast concerning Thee,
Proved what Thou art, denied what Thou art
not,

Till brows were on the fret, and eyes grew hot,
And lip and chin were thrust out eagerly ;
Then through the temple-door I slipped to free
My soul from secret ache in solitude,
And sought this brook, and by the brookside stood
The world's Light, and the Light and Life of me.
It is enough, O Master, speak no word !
The stream speaks, and the endurance of the sky
Outpasses speech : I seek not to discern
Even what smiles for me Thy lips have stirred ;
Only in Thy hand still let my hand lie,
And let the musing soul within me burn.

EDWARD
DOWDEN

6
May
Morning

*That Thy name is near Thy wondrous
works declare.*

IS it not plain that the poet of Nature amid the Cumberland hills, the Spanish ascetic in his cell, and the Platonic philosopher in his library or his lecture-room, have been climbing the same mountain from different sides? The paths are different, but the prospect from the summit is the same. . . . These explorers of the high places of the spiritual life have only one thing in common—they have observed the conditions laid down once for all for the mystic in the 24th Psalm, "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation." The "land which is very far off" is always visible to those who have climbed the holy mountain. It may be scaled by the path of prayer and mortification, or by the path of devout study of God's handiwork in Nature (and under this head I would wish to include not only the way traced out by Wordsworth, but that hitherto less trodden road which should lead the physicist to God); and lastly, by the path of consecrated life in the great world, which, as it is the most exposed to temptations, is perhaps on that account the most blessed of the three.

WILLIAM
RALPH
INGE

6
May
Evening

*There is no speech nor language where their
voice is not heard.*

I WAS only then
Contented, when with bliss ineffable
I felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still ;
O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought
And human knowledge, to the human eye
Invisible, yet liveth to the heart ;
O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and sings,
Or beats the gladsome air ; o'er all that glides
Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself
And mighty depth of waters. Wonder not
If high the transport, great the joy I felt,
Communing in this sort through earth and heaven
With every form of creature, as it looked
Towards the Uncreated with a countenance
Of adoration, with an eye of love.
One song they sang, and it was audible,
Most audible, then, when the fleshly ear,
O'ercome by humblest preludes of that strain
Forgot her functions, and slept undisturbed.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

7
May
Morning

Great is truth, and mighty above all things.

MANNERS impress as they indicate real power. A man who is sure of his point carries a broad and contented expression, which everybody reads. And you cannot rightly train one to an air and manner except by making him the kind of man of whom that manner is the natural expression. Nature ever puts a premium on reality. What is done for effect is seen to be done for effect ; what is done for love is felt to be done for love. A man inspires affection and honour, because he was not lying in wait for these. The things of a man for which we visit him were done in the dark and the cold.

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

7
May
Evening

Let thy life be sincere.

THIS is Love's nobility,—
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment bought and sold ;
But to hold fast his simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence,
And with hand, and body, and blood,
To make his bosom-counsel good.
For he that feeds men serveth few ;
He serves all who dares be true.

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

8
May
Morning

*Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may
be full.*

JULIAN
THE
ANCHOR-
ESS

OUR soul is so specially loved of Him that is highest, that it overpasseth the knowing of all creatures: that is to say, there is no creature that is made that may fully know how much and how sweetly and how tenderly our Maker loveth us. And therefore we may with grace and His help stand in spiritual beholding, with everlasting marvel of this high, overpassing, inestimable love that Almighty God hath to us of His Goodness. And therefore we may ask of our Lover with reverence all that we will.

8
May
Evening

*I will hope continually, and yet praise Thee
more and more.*

I WAIT, in God's good time to see
That as my mother dealt with me,
So with His children dealeth He.

I bow myself beneath His hand :
That pain itself was wisely planned
I feel and partly understand.

The joy that comes in sorrow's guise,
The sweet pains of self-sacrifice,
I would not have them otherwise.

I suffer with no vain pretence
Of triumph over flesh and sense,
Yet trust the grievous providence,

How dark soe'er it seems, may tend,
By ways I cannot comprehend,
To some unguessed benignant end ;

That every loss and lapse may gain
The clear-aired heights by steps of pain,
And never cross is borne in vain.

J. G.
WHITTIER

9
May
Morning

One thing thou lackest.

• **A**ND Jesus looking upon him loved him. Loved him for what he already was and had been; and for what he might yet, but would never be. . . . In this pure and generous soul it would seem that wealth was loved, not in opposition to God, but apart from God as something supplementary; that there was a sort of qualified will to do everything to get nearer to God—everything compatible with retaining his possessions. He would have sacrificed them in order to enter into life and save his soul; but not in order to be perfect, and to walk still more closely with God. Subconsciously he hopes our Saviour will ease his unrest by suggesting some compromise. But Christ reads him through and through. . . . With firm kindness He lays His skilled finger on the shrinking sore, and mercifully unmerciful gives the dreaded and unwelcome verdict: "Go; sell all and give to the poor." "He went away sad," as many another soul turns its back, not upon salvation, but on the fuller and nobler salvation, content to bear thirty instead of sixty or an hundredfold. And Christ too went away sad.

FATHER
TYRRELL

*Blessed is the rich that is found without blemish,
and hath not gone after gold.*

NEVER exceed thy income. Youth may make
Even with the yeare ; but Age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.

Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call ;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil ;
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dimme
To all things els. Wealth is the conjurer's devil ;
Whom when he thinks he hath, the devil hath him.

Gold thou mayest safely touch ; but if it stick
Unto thy hands, it woundeth to the quick.

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee ? Raise thy head ;
Take starres for money : starres not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchasèd.

GEORGE
HERBERT

THE EVERLASTING COVENANT

10
May
Morning

Jesus wept.

He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.

JOB'S rebellion came from the thought that God, as a sovereign, is far off, and that, for His pleasure, His creature suffers. Our own theory comes to the mourner with the assurance, "Your suffering, just as it is in you, is God's suffering. No chasm divides you from God. He is not remote from you even in His eternity. He is here. His eternity means merely the completeness of His experience. But that experience is inclusive. Your sorrow is one of the included facts." I do not say, "God sympathises with you from without, would spare you if He could, pities you with helpless external pity merely as a father pities his children." I say: "God here sorrows, not *with* but *in* your sorrow. Your grief is identically His grief, and what you know as your loss, God knows as His loss just in and through the very moment when you grieve."

JOSIAH
ROYCE

10
May
Evening

*The bow shall be in the cloud, and I will look
upon it, that I may remember the everlasting
covenant.*

NOT with unjoyful care,
Not with unpraiseful prayer
We live below ;
Assailed by pain and sin
We yet are born to win
The holy heaven wherein
No evils grow.

God of the peaceful height,
Thy word of promise bright
Spans the rough sea ;
A rainbow fair to view,
As broad as bright of hue,
And all souls may come through
Travelling to Thee.

THOMAS
TOKE
LYNCH

II
May
Morning

*Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children.
Children's children are the crown of old men.*

WALTER
PATER,
*Marius
the Epi-
curean*

YES! through the survival of their children, happy parents are able to think calmly, and with a very practical affection, of a world in which they are to have no direct share; planting, with a cheerful good-humour, the acorns they carry about with them, that their grandchildren may be shaded from the sun by the broad oak-trees of the future. That is Nature's way of easing death to us.

II
May
Evening

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age.

S O mine are these new fruitings rich,
The simple to the common brings ;
I keep the youth of souls who pitch
Their joy in this old heart of things ;

Who feel the Coming young as aye,
Thrice hopeful on the ground we plough ;
Alive for life, awake to die ;
One voice to cheer the seedling Now.

Full lasting is the song, though he,
The singer passes ; lasting too,
For souls not lent in usury,
The rapture of the forward view.

GEORGE
MERE-
DITH

12
May
Morning

Bind thyself with one cord.

WHEN once thou art well grounded in this Inward Worship thou wilt have learnt to live in God above Time and Place. For every day will be a Sunday to thee, and wherever thou goest thou wilt have a Priest, a Church, and an Altar along with thee. For when God has all that He should have of thy Heart, when renouncing the Will, Judgment, Tempers, and Inclinations of thy old Man, thou art wholly given up to the obedience of the Light and Spirit of God within thee, to will only His Will, to love only in His Love, to be wise only in His Wisdom; then it is that everything thou doest is as a Song of Praise, and the common Business of thy Life is a conforming to God's Will on Earth, as Angels do in Heaven.

WILLIAM
LAW

THE UPPER AIR

12
May
Evening

Our conversation is in Heaven.

SOME day or other I shall surely come
Where true hearts wait for me ;
Then let me learn the language of that home
While here on earth I be,
Lest my poor lips for want of words be dumb
In that High Company.

LOUISE
CHANDLER
MOULTON

THE HOLY OF HOLIES

13
May
Morning

The fulness of Him that filleth all in all.

“E LDER father, though thine eyes
Shine with hoary mysteries,
Canst thou tell what in the heart
Of a cowslip blossom lies ?

Smaller than all lives that be,
Secret as the deepest sea,
Stands a little house of seeds,
Like an elfin's granary.

Speller of the stones and weeds,
Skilled in Nature's crafts and creeds,
Tell me what is in the heart
Of the smallest of the seeds.”

“God Almighty, and with Him
Cherubim and seraphim,
Filling all Eternity
Adonai Elohim.”

GILBERT
CHESTER-
TON

THE HOLY OF HOLIES

13
May
Evening

In Him we live and move and have our being.

THE belief in God's Fatherhood is the belief in the immanence of God. It is the faith that His interests are bound up with the interests of the tiny sparrow, maimed by a stone from some ruthless hand, and perishing in its pain, as surely as with the spiritual progress of Augustine or St. Paul or the genius of Shakespeare. If a sparrow could fall to the ground without God, then one would have very little confidence in the Divine dealings with the greatest soul. A God unjust to a sparrow would be unjust to all. But if God is really the principle, both differentiating and integrating, that made and guides and informs the whole universe, that is the glory of the wayside flower, and of the farthest star; if the hurt sparrow dies into the life that gave it being, then we have hope for the sparrow and for the souls of men. The universe was not cast off by God, to plunge itself into this terrible travail—conflict and anguish and death—without Him. His life and thought are in the slayer and the slain. At the last analysis of inorganic or organic matter we come to God. It is our name for the sum of Being—the All in All.

MAY
KENDALL

14
May
Morning

If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily, and follow Me.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT,
*Epistles of
St. Paul*

THE kingdom of God is not this or that statement or definition of opinion, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. And the Cross of Christ is to be taken up and borne; not to be turned into words or made a theme of philosophical speculation.

14
May
Evening

*Whosoever will lose his life for My sake
shall find it.*

O H, there is more than ear hath heard.
Light of the world, in this Thy word.

Yes, *for Thy sake*, O God Most High !
O Man Most Meek ! we too can die—
Die to the death which Thou hast slain,
Die to the deepest source of pain,
And walk, by Love's sustaining store,
As seekers of our own no more.

We can hear more than ear hath heard,
Life of the world ! in this Thy word ;
And wastes shall break forth into song,
As in its power we pass along.
For lo ! in hidden deep accord,
The servant *may be* like His Lord.
And Thy love, our love shining through,
May tell the world that Thou art true,
Till those who see us see Thee too.

A. L.
WARING

15
May
Morning

*Now we see as in a mirror darkly, but then
face to face.*

MAX
MÜLLER

LIKE an old precious metal, the ancient religion, after the dust of ages has been removed, will come out in all its purity and brightness; and the image which it discloses will be the image of the Father, the Father of all the nations upon earth; and the superscription, where we can read it again, will be, not in Judæa only, but in the languages of all the races of the world, the Word of God, revealed where alone it can be revealed—revealed in the heart of man.

15
May
Evening

*I looked, and behold a door was opened in
Heaven.*

THAT blessed mood,
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul ;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

16
May
Morning

Jesus will be in agony even to the end of the world. We must not sleep during that time.

EARTH rings with the miserable truth of life wandering and with the triumphant truth of life being succoured, life His and ours and every creature's, all in one whole of striving, hindered love. Yet when suffering overtakes me, His child, the darkening cloud comes and hides His fellowship of suffering. I think of His life as cut off from my own, a thing apart; and I call upon a far-away God, or a Father in Heaven outside myself, to remove the pain from me, not knowing that it is His pain as well as mine. He bears, not sends, our griefs; He carries, not inflicts, our sorrows; and in all our affliction He too is afflicted. It would make of us men indeed, open-eyed sons of God, if we could realise this marvel of incarnation and feel ourselves one with Him in the pain of the world, and in the toil of its redeeming.

*A
Modern
Mystic's
Way*

16
May
Evening

*Then I said, "I am cast out from Thy sight," yet
will I look again toward Thy Holy Temple.*

THOU' Sin too oft, when smitten by Thy rod,
 Rail at "Blind Fate" with many a vain "Alas!"
 From sin thro' sorrow into Thee we pass
 By that same path our true forefathers trod;
 And let not Reason fail me, nor the sod
 Draw from my death Thy living flower and grass,
 Before I learn that Love, which is, and was
 My Father, and my Brother, and my God!
 Steel me with patience! Soften me with grief!
 Let blow the trumpet strongly while I pray,
 Till this embattled wall of unbelief,
 My prison, not my fortress, fall away!
 Then, if Thou willest, let my day be brief,
 So Thou wilt strike Thy glory through the day.

ALFRED,
 LORD
 TENNYSON,
*Doubt and
 Prayer*

17
May
Morning

A grain of glorie mixt with humbleness.

MY own strong feeling is that the adoption of a settled costume, at any rate in mature life and from conviction, is not only the right and most dignified course on moral grounds, but also that it has in actual experience afforded one more proof of the truth that the lower aims of life can thrive only in proportion as they are kept in subordination to the higher. The freedom from the necessity of perpetual changes, which commends itself . . . as suitable to the dignity of "women professing godliness," has also the lower advantage of admitting a gradual bringing to perfection of the settled costume itself. We all know how exquisite, within its severely limited range, can be the result. The spotless delicacy, the precision and perfection of plain fine needlework, the repose of the soft tints, combine, in the dress of some still lingering representatives of the old school of Quakerism, to produce a result whose quiet beauty appeals to both the mind and the eye with a peculiar charm. I cannot think that such mute eloquence is to be despised; or that it is unworthy of Christian women to be careful that their very dress shall speak a language of quietness, gentleness, and purity—that it shall be impressed even with a touch of eternity.

CAROLINE
EMELIA
STEPHEN

*After this manner in the old time the holy women
also, who trusted in God, adorned themselves.*

MODESTY in dress depends upon the quality, the fashion, and the cleanliness thereof. As to cleanliness, that should be uniform, and we should never, if possible, let any part of our dress be stained or soiled. . . . Always be neat, do not ever permit any disorder or untidiness about you. There is a certain disrespect to those with whom you mix in slovenly dress. . . .

For my own part I should like my devout man or woman to be the best dressed person in the company, but the least fine or splendid, and adorned, as St. Peter says, with "The ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

ST.
FRANCIS
DE SALES

18
May
Morning

In the morning, rising up a great while before day, Jesus went out, and departed into a solitary place and there prayed.

EARLY, while yet the dark was gay
And gilt with stars more trim than day,
Heaven's Lily, and the earth's chaste Rose,
The green immortal Branch, arose,
And in a solitary place
Bowed to His Father His bless'd face.
If this calm season pleased my Prince,
Whose fulness no need could evince,
Why should not I, poor silly sheep,
His hours, as well as practice, keep?
Not that His hand is tyed to these,
From whom time holds his transient lease;
But Mornings new creations are,
When men, all night saved by His care,
Are still revived; and well He may
Expect them grateful with the day.
So for that first draught of His hand,
Which finished Heaven, and sea, and land,
The Sons of God their thanks did bring,
And all the Morning-stars did sing.

HENRY
VAUGHAN

18
May
Evening

Thou holdest mine eyes waking.

ANGEL spirits of sleep,
White-robed, with silver hair,
In your meadows fair,
Where the willows weep,
And the sad moonbeam
On the gliding stream
Writes her scattered dream :

Angel spirits of sleep,
Dancing to the weir
In the hollow roar
Of its waters deep ;
Know ye how men say
That ye haunt no more
Isle and grassy shore
With your moonlit play ;
That ye dance not here,
White-robed spirits of sleep,
All the summer night
Threading dances light ?

ROBERT
BRIDGES

19
May
Morning

*Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He
cometh shall find so doing.*

“**H**E went about doing good.” So we might say in our own age of two or three who have been personally known to us, “He or she went about doing good.” They are the living witnesses to us of His work. If we observe them we shall see that they did good because they were good,—because they lived for others and not for themselves, because they had a higher standard of truth and therefore men could trust them, because their love was deeper and therefore they drew others after them. These are they of whom we read in Scripture that they bear the image of Christ until His coming again, and of a few of them that they have borne the image of His sufferings, and to us they are the best interpreters of His life. They too have a hidden strength which is derived from communion with the Unseen; they pass their lives in the service of God, and yet only desire to be thought unprofitable servants. Their way of life has been simple—they have not had much to do with the world. . . . They may have been scarcely known, or not known until after their death; they may have had their trials too—failing health, declining years, the ingratitude of men, but they have endured as seeing Him who is invisible.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

19
May
Evening

*Behold I come quickly, hold fast that which thou
hast that no man take thy crown.*

CHRIST hath a garden walled around,
A Paradise of fruitful ground,
Chosen by love and fenced by grace
From out the world's wide wilderness.

Like trees of spice His servants stand,
There planted by His mighty hand ;
By Eden's gracious streams that flow
To feed their beauty where they grow.

Awake, O wind of heav'n, and bear
Their sweetest perfume through the air ;
Stir up, O south, the boughs that bloom,
Till the belovèd Master come :

That He may come, and linger yet
Among the trees that He hath set ;
That He may ever more be seen
To walk amid the springing green.

*The
Yattendon
Hymn-
Book*

20
May
Morning

*O that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place
of wayfaring men.*

O H, feet of a fawn to the greenwood fled,
Alone in the grass and the loveliness ;
Leap of the hunted, no more in dread,
Beyond the snares and the deadly press :
Yet a voice still in the distance sounds,
A voice and a fear and a haste of hounds ;
O wildly labouring, fiercely fleet,
Onward yet by river and glen . . .
Is it joy or terror, ye storm-swift feet ? . . .
To the dear lone lands untroubled of men,
Where no voice sounds, and amid the shadowy green
The little things of the woodland live unseen.

Chorus
in the
Bacchæ of
Euripides,
trans. by
Gilbert
Murray

What else is Wisdom ? What of man's endeavour
Or God's high grace, so lovely and so great ?
To stand from fear set free, to breathe and wait ;
To hold a hand uplifted over Hate ;
And shall not loveliness be loved for ever ?

NATURE'S COMFORTING

20
May
Evening

*Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.
The flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the
singing of birds is come.*

NATURE, so far as in her lies,
Imitates God, and turns her face
To every land beneath the skies,
Counts nothing that she meets with base,
But lives and loves in every place ;

Fills out the homely quickset-screens,
And makes the purple lilac ripe,
Steps from her airy hill, and greens
The swamp, where hums the dropping snipe,
With moss and braided marish-pipe ;

And on thy heart a finger lays,
Saying, "Beat quicker, for the time
Is pleasant, and the woods and ways
Are pleasant, and the beech and lime
Put forth and feel a gladder clime."

And murmurs of a deeper voice,
Going before to some far shrine,
Teach that sick heart the stronger choice,
Till all thy life one way incline
With one wide will that closes thine.

ALFRED,
LORD
TENNYSON

REVELATION

21

May
Morning

*Who, rowing hard against the stream,
Saw distant heights of Eden gleam,
And did not dream it was a dream.*

THE possession of a great ideal does not mean, as so many fondly imagine, work accomplished; it means work revealed—work revealed so vast, often so impossible, that faith and hope die down, and the enthusiast of yesterday becomes the cynic of to-morrow. In this despair, through which every worker for God and man must pass, many a warm heart has grown cold, many an intellect become paralyzed. There is but one way of escape, and that is Isaiah's. It is to believe in God Himself; it is to believe that He is at work, that His purposes to man are saving purposes. . . . So from the blackest pessimism shall arise new hope and faith, as from beneath Isaiah's darkest verses that glorious passage suddenly bursts like uncontrollable spring from the very feet of winter. "For that day shall the spring of the Lord be beautiful and glorious, and the fruit of the land shall be excellent and comely for them that are escaped." That is all it is possible to say. There must be a future for man, because God loves him, and God reigns. That future can be reached only through judgment, because God is righteous.

GEORGE
ADAM
SMITH

21
May
Evening

All work and wisdom begin in dreams.

WHAT'S that which, ere I spake, was
gone !

So joyful and intense a spark
That, whilst o'erhead the wonder shone,
The day, before but dull, grew dark ?

I do not know ; but this I know,

That, had the splendour lived a year,
The truth that I some heavenly show

Did see, could not be now more clear.

This know I too : might mortal breath

Express the passion then inspired,

Evil would die a natural death,

And nothing transient be desired :

And error from the soul would pass,

And leave the senses pure and strong

As sunbeams. But the best, alas,

Has neither memory nor tongue.

COVENTRY
PATMORE

22

May
Morning

*Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will.*

ANTONINUS PIUS.

REMEMBER his constancy in every act which was conformable to reason, and his evenness in all things, and his piety, and the serenity of his countenance, and his sweetness, and his disregard of empty fame, and his efforts to understand things; . . . and how he bore with those who blamed him unjustly without blaming them in return; how he did nothing in a hurry; . . . and with how little he was satisfied, such as lodging, bed, dress, food, servants; and how laborious and patient; . . . and how he tolerated freedom of speech in those who opposed his opinions; and the pleasure that he had when any man showed him anything better; and how religious he was, without superstition.

MARCUS
AURELIUS
ANTON-
INUS

22
May
Evening

*Many shall come from the East and West,
and shall sit down in the Kingdom of Heaven.*

WE search the world for truth ; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul ;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read,
And all our treasure of old thought
In His harmonious fulness wrought,
Who gathers in one sheaf complete
The scattered blades of God's sown wheat,
The common growth that maketh good
His all-embracing Fatherhood.

JOHN
GREEN-
LEAF
WHITTIER

23
May
Morning

If thou hadst known.

“**T**HUS saith the Lord God, Thou sealest up the sum, full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty. Thou hast been in Eden, the garden of God; every precious stone was thy covering, the sardius, topaz, and the diamond, the beryl, the onyx, and the jasper, the sapphire, the emerald, and the carbuncle, and gold: the workmanship of thy tabrets and of thy pipes was prepared in thee in the day that thou wast created. Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire. Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee.”

In every man is “sealed up the sum,” all creation finds embodiment in him, and growing expression through him; he is inmost full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty; he has been in Eden, the garden of God; for Eden with all its precious jewels and its gold is in him. The cherubim are constituents of his being. In the holy mountain of God, that mountain in which nothing hurts or destroys, man has walked in the midst of the stones of fire. In him is Eden with its rivers, trees, and precious stones. In a still more interior and central degree of life, heaven is in him,—but so long as the world remains in his heart, and his treasure is laid up on

J. W.

FARQUHAR earth, he is unconscious of his true greatness.

23
May
Evening

Be of good comfort, RISE, He calleth thee.

THE white doves brood low
With innocent flight.
Higher, my soul, higher !
Into the night !—
Into black night !

Beyond where the eagle
Soars strong to the sun.
Nought hast thou, if only
Earth's stars be won—
Earth's stars are won.

Beyond, where God's angels
Stand silent in might,
Higher, my soul, higher !
Into the light !—
Straight to God's light !

MAARTEN
MAARTENS

24
May
Morning

*The name of the city from that day
shall be, The Lord is there.*

ONCE Babylon, by beauty tenanted
In pleasure palaces and walks of pride,
Like a great scarlet flower reared her head,
Drank in the sun and laughed and sinned and died.

Such names of pride and power have been brought low,
Lapsing alike into the cavernous years :
Out of the greyness of the long ago
Their ghosts flit homeless, and we guess their tears

The destiny of nations ! They arise,
Have their heyday of triumph, and in turn
Sink upon silence, and the lidless eyes
Of fate salute them from their final urn.

How splendid-sad the story ! How the gust
And pain and bliss of living transient seem !
Cities and pomps and glories shrunk to dust,
And all that ancient opulence a dream.

Must a majestic rhythm of rise and fall
Conquer the peoples once so proud on earth ?
Does man but march in circles after all,
Playing his curious game of death and birth ?

Or shall an ultimate nation, God's own child,
Arise and rule, nor ever conquered be ;
Untouched by time, because, all undefiled,
She makes His ways her ways eternally ?

RICHARD
BURTON

*Lovest thou that people better than He that
made them ? Thou canst not.*

24
May
Evening

O LORD ALMIGHTY, Thou whose hands
Despair and victory give ;
In whom, though tyrants tread their lands,
The souls of nations live ;

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
From those who work Thy will,
But send Thy peace on hearts that pray,
And guard Thy people still.

Remember not the days of shame,
The hands with rapine dyed,
The wavering will, the baser aim,
The brute material pride :

Remember, Lord, the years of faith,
The spirits humbly brave,
The strength that died defying death,
The love that loved the slave :

The race that strove to rule Thine earth
With equal laws unbought :
Who bore for Truth the pangs of birth,
And brake the bonds of Thought.

Remember how, since time began,
Thy dark eternal mind
Through lives of men that fear not man
Is light for all mankind.

Thou wilt not turn Thy face away
From those who work Thy will,
But send Thy strength on hearts that pray
For strength to serve Thee still.

HENRY
NEWBOLT

25
May
Morning

Our citizenship is in Heaven.

Socrates : **T**HE man of understanding . . . will look at the city which is within him, and take heed that no disorder occur in it, such as might arise either from superfluity or from want ; and upon this principle he will regulate his property, and gain or spend according to his means. . . .

And for the same reason, he will gladly accept and enjoy such honours as he deems likely to make him a better man ; but those, whether private or public, which are likely to disorder his life, he will avoid ?

Glaucon : Then if that be his motive, he will not be a statesman.

Socrates : By the dog of Egypt, he will ! in the city which is his own he certainly will, though in the land of his birth perhaps not, unless he have a divine call.

Glaucon : I understand ; you mean that he will be a ruler in the city of which we are the founders, and which exists in idea only, for I do not believe there is such an one anywhere on earth ?

Socrates : In heaven, I replied, there is laid up a pattern of it, methinks, which he who desires may behold, and beholding, may take up his abode there. But whether such an one exists or ever will exist in fact is no matter ; for he will live after the manner of that city, having nothing to do with any other.

Glaucon : I think so, he said.

*The
Republic
of Plato,
trans. by
Benjamin
Jowett*

25
May
Evening

The City of our Solemnities.

THEY came from out a sacred mountain-cleft
Toward the sunrise, each with harp in hand,
And built it to the music of their harps.
And as thou sayest, it is enchanted, son,
For there is nothing in it, as it seems,
Saving the King.

. . . An ye heard a music, like enow
They are building still, seeing the city is built
To music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built for ever.

ALFRED,
LORD
TENNYSON,
*Gareth and
Lynette.*

26
May
Morning

*'Tis Life, not Death, for which we pant ;
More life, and fuller, that we want.*

HE is the most religious man, not who most despises life, but who most sees the grandeur of his opportunities; not who draws the sharpest contrast between the vanities of earth and the abiding glories of heaven, but to whom the breath of eternity has already transfigured the things of time, and whose guarantee for the future is found, not in the emptiness, but in the fulness of the present. The Greek legend tells of two ways by which the deadly charm of the Sirens' song was escaped. Ulysses stopped the ears of his followers with wax, and had himself bound to the mast of his ship. The Argonauts heard the song of Orpheus, sweeter than the song of the Sirens, and so escaped their witchery.

P. H.
WICK-
STEED

26
May
Evening

*Thou, O Lord, art in the midst of us, and we
are called by Thy name. Leave us not.*

F AIR is our lot—O goodly is our heritage !
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your
mirth !)

For the Lord our God Most High
He hath made the deep as dry,
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the
Earth !

Yea, though we sinned—and our rulers went from right-
eousness—

Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garments'
hem,

Oh, be ye not dismayed,
Though we stumbled and we strayed,
We were led by evil counsellors—the Lord shall deal
with them !

Hold ye the Faith—the Faith our Fathers sealèd us ;
Whoring not with visions—overwise and overstale.

Except ye pay the Lord
Single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask them
treble-tale !

Keep ye the Law—be swift in all obedience—
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.

Make ye sure to each his own
That he reap where he hath sown ;
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve
the Lord !

RUDYARD
KIPLING

27
May
Morning

Mysteries are revealed unto the meek.

SHE shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

27
May
Evening

*My mouth shall praise Thee when I meditate
on Thee in the night watches.*

NOW the wings of day are furled,
And the earth has gone to rest,
Take me, Shepherd of the world,
Home to sleep upon Thy breast.

All the night from dream to dream,
Keep my spirit pure and bright ;
Fill the darkness with the stream
Of Thine everlasting light.

If I waken, calm and fair
Be the thoughts that in me rise ;
And Thy presence in the air
Make my heart a paradise.

But if trouble in my heart,
Or fierce pain me restless keep,
Then to me Thy peace impart,
Give to Thy belovèd sleep.

So when morning, with his wing,
Wakens me to work and play,
May I rise with joy and sing—
“God has turned my night to day.”

STOPFORD
A. BROOKE

28
May
Morning

*Out of the ground made the Lord God to grow
every tree that is pleasant to the sight.*

AS the art of life is learned it will be found at last that all lovely things are also necessary: the wild flower by the wayside, as well as the tended corn; and the wild birds and creatures of the forest, as well as the tended cattle: because man doth not live by bread only, but also by the desert manna; by every wondrous word and unknowable work of God. Happy in that he knew them not, nor did his fathers know; and that round about him reaches yet into the infinite the amazement of his existence.

JOHN
RUSKIN

*I remember the days of old; I meditate on
all Thy work; I muse on the work of Thy
hands.*

YE see me now an ould man, his work near done,
Sure the hair upon me head's gone white;
But the things meself consated 'or the time that I
could run,
They're the nearest to me heart this night.
Just the daisies down in the low grass,
The stars high up in the skies,
The first I knowed of a mother's face
Wi' the kind love in her eyes,
Och, och!
The kind love in her eyes.

MOIRA
O'NEILL,
*Songs
of the
Glens of
Antrim*

29
May
Morning

*Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head,
and honour the face of the old man, and fear
thy God.*

THERE is a passage in the *Laws* of Plato . . . where an aged person is described dwelling in a house, a blessing to all the inhabitants of it, honoured as a divinity; and the gods themselves are pleased when they see the aged one receiving love and honour, and are propitious to that house which contains an image of themselves. Age, like youth, is a blessed time, and perhaps the most important members of a family are the oldest and the youngest in it. It totters in its steps, and also sometimes in its thoughts and words; but yet it may preserve a sort of continuity of mind by trusting in God. . . . When we feel ourselves weakest, it is a new strength to think of the unchangeableness of God.

Letter
from
BENJAMIN
JOWETT

29
May
Evening

*They heard the voice of the Lord God walking
in the garden in the cool of the day.*

THE heavens above are clear
In splendour of the sapphire, cold as steel,
No warm soft cloud floats over them, no tear
Will fall on earth to tell us if they feel ;
But ere the pitiless day
Dies into evening grey,
Along the western line
Rises a fiery sign
That doth the glowing sky incarnadine.

DORA
GREEN-
WELL

30
May
Morning

*Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto
night sheweth knowledge.*

SURELY he had prospered in life ! And again, as of old, the sense of gratitude seemed to bring with it the sense also of a living person at his side.

For still, in a shadowy world, his deeper wisdom had ever been, with a sense of economy, with a jealous estimate of gain and loss, to use life, not as the means to some problematic end, but, as far as might be, from dying hour to dying hour, an end in itself—a kind of music, all-sufficing to the duly trained ear, even as it died out on the air.

WALTER
PATER,
*Marius
the Epi-
curean*

*So teach us to number our days that we may
apply our hearts unto wisdom.*

30
May
Evening

THESE sad evenings of the May,
These sad evenings of the May,

In a voice of human woe,
Thus, methinks, they speak to me.
What we bring we may not know,
What we leave we cannot see,
Thus we perish in bestowing ;
Tell us, then, for we are going,
Is the green sward always green,
And is there always the overflowing
Of the perfume of the bean,
And the sweet smell of the young wheat growing
Under the twilight sheen ?

Dear sad evenings of the May,
Shivering as they steal away.
How this wondrous life of ours,
Equipped for all sublime endeavour,
With all its light and all its powers,
Yearning, glowing, striving ever,
Loves these evenings of the May,
And to what their cold lips say,
Sends back an answer of good cheer.

Life means on, at Duty's call,
Forward, straight on, whate'er befall.
Storms and darkness on my path
Breed no semblance of despair,
Ever to the gates of death
My best offerings I bear.
What I bring, I bring in faith ;
What I leave, I leave with prayer.

FRANCIS
LUCAS,
*Sketches
of Rural
Life*

31
May
Morning

*Christ leads us through no darker rooms
than He went through before.*

IT was no long while after this that the Prior fell into a grievous illness ; and when he knew that his hour was drawing nigh, he besought the monks to bear him up to the foot of the cross on the mound. There, as he looked far abroad into the earth over the tree-tops, he smiled with lightness of heart and said : “ If the earth be so beautiful and so sweet, what must the delight of Paradise be ? ”

And behold ! a small brown squirrel came down a tree, and ran across and nestled in the holy man’s bosom, and its eyes were full of tears. The Prior stroked and caressed it and said, “ God bless thee, little woodlander, and may the nuts never fail thee ! ”

Then gazing up into the blue sky and the deep spaces of air above, he murmured in a low voice, “ It is a very awful and lonely way to go ! ”

“ Not so awful for you,” replied the companion of his youth. “ That blue way has been beaten plain by the Lord Christ and the Apostles, and many holy men from the beginning . . . ”

That same night the alabaster box was broken and the precious ointment poured out. And on the Prior’s breast they placed the golden rose, and under the great red hawthorn in the midst of the cloister-garth they laid him, O Lord, beneath the earth which is Thy foot-stool.

WILLIAM
CANTON

GENTLE DEATH

31
May
Evening

*If a man keep My saying he shall never see
death.*

THE door of death is made of gold
That mortal eyes can not behold,
But when the mortal eyes are closed,
And cold and pale the limbs reposed,
The soul awakes, and wondering sees
In her mild hand the golden keys.

WILLIAM
BLAKE

PRAYER

I
June
Morning

IN THE GARDEN OF GOD.

AS the lily of the valley,
White and pure and sweet;
As the lowly violet trodden
Under wandering feet;
As the rose amidst the briars
Fresh and fair is found,
Heedless of the tangled thicket,
And the thorns around—
As the sun-flower ever turning
To the mighty sun,
With the faithfulness of fealty
Following only one—
So make me, Lord, to Thee.

TAULER,
trans. by
Frances
Bevan

AND PRAISE

I
June
Evening

*Both young men and maidens, old men and
children, let them praise the name of the Lord.*

THE gloaming comes, the day is spent ;
The sun goes out of sight ;
And painted is the occident
With purple sanguine bright.

Our west horizon circular
From time the sun is set
Is all with rubies, as it were,
Or roses red o'erfret.

O, then it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing
With cornet and with shalm !

All labourers draw home at even,
And can to other say,
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven
Which sent this summer day.

ALEX-
ANDER
HUME
1560-1609

2

June
Morning

*No one came,
But he was welcome ; no one went away,
But that it seemed she loved him.*

WHEREVER a true wife comes, the home is always round her. The stars only may be over her head ; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her foot : but home is yet wherever she is ; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, better than ceiled with cedar, or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless.

JOHN
RUSKIN

*If a man would give all the substance of his
house for love, it would utterly be contemned.*

AND what is this place not seen,
Where hearts may hide serene?
" 'Tis a fair still house well kept,
Which humble thoughts have swept,
And holy prayers made clean.
There, I sit with Love in the sun,
And we two never have done
Singing sweeter songs than are guessed by *one*."

E. B.
BROWNING

3
June
Morning

In the Light of Thy Countenance.

THERE are open hours
When the God's will sallies free,
And the dull idiot might see
The flowing fortunes of a thousand years;—
Sudden, at unawares,
Self-moved, fly-to the doors,
Nor sword of angels could reveal
What they conceal.

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

3
June
Evening

Abide in me, and I in you.

SINCE Eden, it keeps the secret !
Not a flower beside it knows
To distil from the day the fragrance
And beauty that flood the Rose.

Silently speeds the secret
From the loving eye of the sun
To the willing heart of the flower :
The life of the twain is one.

Folded within my being,
A wonder to me is taught,
Too deep for curious seeing
Or fathom of sounding thought,

Of all sweet mysteries holiest !
Faded are rosé and sun !
The Highest hides in the lowliest ;
My Father and I are one.

CHARLES
GORDON
AMES

4
June
Morning

Lord, Thou wilt ordain peace for us.

FROM above us and from under,
In the ocean and the thunder,
Thou preludest to the wonder
Of the Paradise to be :
For a moment we may guess Thee
From Thy creatures that confess Thee
When the morn and even bless Thee,
And Thy smile is on the sea.

Then from something seen or heard,
Whether forests softly stirred,
Or the speaking of a word,
Or the singing of a bird,
Cares and sorrows cease .
For a moment on the soul
Falls the rest that maketh whole,
Falls the endless peace.

O the hush from earth's annoys !
O the heavens, O the joys
Such as priest and singing-boys
Cannot sing or say !
There is no more pain and crying,
There is no more death and dying,
As for sorrow and for sighing,—
These shall flee away.

FREDERIC
W. H.
MYERS,
Sunrise

THE RETURN TO THE HARMONY

4
June
Evening

Return unto thy rest, O my Soul.

WHEN thou hast been compelled by circumstances to be disturbed in a manner, quickly return to thyself and do not continue out of tune longer than the compulsion lasts; for thou wilt have more mastery over the harmony by continually recurring to it.

MARCUS
AURELIUS
ANTON-
INUS

5
June
Morning

*His glory covered the heavens, and the earth
was full of His praise.*

BREATHING the summer-scented air
Along the bowery mountain way,
Each Lord's day morning I repair
To serve my church, a mile away.

Young flowers are in my path. I hear
Music of unrecorded tone :
The heart of Beauty beats so near,
Its pulses modulate my own.

I merely walk with open heart,
Which feels the secret in the sign :
But, oh, how large and rich my part
In all that makes the feast divine !

Sometimes I hear the happy birds
That sang to Christ beyond the sea,
And softly His consoling words
Blend with their joyous minstrelsy.

Sometimes in royal vesture glow
The lilies that He called so fair,
Which never toil nor spin, yet show
The loving Father's tender care.

And then along the fragrant hills
A radiant presence seems to move,
And earth grows fairer, as it fills
The very air I breathe with love.

And now I see one Perfect Face,
And, hastening to my church's door,
Find Him within the holy place
Who, all my way, went on before.

HORATIO
NELSON
POWERS

5
June
Evening

*Be ye glad, and rejoice for ever in that which
I create.*

I SAW full surely that ere God made us He loved us ;
which love was never slacked, nor ever shall be.
And in this love He hath done all His works ; and in
this love He has made all things profitable to us ; and in
this love our life is everlasting. In our making we had
beginning ; but the love wherein He made us was in
Him from without beginning, in which love we have our
beginning. And all this shall we see in God, without
end.

JULIAN
THE AN-
CHORESS

THE BALANCE

6

June
Morning

*I shall yet praise Him for the help of His
countenance.*

THE hour, whose happy
Unalloy'd moments
I would eternalise,
Ten thousand mourners
Well pleased see end.

The bleak stern hour
Whose severe moments
I would annihilate,
Is passed by others
In warmth, light, joy.

Time, so complained of,
Who to no one man
Shows partiality,
Brings round to all men
Some undimmed hours.

MATTHEW
ARNOLD

THE BALANCE

6
June
Evening

*He will lead thee out of darkness into the
light of health.*

WHEREOF to-night so full of care,
My soul, revolving hopeless strife,
Pointing at hindrance, and the bare
Painful escapes of fitful life?

Shaping the doom that may befall
By precedent of terror past :
By love dishonoured, and the call
Of friendship slighted at the last ?

By treasured names, the little store
That memory out of wreck could save
Of loving hearts, that gone before,
Call their old comrade to the grave ?

O soul, be patient : thou shalt find
A little matter mend all this ;
Some strain of music to thy mind,
Some praise for skill not spent amiss.

Again shall pleasure overflow
Thy cup with sweetness, thou shalt taste
Nothing but sweetness, and shalt grow
Half sad for sweetness run to waste.

O happy life ! I hear thee sing,
O rare delight of mortal stuff !
I praise my days for all they bring,
Yet are they only not enough.

ROBERT
BRIDGES

THE ONE RELIGION

7
June
Morning

*Nevertheless He left not Himself without
a witness.*

MAX
MÜLLER

GOD is not far from each one of those who seek God, if haply they may feel after Him. Let theologians pile up volume upon volume of what they call theology, religion is a very simple matter, and that which is so simple and yet so all-important to us, the living kernel of religion, can be found, I believe, in almost every creed, however much the husk may vary. And think what that means! It means that above and beneath and behind all religions there is one eternal, one universal religion, a religion to which every man belongs, or may belong.

THE ONE RELIGION

*Hereby we know that He abideth in us by
His Spirit which He hath given us.*

7
June
Evening

IMMORTAL Love, for ever full,
For ever flowing free,
For ever shared, for ever whole,
A never-ebbing sea !

Our outward lips confess the name
All other names above ;
Love only knoweth whence it came,
And comprehendeth Love.

Blow, winds of God, awake, and blow
The mists of earth away !
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show
How wide and far we stray !

Hush every lip, close every book,
The strife of tongues forbear ;
Why forward reach, or backward look,
For Love that clasps like air ?

The letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes ;
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love, remains.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
In differing phrase we pray ;
But, dim or clear, we own in Thee
The Light, the Truth, the Way.

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord,
What may Thy service be ?—
Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
But simply following Thee.

JOHN
GREEN-
LEAF
WHITTIER

8
June
Morning

The lips of the righteous feed many.

I HAVE seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty, that give the like exhilaration, and refine us like that ; and, in memorable experiences, they are suddenly better than beauty, and make that superfluous and ugly. But they must be marked by fine perception, the acquaintance with real beauty. They must always show self-control : you shall not be facile, apologetic, or leaky, but king over your word ; and every gesture and action shall indicate power at rest. Then they must be inspired by the good heart. There is no beautifier of complexion, or form, or behaviour, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us. 'Tis good to give a stranger a meal, or a night's lodging. 'Tis better to be hospitable to his good meaning and thought, and give courage to a companion.

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

*The world has lost his youth, and the times
begin to wax old.*

I F in my youth I have been pure in heart,
If, mingling with the world, I am content
With my own modest pleasures, and have lived
With God and Nature communing, removed
From little enmities and low desires,
The gift is yours ; if in these times of fear,
This melancholy waste of hopes o'erthrown,
If 'mid indifference and apathy,
And wicked exultation when good men
On every side fall off, we know not how,
To selfishness, disguised in gentle names
Of peace and quiet and domestic love,
Yet mingled not unwillingly with sneers
On visionary minds ; if in this time
Of dereliction and dismay, I yet
Despair not of our nature, but retain
A more than Roman confidence, a faith
That fails not, in all sorrow my support,
The blessing of my life ; the gift is yours,
Ye winds and sounding cataracts ! 'tis yours,
Ye mountains ! thine, O Nature !

WILLIAM
WORDSWORTH

A HIGH HUMILITY

9
June
Morning

*Beloved, thou doest faithfully whatsoever thou
doest to the brethren and to strangers.*

SOMETIMES one comes across a person with none of these uneasy ambitions, with whom living is a fine art; then one realises what a much more beautiful creation it is than books and pictures. It is a kind of sweet and solemn music. Such a man or woman has time to read, to talk, to write letters, to pay calls, to walk about the farm, to go and sit with tiresome people, to spend long hours with children, to sit in the open air, to keep poultry, to talk to servants, to go to church, to remember what his or her relations are doing . . . to hear confessions, to do other people's business, to be a welcome presence everywhere, and to leave a fragrant memory, watered with sweet tears. That is to live.

ARTHUR
CHRIS-
TOPHER
BENSON

A HIGH HUMILITY

9
June
Evening

*Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and
beloved, kindness, humbleness of mind.*

SPIRIT of Childhood ! loved of God,
By Jesu's Spirit now bestow'd ;
How often have I longed for Thee ;
O Jesus, form Thyself in me !

And help me to become a child
While yet on earth, meek, undefiled,
That I may find Thee always near,
And Paradise around me here.

GERHARDT
TER-
STEEGEN,
1731,
trans. by
C. Wink-
worth

THE SACRAMENT OF SOLITUDE

IO
June
Morning

*If I take the wings of the morning and dwell
in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall
Thy hand lead me.*

COULD I take me to some cavern for mine hiding,
In the hill-tops where the Sun scarce hath trod ;
Or a cloud make a home of mine abiding,
As a bird among the bird-droves of God !
Could I win me to my rest amid the roar
Of the deep Adriatic on the shore,
Where the water of Eridanus is clear,
And Phaëthon's sad sisters by his grave
Weep into the river and each tear
Gleams, a drop of amber, in the wave.

To the strand of the Daughters of the Sunset,
The Apple-tree, the singing and the gold ;
Where the mariner must stay him from his onset,
And the red wave is tranquil as of old ;
Yea, beyond that Pillar of the End
That Atlas guardeth, would I wend ;
Where a voice of living waters never ceaseth
In God's quiet garden by the sea,
And Earth, the ancient life-giver, increaseth.
Joy among the meadows, like a tree.

*Chorus
from the
Hippolytus
of Eurip-
ides, trans.
by Gilbert
Murray*

THE SACRAMENT OF SOLITUDE

*Make straight in the desert a highway for
our God.*

10
June
Evening

THE aspect of God is different in the measure of each man's individuality, and the intimate thing of religion must therefore exist in human solitude, between man and God alone. Religion in its quintessence is a relation between God and man; it is a perversion to make it a relation between man and man. . . . The point of motive lies in the individual life, it lies in silent and deliberate reflections, and, at this, the most striking of all the rules of the [Order] aims. For seven consecutive days in the year, at least, each man or woman under the Rule must go right out of all the life of man into some wild and solitary place, must speak to no man or woman, and have no sort of intercourse with mankind. It came to me suddenly as very strange that, even as we sat and talked, across deserted seas, on burning sands, through the still aisles of forests, and in all the high and lonely places of the world, beyond the margin where the ways and houses go, solitary men and women sailed alone, or marched alone, or clambered—quiet, resolute exiles; they stood alone amidst wildernesses of ice, on the precipitous banks of roaring torrents, in monstrous caverns, or steering a tossing boat in the little circle of the horizon amidst the tumbled incessant sea, all in their several ways communing with the emptiness, the enigmatic spaces and silences, the winds and torrents and soulless forces that lie about the lit and ordered life of men. I saw more clearly now something I had seen dimly already, in the bearing and faces of this Utopian chivalry, a faint persistent tinge of detachment from the immediate heats and hurries, the little graces and delights, the tensions and stimulations of the daily world. It pleased me strangely to think of this steadfast yearly pilgrimage of solitude, and how near men might come then to the high Distances of God.

H. G.
WELLS

THE SPIRIT'S GROWTH

II
June
Morning

All the contradictions which seemed to have taken me further from the knowledge of religion, are what most rapidly led me into truth.

IN a grown man the direct and negative simplicity of a child is childishness ; yet though he may not and cannot become a child, to become in some measure childlike, to make himself reflexly and positively what he was when Nature first gave him into his own hands, is the scope of all rightly directed moral endeavour. Normally, his first exercise of liberty is to shatter this simplicity to atoms ; to go as far as may be from his infancy, to break up and explore the infinite possibilities of his nature ; his subsequent task is to return homeward, to reconstruct freely, consciously, appreciatively what he has shattered ; to consent understandingly to God's designs in his regard. This is the law of all moral and spiritual life.

FATHER
TYRRELL

THE SPIRIT'S GROWTH

II
June
Evening

*The God of all grace, . . after that ye have
suffered awhile, make you perfect.*

LOOK thou not down, but up !
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips a-glow !
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou with
earth's wheel ?

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who moulded men ;
And since, not even when the whirl was worst, ,
Did I,—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colours rife,
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst :

So, take and use Thy work ;
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim !
My times be in Thy hand !
Perfect the cup as planned !
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same.

ROBERT
BROWNING

THE DIVINE FELLOWSHIP

12
June
Morning

*Who would wonder and misdoubt
When God's great sunshine finds him out?*

I HAVE often imagined to myself the large joy which must have filled the mind of Aristarchus of Samos when the true conception of the solar system first dawned upon him, unsupported though it was by any of the mathematical demonstrations which have since convinced all educated men of its truth, and constraining belief solely on the ground of its own simple and beautiful order. I could suppose such a belief very strong, and almost taking such a form as this:—It is so harmonious, so self-consistent, that it *ought* to be so, therefore it *must* be so. And surely this is nothing more than might be looked for in regard to spiritual realities. If man is created for fellowship with God there must exist within him, notwithstanding all the ravages of sin, capacities which will recognise the light and life of eternal truth when brought close to him. Without such capacities revelation would in fact be impossible.

THOMAS
ERSKINE
OF LIN-
LATHEN

12
June
Evening

*The Father of mercies and the God of
all comfort.*

SWEET is the solace of Thy love,
My Heavenly Friend, to me,
While through the hidden way of faith
I journey home with Thee,
Learning by quiet thankfulness
As a dear child to be.

Oft in a dark and lonely place
I hush my hastened breath,
To hear the comfortable words
Thy loving Spirit saith ;
And feel my safety in Thy hand
From every kind of death.

Then in the secret of my soul,
Though hosts my peace invade,
Though through a waste and weary land
My lonely way be made,
Thou, even Thou, wilt comfort me—
I need not be afraid.

Still in the solitary place
I would awhile abide,
Till with the solace of Thy love
My heart is satisfied ;
And all my hopes of happiness
Stay calmly at Thy side.

A. L.
WARING

13
June
Morning

*If any man love the World, the love of the
Father is not in him.*

THE Sin of all Sins, or the Heresy of all Heresies, is a Worldly Spirit. We are apt to consider this Temper only as an Infirmary, or pardonable Failure; but it is indeed the great Apostasy from God and the Divine Life. It is not a Single Sin, but the whole Nature of all Sin. . . . Every Sin, be it of what kind it will, is only a Branch of the worldly Spirit that lives in us. "There is but one that is good," saith our Lord, "and that is God." In the same Strictness of Expression it must be said, there is but one Life that is good, and that is the Life of God and Heaven. Depart in the least Degree from the Goodness of God, and you depart into Evil; because nothing is good but His Goodness.

WILLIAM
LAW

13
June
Evening

Blessed be ye poor.

WELCOM pure thoughts and peaceful hours
 Inrich'd with sunshine and with showers !
 Welcom fair hopes and holy cares,
 The not to be repented shares
 Of time and business, the sure road
 Unto my last and lov'd abode !
 O supreme bliss !
 The circle, center, and abyss
 Of blessings, never let me miss
 Nor leave that path which leads to Thee,
 Who art alone all things to me !
 I hear, I see all the long day
 The noise and pomp of the "broad way" ;
 I note their course and proud approaches,
 Their silks, perfumes, and glittering coaches.
 But in the "narrow way" to Thee
 I observe only poverty,
 And despis'd things ; and all along
 The ragged, mean, and humble throng
 Are still on foot ; and as they go
 They sigh, and say, their Lord went so !

HENRY
VAUGHAN

14
June
Morning

Thus saith the Lord to His anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden. . I will go before thee. . I girded thee though thou hast not known Me.

THERE is a frequent charge made in our day against what are called the more advanced schools of theology, of scepticism and irreverence. But this passage reminds us that the most sceptical and irreverent are those old-fashioned believers who, clinging to precedent and their own stereotyped notions of things, deny that God's hands are in a movement because it is novel and not orthodox. *Woe unto him that striveth with his Moulder ; shall the clay say to its moulder, What makest thou ?* God did not cease moulding when He gave us the canon and our creeds, when He founded the Church and the Sacraments. His hand is still among the clay, and upon time, that great "potter's wheel," which still moves obedient to His impulse. All the large forward movements, the big things of to-day—commerce, science, criticism—however neutral, like Cyrus, their character may be, are, like Cyrus, grasped and anointed by God. Therefore let us show reverence and courage before the great things of to-day. Do not let us scoff at their novelty or grow fearful because they show no orthodox or even religious character. God reigns, and He will use them for what has been the dearest purpose of His heart, the emancipation of true religion, the confirmation of the faithful, the victory of righteousness.

GEORGE
ADAM
SMITH

THE MAKER OF FREEDOM

14
June
Evening

The Truth shall make you free.

TAKE to thy bosom thy banner, a fair bird fit for
the nest,
Feathered for flight into sunrise or sunset, for eastward or
west,
Fledged for the flight everlasting, but held yet warm to
thy breast.

Gather it close to thee, song-bird or storm-bearer, eagle
or dove,
Lift it to sunward, a beacon beneath to the beacon above,
Green as our hope in it, white as our faith in it, red as
our love.

Take in thy right hand thy banner, a strong staff fit for
thine hand ;
Forth at the light of it lifted shall foul things flock from
the land ;
Faster than stars from the sun shall they fly, being lighter
than sand.

Green thing to green thing in summer makes answer, and
rose tree to rose ;
Lily by lily the year becomes perfect ; and none of us
knows
What thing is fairest of all things on earth as it brightens
and blows.

This thing is fairest in all time of all things, in all time is
best—Freedom.

ALGERNON
CHARLES
SWIN-
BURNE

15
June
Morning

Be still and know.

SILENCE and Secrecy ! Altars might still be raised to them (were this an altar-building time) for universal worship. Silence is the element in which great things fashion themselves together ; that at length they may emerge, full formed and majestic, into the daylight of life, which they are henceforth to rule. . . . All the considerable men I have known . . . forbore to babble of what they were creating and projecting. Nay, in thy own mean perplexities, do thou thyself but *hold thy tongue for one day* : on the morrow how much clearer are thy purposes and duties ; what wreck and rubbish have those mute workmen within thee swept away, when intrusive noises were shut out ! . . . Speech too is great, but not the greatest. . . . Speech is silvern, Silence is golden ; . . . Speech is of Time, Silence is of Eternity.

THOMAS
CARLYLE

15
June
Evening

*It is the voice of my Beloved that knocketh,
saying, Open unto Me.*

HEARKEN, hearken !
 God speaketh in thy soul,
 Saying, "O thou that movest
 With feeble steps across this earth of Mine,
 To break beside the fount thy golden bowl
 And spill its purple wine,—
 Look up to heaven and see how like a scroll
 My right hand hath thine immortality
 In an eternal grasping ! thou that lovest
 The songful birds and grasses underfoot,
 And also what change mars and tombs pollute,—
 I am the end of love !—give love to *Me* !"

Hearken, hearken !
 Shall we hear the lapsing river
 And our brother's sighing ever,
 And not the voice of God ?

ELIZA-
 BETH
 BARRETT
 BROWNING

16
June
Morning

*Having your feet shod with the preparation
of the Gospel of Peace.*

IN the woods,
A lone Enthusiast, and among the fields, . .
Spontaneously had his affections thriven
Amid the bounties of the year, the peace
And liberty of Nature ; there he kept
In solitude and solitary thought
His mind in a just equipoise of love.
Serene it was, unclouded by the cares
Of ordinary life ; unvexed, unwarped
By partial bondage. In his steady course
No piteous revolutions had he felt,
No wild varieties of joy and grief.
Unoccupied by sorrow of its own,
His heart lay open ; and, by nature tuned
And constant disposition of his thoughts
To sympathy with man, he was alive
To all that was enjoyed where'er he went,
And all that was endured.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

*Thou, O Lord, hast made me glad through
Thy work.*

(Dr. More speaks)

I WOULD always be "*Sub dio*," if it were possible. . . . I can read, discourse, or think nowhere as well as in some arbour, where the cool air rustles through the moving leaves; and what a rapture of mind does such a scene as this always inspire within me! To a free and divine spirit how lovely, how magnificent is this state for the soul of man to be in, when, the life of God inactuating her, she travels through heaven and earth, and unites with, and after a sort feels herself the life and soul of, this whole world, even as God? This indeed is to become Deiform—not by imagination, but by union of life. God doth not ride me whither I know not, but discourseth with me as a friend, and speaks to me in such a dialect as I can understand fully, namely, the outward world of His creatures; so that I am in fact "*Incola cæli in terra*," an inhabitant of paradise and heaven upon earth; and I may soberly confess that sometimes, walking abroad after my studies, I have been almost mad with pleasure,—the effect of nature upon my soul having been inexpressibly ravishing, and beyond what I can convey to you.

J. H.
SHORT-
HOUSE

17
June
Morning

Love is stronger than death.

AT the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Said I, mournfully—My year is at its prime,
Yet bare lie my meadows, shorn before their time,
In my scorched woodlands the leaves are turning brown.
It is the hot midsummer, and the hay is down.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Stood she by the streamlet, young and very fair,
With the first white bindweed twisted in her hair—
Hair that drooped like birch-boughs,—all in her simple
gown.

For it was midsummer,—and the hay was down.

At the midsummer, when the hay was down,
Crept she, a willing bride, into my breast :
Low-piled the thunder-clouds had drifted to the west—
Red-eyed out glared the sun, like knight from leaguer'd
town,
That eve in high midsummer, when the hay was down.

It is midsummer—all the hay is down ;
Close to her bosom press I dying eyes,
Praying, “ God shield thee till we meet in Paradise ! ”
Bless her in Love's name who was my brief life's crown,—
And I go at midsummer, when the hay is down.

DINAH
MULOCK



17
June
Evening

*Voler sovra voler mi venne
Dell'esser su.*

I HAVE no fear lest my Saints should be far from me in their upper heaven; God's hierarchy is the hierarchy of conjoining love, and His great ones have their place in power to draw near even to the very least. The heights of heaven must be close to every lower place, as close as heart and heart may be.

My place is here, my place is there: but God is always my place, and He is love; therefore the way to His garden is the heart-way, the way of my heart and of His. Like the child who asked, "Father, do the children who go to heaven sleep in a cradle or in Your arms?" I have asked where we children shall find ourselves when we pass through the deep door opening at the call of death; I have asked where we are now; and the answer has come to me as it came to the child: In My Arms.

*A Modern
Mystic's
Way*

18
June
Morning

In His will is our peace.

SON, I will now teach thee the way of peace and of true liberty.

Do, Lord, as thou sayest, for this it pleases me to hear.

Make this thine aim, my son, rather to do the will of another than thine own.

Ever choose rather to have less than more.

Always seek the lower place, and to be under the authority of all.

Always wish and pray that the will of God may be wholly done in thee.

The Imitation of Christ Behold, such a man as this enters into the region of peace and rest.

18
June
Evening

My times are in Thy hand.

HOW should I praise Thee, Lord! how
should my rymes
Gladly engrave Thy love in steel,
If what my soul doth feel sometimes
My soul might ever feel!

Although there were some fortie heav'ns, or more,
Sometimes I peere above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
Sometimes to hell I fall.

O rack me not to such a vast extent;
These distances belong to Thee:
The world's too little for Thy tent,
A grave too big for me.

Yet take Thy way; for sure Thy way is best;
Stretch or contract me Thy poore debter:
This is but tuning of my breast,
To make the musick better.

Whether I flie with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there;
Thy power and love, my love and trust
Make one place everywhere.

GEORGE
HERBERT

19
June
Morning

The substance of things hoped for.

WHAT, after all, is this "faith" which above all things we who have even a grain of it must desire to hold forth to others? "This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith." It is a power, not a mere belief; and power can be shown only in action, only in overcoming resistance. Power that shall lift us one by one above temptations, above cares, above selfishness; power that shall make all things new, and subdue all things unto itself; power by which loss is transmuted into gain, tribulation into rejoicing, death itself into the gate of everlasting life;—is not this the true meaning of faith?

CAROLINE
EMELIA
STEPHEN

19
June
Evening

Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him.

CLOTHER of the lily, Feeder of the sparrow,
Father of the fatherless, dear Lord,
Tho' Thou set me as a mark against Thine arrow,
As a prey unto Thy sword,
As a ploughed-up field beneath Thy harrow,
As a captive in Thy cord,
Let that cord be love ; and some day make my narrow
Hallowed bed according to Thy word. Amen.

CHRIS-
TINA G.
ROSSETTI

THE GENTLEST GUEST

20
June
Morning

*Afterward he brought me to the Gate, even
the Gate that looketh toward the East.*

WHAT if some morning when the stars were
paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the East was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant Spirit standing near :

And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
“This is our Earth—most friendly Earth, and fair ;
Daily its sea and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air :

There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth and serene friendships dear :
But stay not Spirit ! Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death : flee, lest he find thee here ! ”

And what if then, while still the morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
And take my hand, and say, “My name is Death.”

E. ROW-
LAND
SILL

20
June
Evening

*Though our outward man perish, yet the
inward man is renewed day by day.*

I SUPPOSE you must be chiefly in a sick-room, which is a good place for one, and not altogether sad and unpleasant if one can find a way of soothing and ministering to others. In their weakness they need strength and calmness and cheerfulness, and that the world should be made as much like the world which they knew when in health as possible. They should look sometimes out of a window at fair scenes, and be read to out of their favourite books; and be taught to trust in God, in whose hands they are, and to whom they return. The most comforting passages of Scripture should be read to them, such as Psalm xxiii., or the later chapters of St. John. And the thought may be felt by us and imparted to them, that we and they are alike close to the Unseen, but they a little nearer, and we a few years farther off.

Letter
from
BENJAMIN
JOWETT

THE CHOSEN

21

June
Morning

They confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.

THEY are known to most men, and there are few mothers who have not seen them. Perhaps they are as inevitable as life's sorrows; and the men among whom they dwell become the better for the knowledge of them, and the sadder, and the more gentle.

They are strange. As children, life seems nearer to them than to other children; they appear to suspect nothing, and yet there is in their eyes so profound a certainty that we feel they must know all, that there must be evenings when they found time to tell themselves their secret. At the moment when their brothers are still groping their way blindly in the mysterious land between birth and life, they have already understood; they are erect, ready with hand and soul. In all haste, but wisely and with minute care, do they prepare themselves to live; and this very haste is a sign upon which mothers, the discreet, unsuspected confidants of all that cannot be told, can scarce bring themselves to look.

Their stay among us is often so short that we are unconscious of their presence; they go away without saying a word, and are for ever unknown to us. But others there are who linger for a moment, who look at us with an eager smile, and seem to be on the point of confessing that they know all; and then, towards their twentieth year, they leave us, hurriedly, muffling their footsteps, as though they had just discovered that they had chosen the wrong dwelling-place, and had been about to pass their lives among men whom they did not know.

MAURICE
MAETER-
LINCK

21
June
Evening

Elect according to the foreknowledge of God.

ABOVE the perplexities and difficulties that beset his young footsteps, Raphael heard always one clear voice that told of the perfect path: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

To that voice he listened in childlike obedience, that path he followed in swift white faithfulness. He little dreamed, nor did we dream who loved him, how soon the promise he had heard would find fulfilment, and the clear vision that his soul desired be given to his boyish eyes.

Yet was not the knowledge always with us that God had some beautiful answer, here or elsewhere, to all his questionings, some special gift of love to one so manifestly chosen?

*By the
Waters of
Eunoe*

22
June
Morning

*Be comforted, thou wouldst not seek Me hadst
thou not found Me.*

MAY
KENDALL,
The
Fatherhood
of God

DO we hope?—then let us thank God, and do better,
and love more. Do we despair?—let us thank
God, and do better then, too. For despair is the witness
to His presence with us in our black prison-house of
sin.

22
June
Evening

*We are the clay, and Thou our Potter, and we
all are the work of Thy hand.*

AH, that sharp thrill through all my frame !
And yet once more ! withstand
I can no longer ; in Thy name
I yield me to Thy hand.

Such pangs were in the soul unborn,
The fear, the joy were such,
When first it felt in that keen morn
A dread, creating touch.

Maker of man, Thy pressure sure
This grosser stuff must quell ;
The spirit faints, yet will endure,
Subdue, control, compel.

The Potter's finger shaping me
Praise, praise ! the clay curves up
Not for dishonour, though it be
God's least adorned cup.

EDWARD
DOWDEN

23
June
Morning

*Let us run with patience the race that is set
before us, looking unto Jesus.*

I PRAY for quietness to run
The race appointed me to-day,
Not lingering idly in the sun
Nor hastening wildly on my way,
Nor looking anxiously to see
What all the coming days may be.

I have a promise safe and sure
Of strength sufficient for my need,
Of courage able to endure,
Of food enough my want to feed ;
And all is promised day by day,
And as the swift hours pass away.

In looking on too far, my fear
May make my halting steps to fail ;
The morning fog is nowhere near,
It only shrouds the distant vale ;
And gazing through that mist mine eye
Unreal phantoms may descry.

But if I walk with quiet mind,
And keep my restless spirit calm,
Some happiness I'm sure to find,
My ear shall catch some heavenly psalm ;
This message shall my Master leave,
"That which is right thou shalt receive."

J. E. A.
BROWN

23
June
Evening

*I am come that they might have life, and that
they might have it more abundantly.*

THANK God for life : life is not sweet always,
Hands may be heavy-laden, hearts care full,
Unwelcome nights follow unwelcome days,
And dreams divine end in awakenings dull.
Still it is life, and life is cause for praise.
This ache, this restlessness, this quickening sting,
Prove me no torpid and inanimate thing,
Prove me of Him who is of life the Spring,
I am alive !—and that is beautiful.

SUSAN
COOLIDGE

24
June
Morning

*Through the tender mercy of our God,
whereby the Day-spring from on high hath
visited us.*

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

THE day of days, the great day of the feast of life,
is that in which the inward eye opens to the
Unity in things, to the omnipresence of law ;—sees that
what is must be, and ought to be, or is the best. This
beatitude dips from on high down on us, and we see. It
is not in us so much as we are in it.

24
June
Evening

*This is the day which the Lord hath made,
we will rejoice and be glad in it.*

THERE be days
When some are known to feel "God is about,"
As if that morn more than another morn
Virtue flowed forth from Him, the rolling world
Swam in a soothèd calm made resonant
And vital, . . . until she slept and had a dream
(Because it was too much to bear awake)
That all the air shook with the might of Him,
And whispered how she was the favourite world
That day, and bade her drink His essence in.
'Tis on such days that seers prophesy
And poets sing, and many who are wise
Find out for man's well-being hidden things,
Whereof the hint came in that Presence known
Yet unknown.

JEAN
INGELOW

25
June
Morning

Rejoicing in the habitable parts of His earth.

NO scene is continually and untiringly loved, but one rich by joyful human labour: smooth in field; fair in garden; full in orchard; trim, sweet, and frequent in homestead; ringing with voices of vivid existence. No air is sweet that is silent; it is only sweet when full of low currents of under-sound—triplets of birds, and murmur and chirp of insects, and deep-toned words of men, and wayward trebles of childhood.

JOHN
RUSKIN

25
June
Evening

But the things which are not seen are eternal.

HER mist of primroses within her breast
Twilight hath folded up, and o'er the west,
Seeking remoter valleys long hath gone,
Nor yet hath come her sister of the dawn.
Silence and coolness now the earth enfold,
Jewels of glittering green, long mists of gold,
Hazes of nebulous silver veil the height,
And shake in tremors through the shadowy night.
Heard through the stillness, as in whispered words,
The wandering God-guided wings of birds
Ruffle the dark. The little lives that lie
Deep hid in grass join in a long-drawn sigh
More softly still; and unheard through the blue,
The falling of innumerable dew,
Lifts with grey fingers all the leaves that lay
Burned in the heat of the consuming day.

Oh, far away and wonderful and sweet,
All this, all this. But far too many things
Obscuring, as a cloud of seraph wings
Blinding the seeker for the Lord behind,
I fall away in weariness of mind,
And think how far apart are I and you,
Beloved, from those spirit children, who
Felt but one single Being long ago,
Whispering in gentleness and leaning low
Out of its majesty, as child to child.
I think upon it all with heart grown wild,
Hearing no voice, howe'er my spirit broods,
No whisper from the dense infinitudes.

"A. E.,"
*The
Divine
Vision*

26
June
Morning

Hier c'est demain.

P. H.
WICK-
STEED,
*Studies in
Theology*

THE past is not, in any effective sense, irrevocable. We may yet make it, in large measure, what we will. For detached experiences are in themselves mere unintelligible fragments. It is when they are taken as parts of a whole that they have their meaning. And what is the whole of which our past is a part? Is that irrevocably fixed beyond our control? Nay, our past as well as our future shall be what we shall make it. It is a fragment that awaits interpretation, nay, awaits its full being, its true creation, from the whole.

26
June
Evening

*He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins,
and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.*

FOR right as by the courtesy of God He forgiveth
our sin after the time that we repent us, right so
willeth He that *we* forgive our sin, as anent our unskilful
heaviness and our doubtful dreads.

JULIAN
THE AN-
CHORESS

27
June
Morning

All things are yours.

WITH us the winds and fountains
And lightnings live in tune ;
The morning-coloured mountains
That burn into the noon,
The mist's mild veil on valleys muffled from the moon.

With us the fields and rivers,
The grass that summer thrills,
The haze where morning quivers,
The peace at heart of hills,
The sense that kindles nature, and the soul that fills.

With us all natural sights,
All notes of natural scale ;
With us the starry lights ;
With us the nightingale ;
With us the heart and secret of the worldly tale.

ALGERNON
CHARLES
SWIN-
BURNE

27
June
Evening

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.

OUT-WORN heart, in a time out-worn,
Come clear of the nets of wrong and right ;
Laugh, heart, again in the grey twilight,
Sigh, heart, again in the dew of the morn.

Come, heart, where hill is heaped upon hill,
For there the mystical brotherhood
Of sun and moon and hollow and wood
And river and stream work out their will.

W. B.
YEATS

28
June
Morning

*Behold all things are become new, and all
things are of God.*

IT is our great mistake, I think, to set divine suffering in a bare fact of history come and gone, an episode of once and no more, and to preach our sharing of it only as an emotional transaction and an effort of the good will. It is this, but more, far more. I share all my pain with God, and He bears our griefs whether we see Him or are blind. Not over against me, holding back a hand which might help, but side by side, nay, "closer than breathing," within the inmost hiding-place of my suffering self, He suffers too and bears all pain with me. Therefore, if I will, His strength may be my strength, His love may succour me; new life and light may arise within me to be and to remain my own, and to turn even suffering into joy.

*A Modern
Mystic's
Way*

28
June
Evening

*When the Lord turned again the captivity of
Zion, we were like them that dream.*

WITH brain o'erworn, with heart a summer clod,
With eye so practised in each form around,—
And all forms mean,—to glance above the ground
Irks it, each day of many days we plod,
Tongue-tied and deaf, along life's common road.
But suddenly, we know not how, a sound
Of living streams, an odour, a flower crowned
With dew, a lark upspringing from the sod,
And we awake. O joy and deep amaze !
Beneath the everlasting hills we stand,
We hear the voices of the morning seas,
And earnest prophesyings of the land,
While from the open heaven leans forth at gaze
The encompassing great cloud of witnesses.

EDWARD
DOWDEN

29
June
Morning

*Thou art Peter. . . I will give unto thee
the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.*

*Behold I am alive for evermore, Amen ; and
have the keys of hell and of death.*

THE keys—how strangely held ! The keys of the kingdom hang at Peter's girdle, while in the Master's hand lie those others, keys of the terrible places, Death and Hades.

Yet not strange, to Peter was given to open the door into the holy life and fellowship, as when he saw the vision which told him of God's wide welcome to all in every nation that work righteousness. He was afterwards disobedient to the heavenly vision, and began that churlishness with the keys, which since then, through all the ages, has kept closed locks against some saints of God.

That Other holds the keys for opening all prison doors—the strongest, the cruelest. He opens, and no man shuts.

Ah, my Master, the binding and loosing may be with Simon Peter, and with those who hold their wardenry from him, but their bonds shall be but as the green withes upon Samson, if Thy strength be in Thy chosen. For the keys of Death and Hades are not in the hands of Cephas, but in Thine, who art alive for evermore.

*Thoughts
of a
Tertiary*

29
June
Evening

*When he was yet a great way off, his Father
saw him and had compassion, and ran and fell
on his neck, and kissed him.*

SPAKE our Lord: "If one draw near
Unto God—with praise and prayer—
Half a cubit, God will go
Twenty leagues to meet him so.

He who walketh unto God,
God will run upon the road,
All the quicklier to forgive
One who learns at last to live."

SIR
EDWIN
ARNOLD

30
June
Morning

*They shall mount up on wings as eagles.
They shall run and not be weary, they shall
walk and not faint.*

AND so must it ever be. First the ideal, and then the rush at it with passionate eyes, and then the daily trudge onward, when its splendour has faded from the view, but is all the more closely wrapped round the heart. For glorious as it is to rise to some great consummation on wings of dream and song, glorious as it is, also, to bend that impetus a little lower, and take some practical crisis of life by storm, an even greater proof of our religion and of the help our God can give us is the life-long tramp of earth's common surface, without fresh wings of dream, or the excitement of rivalry, or the attraction of reward, but with the head cool, and the face forward, and every footfall upon firm ground. Let hope rejoice in a promise which does not go off into the air, but leaves us upon solid earth; and let us hold to a religion which, while it exults in being the secret of enthusiasm and the inspiration of heroism, is daring and Divine enough to find its climax in the common-place.

GEORGE
ADAM
SMITH

30
June
Evening

*See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as
fools, but as wise, redeeming the time.*

TIME greatly short,
O time so briefly long,
Yea, time sole battle-ground of right and wrong :
 Art thou a time for sport
 And for a song ?

CHRIS-
TINA G.
ROSSETTI

THE END OF OUR PILGRIMAGE

I
July
Morning

A Prayer.

GRANT, O Lord, that we may have age without pain, and death without suffering : that we may love Thee, and be resigned to Thy will, and may acknowledge Thy laws to be in all things the rule of our life. Let us say in our hearts, "The Lord is my Shepherd ; I shall not want. Yea, though I walk through the valley of death, I will fear no evil : for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me." Make us to think in the hour of death of the sufferings of others rather than of our own, and let us not forget that there are blessings reserved for us greater than any pains and suffering. Give us peace, O Lord, in the hour of our agony, and let us thank Thee for having made suffering possible to us.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

I
July
Evening

He brought me forth also into a large place.

I N youth, when once again I had set out
To find Thee, Lord, my life, my liberty,
A window now and then, clouds all about,
Would open into heaven: my heart forlorn
First all would tremble with a solemn glee,
Then, whelmed in peace, rest like a man outworn
That sees the dawn slow part the closed lids of the morn.

Now I grow old, and the soft-gathered years
Have calmed, yea dulled the heart's swift fluttering beat;
But a quiet hope that keeps its household seat
Is better than recurrent glories fleet.
To know thee, Lord, is worth a many tears;
And when this mildew, age, has dried away,
My heart will beat again as young and strong and gay,

Stronger and gayer tenfold!—but, O friends,
Not for itself, nor any hoarded bliss.
I see but vaguely whither my being tends,
All vaguely spy a glory shadow-blent,
Vaguely desire the “individual kiss”;
But when I think of God, a large content
Fills the dull air of my grey cloudy tent.

GEORGE
MAC
DONALD,
*Diary of
an Old
Soul*

2

July
Morning

Let the Peace of God rule in your hearts.

SURELY, in this strange new society he had known for the first time to-day—in this holy family, like a fenced garden—was the fulfilment of all the judgments and preferences of that half-known friend, which of late years had been so often his protection in the perplexities of his life. Here was, it might be, if not the cure, yet the solace and anodyne of his great sorrows; of the constitutional sorrowfulness, which might be by no means peculiar to himself, but which had made his life, at all events, indeed like a long “disease of the spirit.” The very air of this place seemed to come out to meet him, as if full of mercy in its mere contact; like a soothing touch to an aching limb.

WALTER
PATER,
*Marius
the Epi-
curean*

2
July
Evening

Walk as children of light.

WOULD wisdom for herself be woo'd,
And wake the foolish from his dream,
She must be glad as well as good,
And must not only be, but seem.

What's that which Heaven to man endears,
And that which eyes no sooner see
Than the heart says, with floods of tears,
"Ah, that's the thing which I would be!"

Not these: but souls, found here and there,
Oases in our waste of sin,
Where everything is well and fair,
And Heaven remits its discipline;
Whose sweet subdual of the world
The worldling scarce can recognise,
And ridicule, against it hurl'd,
Drops with a broken sting and dies.

Who, should their own life plaudits bring,
Are simply vex'd at heart that such
An easy, yea, delightful thing
Should move the minds of men so much.

They shine like Moses in the face,
And teach our hearts, without the rod,
That God's grace is the only grace,
And all grace is the grace of God.

COVENTRY
PATMORE

A SACRAMENT

3
July
Morning

*Jesus Himself stood in the midst of them and said
unto them, "Peace be unto you."*

ABOVE the altar the antique glass of the East Window contained a figure of the Saviour of an early and severe type. The form was gracious and yet commanding. . . . Kneeling upon the half-pace, as he received the sacred bread and tasted the holy wine, this gracious figure entered into his soul, and stillness and peace unspeakable, and life, and light, and sweetness filled his mind. He was lost in a sense of rapture, and earth and all that surrounded him faded away. When he returned a little to himself, kneeling in his seat in the church, he thought that at no period of his life, however extended, should he ever forget that morning, or lose the sense and feeling of that touching scene, of that gracious figure over the altar, of the bowed and kneeling figures, of the misty autumn sunlight and the sweeping autumn wind. Heaven itself seemed to have opened to him, and one fairer than the fairest of the angelic hosts to have come down to earth.

J. H.
SHORT-
HOUSE,
John
Inglesant

A SACRAMENT

3
July
Evening

Standing afar off.

L ORD, dost Thou me invite
To sit in white
At the great Feast which for Thy friends is spread ?
I could not be so bold,
In raiment poor and old ;
Rather without Thy gates would stand unfed.

Thy messenger mistook
My hungry look,
As claiming seat at table of the pure ;
I am too wise to dare
My worthless presence there,
Nor could my spirit that clear light endure.

Hedge-rows for me instead,
Their berries red
Enough of sweetness for my lips contain ;
The glow-worm is my lamp
'Mid herbage damp ;
To tread Thy bright courts would be only pain.

Yet still He calleth me—
“Come, for I wait for thee,
It is the lost and hungry that I need ;
Not luxury and pride,
Already satisfied,—
The humble and the poor My feast shall feed.”

J. E. A.
BROWN

PEACE IN OLD AGE

4
July
Morning

*Therefore will I now beseech the Highest that
He will comfort me unto the end.*

AS the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime :
“Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive unharmed ;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.”

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

4
July
Evening

*Mark the perfect man and behold the upright,
for the end of that man is peace.*

HE is insensibly subdued
To settled quiet ; he is one by whom
All effort is forgotten ; one to whom
Long patience hath such mild composure given
That patience now doth seem a thing of which
He hath no need. He is by nature led
To peace so perfect that the young behold,
With envy, what the Old Man hardly feels.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

5
July
Morning

That mortality might be swallowed up of life.

HE who died at Azan sends
This to comfort faithful friends :

Faithful friends ! it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow ;
And ye say, " Abdullah's dead ! "
Weeping at my feet and head ;
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your cries and prayers ;
Yet I smile and whisper this—
" I am not that thing you kiss ;
Cease your tears, and let it lie ;
It *was* mine, it is not I."
Sweet friends ! what the women lave,
For its last bed in the grave,
Is a tent that I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room ;
The wearer, not the garb ; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

SIR
EDWIN
ARNOLD

5
July
Evening

*Where wast thou when I laid the foundations
of the Earth?*

WILL my tiny spark of being wholly vanish in
your deeps and heights?

Must my day be dark by reason, O ye Heavens, of your
boundless nights,

Rush of suns, and roll of systems, and your fiery clash
of meteorites?

“Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy
human state,

Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which
alone is great,

Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener
of the Gate.”

ALFRED,
LORD
TENNY-
SON,
*God
and the
Universe*

6
July
Morning

*When He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, He will
guide you into all truth.*

THE special struggle of our day is a struggle for truth. We who have been bold to call ourselves children of light, shall we not boldly join hands with all who are struggling towards the light? Shall we not be willing and ready to lay aside every weight—not only every hindering possession or habit, but every vain endeavour to bind in the truth of God by human formularies and definitions,—and unreservedly trust to the living teaching of the Spirit for ourselves and others, “looking for God *in holiness*, that we may behold His power and glory”?

CAROLINE
EMELIA
STEPHEN

6
July
Evening

*And I looked, and behold in the firmament
. . there appeared . . as it were a sapphire
stone, as the appearance of the likeness of a
Throne.*

PLAINNESS and clearness without shadow of stain !
Clearness divine !

Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign
Of languor, though so calm, and though so great
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate ;
Who, though so noble, share in the world's toil,
And, though so tasked, keep free from dust and soil !
I will not say that your mild deeps retain
A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain
Who have longed deeply once, and longed in vain,—
But I will rather say that you remain
A world above man's head, to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizons be,
How vast, yet of what clear transparency !
How it were good to live there, and breathe free ;
How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still !

MATTHEW
ARNOLD

7
July
Morning

Ubi Thesaurus, ibi Cor.

AS the Heart worketh and willeth, such, and no other, is its Prayer. All else is only Form and Fiction, and empty beating of the Air. If therefore the working Desire of the Heart is not habitually turned towards God, if this is not our Spirit of Prayer, we are necessarily in a state of Prayer towards something else, that carries us from God. For this is the Necessity of our Nature; pray we must, as sure as our Heart is alive; and therefore, when the state of our Heart is not a Spirit of Prayer to God, we pray without ceasing to some or other Part of the Creation. The Man whose Heart habitually tends towards the Riches, Honours, Powers, or Pleasures of this Life is in a continual state of Prayer towards all these things. His Spirit stands always bent towards them; they have his Hope, his Love, his Faith, and are the many Gods he worships: And though when he is upon his knees, and uses Forms of Prayer, he directs them to the God of Heaven; yet these are in Reality the God of his Heart, and, in a sad sense of the Words, he worships them in Spirit and in Truth.

WILLIAM
LAW

7
July
Evening

*Love not the world, neither the things
that are in the world.*

I THOUGHT it scorn with Thee to dwell
A Hermit in a silent cell,
While gaily sweeping by,
Wild Fancy blew his bugle strain
And marshalled all his gallant train
In the world's wondering eye.

I would have joined him—but as oft
Thy whispered warnings, kind and soft,
My better soul confessed.
“My servant, let the world alone—
Safe on the steps of Jesus' throne
Be tranquil and be blest.”

JOHN
KEBLE

8
July
Morning

*In all these things we are more than
conquerors through Him that loved us.*

THE Christian is prepared to build a temple to God on the grave of every earthly hope, and even out of the stones of the sepulchre. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for My sake shall find it," is a principle which turns even the prison and the Cross into manifestations of divine goodness, and uses the utmost violence of human selfishness and malice as the opportunity for the outflow of an infinite love which, so to speak, absorbs it and swallows it up.

EDWARD
CAIRD

8
July
Evening

*The Lord will give grace and glory, no good
thing will He withhold from them that walk
uprightly.*

O TELL me whence that joy doth spring,
Whose diet is divine and fair,
Which wears heaven like a bridal ring,
And tramples on doubts and despair?

Whose Eastern traffique deals in bright
And boundless empyrean themes,
Mountains of spice, day-stars and light,
Green trees of life and living streams?

Sure Holyness the magnet is,
And Love the lure that woos thee down :
Which makes the high transcendant bliss
Of knowing thee, so rarely known !

HENRY
VAUGHAN

THE KINGDOM

9
July
Morning

*The earth feared, and was still, when God
arose to judgment, to save all the meek of the
earth.*

ARE ye so strong, O kings, O strong men? Nay,
Waste all ye will and gather all ye may,
Yet one thing is there that ye shall not slay,
Even thought, that fire nor iron can affright.

The woundless and invisible thought that goes
Free throughout time as north or south wind blows,
Far throughout space as east or west sea flows,
And all dark things before it are made bright.

There shall be no more wars nor kingdoms won,
But in thy sight whose eyes are as the sun
All names shall be one name, all nations one,
All souls of men in one man's soul unite.

O sea whereon men labour, O great sea
That heaven seems one with, shall not these things be?
O earth, our earth, shall time not make us free?
Cry wellaway, but well befall the right.

ALGERNON
CHARLES
SWIN-
BURNE

9
July
Evening

He shall deliver the needy when he crieth, the poor also, and him that hath no helper.

I SAIAH says nothing of the Temple, the Shechinah, the Altar, or the Scripture, but he points out how much the exclusive confinement of religion to forms and texts has deadened the hearts of his countrymen towards God. In your real life, he says to them, you are to seek, and you shall find, Him. There He is evident in miracles, not physical interruption and convulsions, but social mercies and moral providences. The quickening of conscience, the dispersion of ignorance, poor men awakening to the fact that God is with them, the overthrow of the social tyrant, . . . the growth of civic justice and charity—In these, said the Hebrew prophet to the Old Testament believer, Behold your God!

GEORGE
ADAM
SMITH

10
July
Morning

*Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.*

IF God were recognised at all times as the Giver and the Gift, every natural meal would be truly sacramental in all degrees, being recognised as the expression of Divine love in visible form, the natural clothing and continent of spirit and life. All truth would be realised as Divine truth, all labour as God's working through His children, all needful rest and recreation as from God's Sabbath; every day the Lord's Day; every dwelling a Bethel, and every man the Temple of the Lord in whom Christ dwells.

J. W.
FARQU-
HAR

IO
July
Evening

Jesus saith unto them, Come and dine. And none of the disciples durst ask Him, Who art thou? knowing that it was the Lord.

“THIS do in remembrance of Me” has turned many meals into the Lord’s meals. How indeed shall we find Christ, how live by Him, if we search only the heights of heaven and know Him not as He meets us every day? It is beautiful to note how, after the resurrection, He revealed Himself in unsuspected, because too common, ways. Mary turns from the sepulchre, where she sought the Lord, to meet Him whom she thought to be only the gardener; the disciples knew Him, not as He told them of deep mysteries, but as He broke the bread for the wayfarers’ evening meal. Our everyday activities, our common meals must be brought into conscious relation with Christ, we must see the absolute necessity of being in touch with the divine source of life, if we are to understand either ourselves or Him.

JOAN
MARY
FRY

A SORROW

II
July
Morning

*There shall be no more death, neither sorrow
nor crying ; neither shall there be any more pain,
for the former things are passed away.*

MY rose shall have no care at all,
While the years rise and the years fall,
Shall keep its gold heart folded close
In the warm petals of my rose.

The wind that swings him low and high
Softer is than a lullaby :
The wind that swings him high and low
Goes as his cradle used to go.

Winter shall never find my Sweet,
Nor shall he faint in summer heat,
Filled full of dews and bathed in sun,
Happy he is, my tender one.

God is his gardener, so 'tis plain
God's rose shall never fret again,
Never be sad, never be gray,
Blooming a bud for ever and aye.

Yea, my sweet rose God's eyes shall please ;
O, what a happy lot is his !
Blessed the will that doth accord
Me to grow roses for my Lord.

KATHA-
RINE
TYNAN
HINKSON

A SORROW

II
July
Evening

*Their soul shall be as a watered garden, and
they shall not sorrow any more at all.*

AND now my grief I see
Was but that ancient shadow part of me,
Not yet attuned to good,
Still blind and senseless in its warring mood,
I turn from it and climb
To the heroic spirit of the prime,
The light that well foreknew
All the dark ways that it must journey through.
Yet seeing still a gain,
A distant glory o'er the hills of pain,
Through all that chaos wild
A breath as gentle as a little child,
Through earth transformed, divine,
The Christ-soul of the universe to shine.

"A. E.,"
*The Divine
Vision*

12
July
Morning

*As the clear light is upon the holy candlestick, so
is the beauty of the face in ripe age.*

“A COUNTENANCE in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet.”

The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in that majestic peace which is founded in memory of happy and useful years,—full of sweet records; and from the joining of this with that yet more majestic childishness, which is still full of change and promise; opening always—modest at once, and bright, with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise.

JOHN
RUSKIN

12
July
Evening

D'antico amor sentì la gran potenza.

WHEN you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep.

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

W. B.
YEATS

13
July
Morning

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day.

I N solitude and in the country, what dignity distinguishes the holy time! The old Sabbath, or Seventh day, white with the religions of unknown thousands of years, when this hallowed hour dawns out of the deep, a clean page, which the wise may inscribe with truth, whilst the savage scrawls it with fetishes,—the cathedral music of history breathes through it a psalm to our solitude.

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

SUNDAY

13
July
Evening

*They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary
way, they found no city to dwell in.*

IF I lay waste, and wither up with doubt
The blessed fields of Heaven where once my faith
Possessed itself serenely safe from death ;
If I deny the things past finding out ;
Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the place
Within me where He dwelt in power and grace,
What do I gain by that I have undone ?

WILLIAM
DEAN
HOWELLS

THE SECRET

14
July
Morning

Hast thou heard the secret of God ?

AND so, as I walked to-day among the green places of the down, I made a prayer in my heart to God, the matter of which I will now set down ; and it was that all of us who have visited that most Holy Place may be true to the vision ; and that God may reveal us to each other, as we go on pilgrimage ; and that as the world goes forward, He may lead more and more souls to visit it, that bare and secret place which yet holds more beauty than the richest palace of the world. For palaces but hold the outer beauty, in types and glimpses and similitudes. While in the secret shrine we visit the central fountain-head, from which the water of life, clear as crystal, breaks in innumerable channels, and flows out from beneath the temple door, as Ezekiel saw it flow, lingering and delaying, but surely coming to gladden the earth.

ARTHUR
CHRIS-
TOPHER
BENSON

14
July
Evening

We found IT in the fields of the wood.

HERE in the hazardous joy of woman and man
Consider with how sad and eager eyes
They lean together, and part, and gaze again,
Regretting that they cannot in so brief time,
With all that sweet abandonment, outpour
Their flowing infinity of tenderness.
God's fashion is another ; day by day
And year by year He tarrieth ; little need
The Lord should hasten ; whom He loves the most
He seeks not oftenest, nor woos him long,
But by denial quickens his desire,
And in forgetting best remembers him,
Till that man's heart grows humble and reaches out
To the least glimmer of the feet of God,
Grass on the mountain-tops, or the early note
Of wild birds in the hush before the day,—
Wherever sweetly in the ends of the earth
Are fragments of a peace that knows not man.

FREDERIC
W. H.
MYERS,
St. John
the Baptist

15
July
Morning

I found Him whom my soul loveth.

EVERYWHERE St. Paul speaks of the Christian as one with Christ. He is united with Him, not in His death only, but in all the stages of His existence ; living with Him, suffering with Him, crucified with Him, buried with Him, rising again with Him, renewed in His image, glorified together with Him, these are the expressions by which this union is denoted. There is something meant by this language which goes beyond the experiences of ordinary Christians, something, perhaps, more mystical than in these later days of the world most persons seem to be capable of feeling, yet the main thing signified is the same for all ages, the knowledge and love of Christ, by which men pass out of themselves to make their will His and His theirs, the consciousness of Him in their thoughts and actions, communion with Him and trust in Him. . . . And often they walk with Him on earth, not in a figure only, and find Him near them, not in a figure only, in the valley of death. They experience from Him the same kind of support as from the sympathy and communion of an earthly friend. That friend is also a Divine power. In proportion as they become like Him, they are reconciled to God through Him ; they pass with Him into the relationship of sons of God. There is enough here for faith to think of, without sullyng the mirror of God's justice or overclouding His truth. . . . Doctrinal statements in which the nature of the work of Christ is most exactly defined cannot really afford the same support as the simple conviction of His love.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

THE BELOVED OF SOULS

15
July
Evening

The meek shall increase their joy in the Lord.

S O spake the hoary thyme
Half hidden in the grass,
“ I watch from morning prime
Until my Lord shall pass ;

I wait my Lord to greet,
I can but love and sigh ;
I watch His eye to meet,
He can but pass me by ;
And if His hasty feet
Should crush me, it were sweet
Beneath His feet to die.”

Now will I rise and sing
A song which I have made
Unto my Lord the King,
Nor will I be afraid
To ask Him of His flowers that spring
In sunshine and in shade—

‘ Thou bearest flowers within thy hand,
Thou wearest on thy breast
A flower : now tell me which of these
Thy flowers thou lovest best ;
Which wilt thou gather to thy heart
Beloved above the rest ? ”

“ I gather to a heavenly bower
My roses fair and sweet,
I hide within my breast the flower
That grows beside My feet.”

DORA
GREEN-
WELL

16
July
Morning

The crooked shall be made straight.

OUT of all my life, up to this day, I have found but one solution. We make mistakes, or what we call such. The nature that could fall into such mistakes exactly needs, and in the goodness of the dear God is given, the living of it out. And beyond this, I believe more. That in the pure and patient living of it out we come to find that we have fallen, not into hopeless confusion of our own wild ignorant making, but that the finger of God has been at work among our lines, and that the emerging is into His blessed order; that He is for ever making up for us our own undoings; that He makes them up beforehand; that He evermore restoreth our souls.

ADELINE
D. TRAIN
WHITNEY

16
July
Evening

Rest in the Lord, wait patiently for Him.

OH, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang
west,

And I said in underbreath,—All our life is mixed with
death,

And who knoweth which is best?

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west, ELIZA-
And I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our BETH
incompleteness—BARRETT
Round our restlessness, His rest. BROWN-
ING

SELF AND PENITENCE

17
July
Morning

I have very often said unto thee, Forsake thyself, resign thyself, and thou shalt enjoy great peace within.

WE should be astonished, at the end of the day, to know how perpetually our thoughts, desires, and feelings have revolved within self's tiny circle, for how long a time the smallest, meanest personal cares have engrossed us. . . . To banish selfishness at once, for ever, and completely, may be impossible, humanly speaking, nor may it be compatible with the divine method of working. But does it make no difference whether we treat the egoist within us as a friend or as a foe, whether we are guided by his counsels or utterly reject them; whether we give him the place of honour or the place of scorn? Can we not turn our thoughts and actions persistently outward, and when, like homing doves, they fly back to the self again, can we not refuse the stealthy welcome or mute acquiescence in their return? If the prayer, "Thy will be done," seems far beyond us, yet can we not, in the very next choice we make, surrender our own will, just now? With no thought for the morrow, can we not take from God to-day the daily bread of sacrifice?

MAY
KENDALL

17
July
Evening

*The remembrance of them is grievous unto
us, the burden of them is intolerable.*

AND here I understood that the Lord beholdeth the servant with pity and not with blame. For this passing life asketh not to live all without blame and sin. He loveth us endlessly, and we sin customably, and He sheweth us full mildly, and then we sorrow and mourn discreetly, turning us unto the beholding of His mercy, cleaving to His love and goodness, seeing that He is our medicine, perceiving that we do nought but sin. And thus by the meekness we get by the sight of our sin, faithfully knowing His everlasting love, Him thanking and praising, we please Him!—*I love thee, and thou lovest Me, and our love shall not be disparted in two : for thy profit I suffer these things to come.*

JULIAN
THE
ANCHOR-
ESS

18
July
Morning

*For the creature was made subject to vanity,
not willingly, but by reason of Him who hath
subjected the same in hope.*

IT is held by many students of Nature that her laws affirm a Pessimism and not an Optimism. "Red in tooth and claw with ravin," she shrieks against the creed that her Maker is a God of love. The only morality which she inculcates is that of a tiger in the jungle, or at best that of a wolf-pack. . . . The answer to this is that Nature includes man as well as the brutes, and the merciful and moral man as well as the savage. Physical science, at any rate, can exclude nothing from the domain of Nature. And the Christian may say with all reverence that Nature includes, or rather is included by, Christ, the Word of God, by whom it was made. And the Word was made flesh to teach us that vicarious suffering, which we see to be the law of Nature, is a law of God, a thing not foreign to His own life, and therefore for all alike a condition of perfection, not a *reductio ad absurdum* of existence. The *reductio ad absurdum* is not of Nature, but of selfish individualism, which suffers shipwreck alike in objective and in subjective religion. It is precisely because the shadow of the Cross lies across the world that we can watch Nature at work with "admiration, hope, and love," instead of with horror and disgust

WILLIAM
RALPH
INGE

18
July
Evening

*Let the beauty of the Lord our God be
upon us.*

MAY nevermore a selfish wish of mine
Grow to a deed, unless a greater care
For others' welfare in the incitement share.
O Nature, let my purposes combine,
Henceforth, in conscious unison with thine,—
To spread abroad God's gladness, and declare
In living form what is for ever fair—
Meekly to labour in thy great design,
Oh, let my little life be given whole !
If so, by action or by suffering,
Joy to my fellow-creatures I may bring,
Or, in the lowly likeness of my soul,
To beautiful creation's countless store
One form of beauty may be added more.

GEORGE
M'KNIGHT

A CHARACTER

19
July
Morning

Tar ublia chi bien eima.

C. W.,
*from a
Letter*

ONE could hardly be in his presence without feeling the nobility and beauty and tenderness of his being, not in parts—but as one whole that was never divided.

19
July
Evening

*They shall walk, O Lord, in the light
of Thy countenance.*

LAUS DEO.

LET praise devote thy work and skill employ
Thy whole mind, and thy heart be lost in joy.
Well-doing bringeth pride, this constant thought
Humility, that thy best done is naught.
Man doeth nothing well, be it great or small,
Save to praise God ; but that hath savèd all :
For God requires no more than thou hast done,
And takes thy work to bless it for His own.

ROBERT
BRIDGES

20
July
Morning

They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh.

*A Modern
Mystic's
Way*

I NEED to be emancipated from desire for the flesh-pots of Egypt, the lusts of the unreal life, an unreal happiness, a false and base ideal. When I complain of the defects of my natural world, I do it, for the most part, because I am desiring more of the lower things, rather than the high things of God, through which they and I may be restored. The Promised Land seems very far away and Egypt very near, but I suppose the worst that could happen to me would be to find in Egypt my right and happy home.

20
July
Evening

What is that to thee? Follow thou Me.

FROM all thou holdest precious, for one hour
 Arise and come away,
And let the calling Voice be heard in power ;
 Desert thyself to-day ;
If with thy Lord for once thou turn aside,
With Him thou'lt fain abide.

J. E. A.
BROWN

THE SOUL'S DESIRE

21
July
Morning

Lord, all my desire is before Thee.

FATHER, to Thee I lift mine Eyes,
My longing Eyes and restless Heart,
Before the Morning Watch I rise,
And wait to taste how good Thou art,
To obtain the Grace I humbly claim,
The Saving Power of Jesu's name.

The Slumber from my Soul I shake,
Warned by the Spirit's inward Call,
And up to Righteousness awake,
And pray that I no more may fall,
Or give to Sin and Satan place,
But walk in all Thy righteous ways.

Attended by the Sacred Dread,
And wise from Evil to depart,
Let me from Strength to Strength proceed,
And rise to Purity of Heart,
Thro' all the Paths of Duty move
From humble Faith to perfect Love.

CHARLES
WESLEY

THE SOUL'S DESIRE

21
July
Evening

*So shall the Highest show the visions of the
high things.*

THOSE delicate wanderers,
The wind, the star, the cloud,
Ever before mine eyes
As to an altar bowed,
Sighs and dew-laden airs
Offer in sacrifice.

The offerings arise :
Hazes of rainbow light,
Pure crystal, blue, and gold,
Through dreamland take their flight ;
And 'mid the sacrifice
God moveth as of old.

In miracles of fire
He symbols forth His days ;
In gleams of crystal light
Reveals what pure pathways
Lead to the soul's desire,
The silence of the height.

"A. E."
Homeward

22
July
Morning

Take this short and perfect word. Forsake all and thou shalt find all, leave thy desires and thou shalt find rest.

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

EVERY man takes care that his neighbour shall not cheat him. But a day comes when he begins to care that he do not cheat his neighbour. Then all goes well. He has changed his market-cart into a chariot of the sun. What a day dawns when we have taken to heart the doctrine of faith! to prefer, as a better investment, being to doing; being to seeming; logic to rhythm and to display; the year to the day; the life to the year; character to performance.

22
July
Evening

*If thou hadst walked in the way of God, thou
shouldst have dwelt in peace for ever.*

IF this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track ;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back ;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care ;
Nor gain, from past and future, skill
To bear, and to forbear !

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

23
July
Morning

*That spirit of promise which is the earnest
of our inheritance.*

ST. FRAN-
CIS DE
SALES

THE legend tells us that Alexander the Great discovered Arabia Felix by means of the perfumes carried by the winds across the ocean upon which he sailed—reviving his courage and that of his comrades. And so the blessings and sweetness, which are wafted to us as we sail across the stormy sea of this mortal life, are a foretaste of the bliss of that ever-blessed Heavenly Home to which we look and long.

23
July
Evening

*Onde si muovono a diversi porti
Per lo gran mar dell'essere.*

WHICHEVER way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so ;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone ;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas ;
And what for me were favouring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me ; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within His sheltering Heaven at last.

Then whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so ;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

CAROLINE
ATHER-
TON
MASON

THE ONLY HELPER

24
July
Morning

*In Thee, O Lord, do I hope ; Thou wilt hear,
O Lord my God.*

L ORD, I am now in tribulation, and my heart is not at ease, but I am much harassed with my present suffering.

Give me patience, O Lord, yet once again.

And now in the midst of these things what shall I say ? Lord, Thy will be done. I have well deserved to suffer tribulation and be heavy laden.

But Thine almighty hand is able to take away from me this trial also, and to moderate its violence lest I wholly sink under it, as Thou hast often heretofore dealt with me, my God, my Mercy.

Son, I am the Lord, who gives strength in the day of tribulation. Come to me when it is not well with thee. This is that which most of all hinders heavenly consolation, that thou art too slow in turning thyself to prayer.

But now having recovered breath after the storm, grow thou strong again in the light of My mercies ; for I am at hand to repair all things, not only to make them whole, but even with abundance and above measure.

*The
Imitation
of Christ*

Wait for me, wait ; I will come and heal thee.

THE ONLY HELPER

24
July
Evening

I flee unto Thee to hide me.

NONE other Lamb, none other Name,
None other Hope in heaven or earth or sea,
None other Hiding-place from guilt and shame,
None beside Thee.

My faith burns low, my hope burns low,
Only my heart's desire cries out in me
By the deep thunder of its want and woe,
Cries out to Thee.

Lord, Thou art Life tho' I be dead,
Love's fire Thou art, however cold I be :
Nor heaven have I, nor place to lay my head,
Nor home, but Thee.

CHRIS-
TINA G.
ROSSETTI

25
July
Morning

Having a desire to depart.

I REALLY think that old age is the best part of life, because you see things more truly and impersonally and less under the influence of party or interest or the world (having nothing to fear and nothing to hope for except rest with God) than you did in the days of youth. Also you have the opportunity of doing more good to others and to yourself, because you have more experience and knowledge. Nor is death a terror, but the prospect of it a pleasure and repose, when bodily troubles are beginning to weigh you down.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

THE IMMORTAL CHILD

25
July
Evening

The child shall die a hundred years old.

BEHIND grey hairs and furrowed brow
And withered look that life puts on,
Each, as he wears it, comes to know
How the child hides, and is not gone.

For while the inexorable years
To sadden'd features fix their mold,
Beneath the work of time and tears
Waits something that will not grow old.

Though many a storm-blast, fiercely sent,
And wasted hope, and sinful stain,
Roughen the strange integument
The struggling soul must wear in pain.

Yet, when she comes to claim her own,
Heaven's angels haply shall not ask
For that last look the world hath known,—
But for the face behind the mask.

ADELINE
D. TRAIN
WHITNEY

26
July
Morning

*Ye are not in the flesh, but in the spirit, if so be
that the Spirit of God dwell in you.*

WHERE the Spirit of the Incarnate is indwelling, He is present neither as a distinct or extraneous gift, nor as an overruling force in which the self is merged and lost, but as the consummation of the self. . . . He is not a mere presence *in* me, overruling, controlling, displacing. What He in me does, I do. What He in me wills, I will. What He in me loves, I love. Nay, never is my will so really free ; never is my power so worthy of being called power ; never is my rational wisdom so rational or so wise ; never is my love so really love ; never, moreover, is any one of these things so royally my own ; never am I, as I, so capable, so personal, so real ; never am I, in a word, as really what the real "I" always tried to mean : as when, by the true indwelling of the Spirit of God, I enter into the realisation of myself ; as when I at last correspond to, and fulfil, and expand in fulfilling, all the unexplored possibilities of my personal being, by a perfect mirroring of the Spirit of Christ ; as when in Him and by Him I am, at last, a true, willing, personal response to the very Being of God.

R. C.
MOBERLY

26
July
Evening

*In a dream, in a vision of the night, when
deep sleep falleth upon men. . . Then He openeth
the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction.*

THE creeks overflow : a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod ; the blades of the
marsh-grass stir ;

Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr :
Passeth, and all is still ; and the currents cease to run ;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be !
The tide is in his ecstasy,
The tide is at his highest height :
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of
sleep
Roll in on the souls of men ;
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep ?

SIDNEY
LANIER

27
July
Morning

I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.

THE *meaning* of each life, in which its individuality consists, is our eternal self, of which we have a flickering consciousness during our earthly life. This *meaning* is linked with the life of God Himself, and our consciousness of immortality consists in our consciousness of, and expression of, this meaning.

W. R.
INGE

27
July
Evening

In Thy presence is fulness of joy.

WHEN the breath of twilight blows to flame the
misty skies,
All its vaporous sapphire, violet glow and silver gleam,
With their magic flood me through the gateway of the
eyes ;
I am one with the twilight's dream.

When the trees and skies and fields are one in dusky mood,
Every heart of man is rapt within the mother's breast :
Full of peace and sleep and dreams in the vasty quietude,
I am one with their hearts at rest.

From our immemorial joys of hearth and home and love
Strayed away along the margin of the unknown tide,
All its reach of soundless calm can thrill me far above
Word or touch from the lips beside.

Aye, deep and deep and deeper let me drink and draw
From the olden fountain more than light or peace or dream,
Such primæval being as o'erfills the heart with awe,
Growing one with its silent stream.

"A. E."

MYSTIC UNION

28
July
Morning

Who shall separate us ?

O BEAUTEIOUS things of earth !
I cannot feel your worth
To-day.

O kind and constant friend
Our spirits cannot blend
To-day.

O Lord of truth and grace
I cannot see Thy face
To-day.

A shadow on my heart
Keeps me from all apart
To-day.

Yet something in me knows
How fair creation glows
To-day.

And something makes me sure
That love is not less pure
To-day.

And that the Eternal Good
Minds nothing of my mood
To-day.

For when the sun grows dark,
A sacred, secret spark
Shoots rays.

Fed from a hidden bowl
A Lamp burns in my soul
All days.

CHARLES
GORDON
AMES

28
July
Evening

*I am small and of no reputation ; yet do I
not forget Thy commandments.*

HOW small a thing am I, of no repute,
Whirled in the rush of these eternal tides ;
Spun daily round upon this orb that rides
Among its peers, itself how most minute.

Yet as I muse in sad comparison,
Restless and frail, I thrill with sudden awe,
Clasped in the large embrace of life and law
That, howsoe'er I falter, bears me on.

So should a drop within the sluggish vein
Of some vast saurian (that slumbers deep
In seas undreamed of, rolling through the swell)
In labyrinthine artery swim and creep,
Yet hear far off, again and yet again,
The vasty heart beat in his central cell.

ARTHUR
CHRIS-
TOPHER
BENSON

29
July
Morning

There is joy in the presence of the Angels.

WHEN thou goest into the church . . . see that thou leave behind thee the tumult of wavering thoughts, forget utterly the care of outward things; so shalt thou make room for God alone. . . . Turn the ear of the Lord with vows and humble prayer, yea with tears and sighs beseech His mercy on thy sins. Also do thou with spiritual songs praise Him and give Him glory in all His works. For there is no sight more welcome to the citizens of heaven, nor any tribute more pleasing to the most high King, who Himself beareth witness "whoso offereth the sacrifice of praise he honoureth me." Happy indeed shouldst thou be if once to the eye of thy spirit it were shown in what array the princes go forth, and with them the singers in the midst of the damsels playing on the timbrels. So wouldst thou doubtless see with what care they make their footfall to the beat of our psalmody, how their voices mingle with our prayers, how they stand by our meditations, hover over our silences, and mingle with our hopes and longings. Truly, those powers above love their fellow-citizens below, eagerly they rejoice with us heirs of salvation. They are our comfort and strength, our protection and providence.

For they all long for our coming, since it is indeed to us that they look for the building up of the ruins of their city. Good of the good they diligently require; good of the good they gladly hear. Busy is their swift embassy betwixt us and God; faithfully do they bear to Him our sighs; humbly do they return to us His answering grace. How then shall those disdain to be our fellows who are now so truly our ministers. Our penitence is their joy. Let us therefore make all haste that by our means their joy may be made full.

DIVI
BERNARDI,
*Medita-
tiones*,
cap. vi.,
trans. by
P. W.

ANGELS

29
July
Evening

Ministri e messaggier' di vita eterna.

ANGELS our servants are,
And keep in all our ways,
And in their hands they bear
The sacred sons of grace :
Our guardians to that heavenly bliss
They all our steps attend,
And God Himself our Father is,
And Jesus is our Friend.

CHARLES
WESLEY

30
July
Morning

He shewed me that Great City.

SPEAK to me, heart of mine, old and weary of years,
Labour and loss have been thine, pains and terrors
and tears ;

Why art thou now so light, making my tired feet
Forget the steps of their pilgrimage and spring as if life
were sweet ?

Why? Because life *is* sweet. Thy secret I know, I
know,

By the stream in the beautiful street the trees of gladness
grow,

And under their fruitful boughs I see one Angel stand,
So close, so close, that I sometimes think he lays a hand
in my hand.

Red Love still rules the day, white Faith enfolds the
night,

And Hope, green-mantled, leads the way by the walls of
the City of Light.

Therefore I walk as one who sees the joy shine through
Of the Other Life behind our life, like the stars behind
the blue.

*Ry the
Waters of
Euno³*

30
July
Evening

*Io ritornai dalla santissima onda
Rifatto sì, come piante novelle
Rinnovellate di novella fronda,
Puro, e disposto a salire alle stelle.*

HOW pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest :

But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

ALFRED,
LORD
TENNYSON

31
July
Morning

He that ruleth—with diligence.

MARCUS
AURELIUS
ANTON-
INUS

SUCH as are thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind ; for the soul is dyed by the thoughts. Dye it, then, with a continuous series of such thoughts as these : for instance, that where a man can live, there he can also live well. But he must live in a palace ;—well then, he can also live well in a palace.

31
July
Evening

*Casting all your care upon Him—
for He careth for you.*

WHAT within me and without
Hourly on my spirit weighs,
Burdening heart and soul with doubt,
Darkening all my weary days.
In it I behold Thy will,
God, who givest rest and peace,
And my heart is calm and still,
Waiting till Thou send release.

O my soul, why art thou vexed?
Let things go e'en as they will;
Though to thee they seem perplexed,
Yet His order they fulfil.
Here He is thy strength and guard,
Power to harm me here hath none;
Yonder will He each reward
For the works He here hath done.

A. H.
FRANCKE,
1663-1727,
trans. by
Catherine
Winkworth

OUR HELPER

I
Aug.
Morning

Prayers.

JOHN
SCOTUS
ERIGENA

O THOU, who art the everlasting essence of things, beyond space and time, and yet within them; Thou who transcendest yet pervadest all things, manifest thyself unto us, feeling after Thee, and seeking Thee in the shades of ignorance. Stretch forth Thy hand to help us, who cannot without Thee come to Thee; and reveal Thyself unto us who seek nothing beside Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

From the
Liturgy
of the
Coptic
Jacobites

Let us give thanks unto the doer of good, and the merciful God, the Father of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ; For He hath sheltered us, He hath succoured us, He hath kept us, He hath redeemed us unto Himself, He hath spared us, He hath helped us, He hath brought us to this hour. Let us therefore pray Him that He keep us this day, and all the days of our life, in peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

OUR HELPER

I
Aug.
Evening

*Lift up your hearts. We lift them up unto
the Lord.*

I LOOK to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain ;
I feel Thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again :
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears,
I sink beside the road ;
But let me only think of Thee,
And then new heart springs up in me.

Thy calmness bends serene above,
My restlessness to fill,
Around me flows Thy quickening life,
To nerve my faltering will,
Thy presence fills my solitude ;
Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in Thy dear love,
Held in Thy law, I stand ;
Thy hand in all things I behold,
And all things in Thy hand ;
Thou leadest me by unsought ways,
And turn'st my mourning into praise.

S. LONG-
FELLOW

2

Aug.
Morning

*A land where even the old are fair,
And even the wise are merry of tongue.*

HERE, surely! in its nest-like peace and warmth, its jealous exclusion of all that was against itself and its own immaculate naturalness, in the hedge set around the sacred thing on every side, this reinstitution of the family did but carry forward, and give effect to, the purposes, the kindness of Nature itself, friendly to man, at all those points, more especially, where it involved (by way of due recognition of some unfathomed divine condescension, in a certain fact or series of facts) pity, and a willing sacrifice of oneself, for the weak, for children and the aged, for the dead even. And then, for its constant outward token, its significant manner or index, it issued in a debonair grace, and some mystic attractiveness. . . . And still its grace was no mere simplicity. Things, new and old, seemed to be coming as if out of some goodly treasure-house, the brain full of science, and the heart rich with various sentiment, possessing withal this surprising *healthfulness*, this *reality* of heart.

WALTER
PATER,
*Marius
the Epi-
curean*

A HOME

2

Aug.
Evening

*The voice of joy and health is in the dwellings
of the righteous.*

HOW infinite and sweet, Thou everywhere
And all abounding Love, Thy service is !
Thou liest an ocean round my world of care,
My petty every-day : and fresh and fair,
Pour Thy strong tides through all my crevices,
Until the silence ripples into prayer.

That Thy full glory may abound, increase,
And so Thy likeness shall be formed in me,
I pray ; the answer is not rest or peace,
But charges, duties, wants, anxieties,
Till there seems room for everything but Thee,
And never time for anything but these.

And I should fear, but lo ! amid the press,
The whirl and hum and pressure of my day,
I hear Thy garment's sweep, Thy seamless dress,
And close beside my work and weariness
Discern Thy gracious form, not far away,
But very near, O Lord, to help and bless.

SUSAN
COOLIDGE

THE ONE RELIGION

3
Aug.
Morning

*He knoweth our frame. He remembereth that
we are dust.*

THIS is the most important lesson that a man can learn,—that all men are really alike; that all creeds and opinions are nothing but the mere result of chance and temperament; that no party is on the whole better than another; that no creed does more than shadow imperfectly forth some one side of truth; and it is only when you begin to see this that you can feel that pity for mankind, that sympathy with its disappointments and follies, and its natural human hopes, which have such a little time of growth and such a sure season of decay. . . . Nothing but the Infinite^e pity is sufficient for the infinite pathos of human life.

J. H.
SHORT-
HOUSE,
*John
Inglesant*

3
Aug.
Evening

*Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them ;
but their eyes were holden that they should not
know Him.*

O POWER, more near my life than life itself
(Or what seems life to us in sense immured),
Even as the roots, shut in the darksome earth,
Share in the tree-top's joyance, and conceive
Of sunshine and wide air and wingèd things
By sympathy of nature, so do I
Have evidence of Thee so far above,
Yet in and of me ! Rather Thou the root
Invisibly sustaining, hid in light,
Not darkness, or in darkness made by us.
If sometimes I must hear good men debate
Of other witness of Thyself than Thou,
As if there needed any help of ours
To nurse Thy flickering life, that else must cease,
Blown out, as 'twere a candle, by men's breath,—
My soul shall not be taken in their snare,
To change her inward surety for their doubt,
Muffled from sight in formal robes of proof :
While she can only feel herself through Thee,
I fear not Thy withdrawal ; more I fear,
Seeing, to know Thee not, hoodwinked with dreams
Of signs and wonders, while, unnoticed, Thou,
Walking Thy garden still, commun'st with men,
Missed in the commonplace of miracle.

JAMES
RUSSELL
LOWELL

4

Aug.
Morning

I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

NOTWITHSTANDING our simple living and our blindness here, yet endlessly our courteous Lord beholdeth us in this working, rejoicing; and of all things we may please Him best wisely and truly to believe, and to enjoy with Him and in Him. For verily as we shall be in the bliss of God without end, Him praising and thanking, so verily we have been in the foresight of God, loved and known in His endless purpose from without beginning. In which unbegun love He made us; and in the same love He keepeth us, and never suffereth us to be hurt in manner by which our bliss might be lost. And therefore, when the Doom is given and we be all brought up above, then shall we clearly see in God the secret things which be now hid to us.

Then shall none of us be stirred to say in any wise : *Lord, if it had been thus, then it had been full well ; but we shall say all with one voice : Lord, blessed mayst thou be, for it is thus : it is well.*

JULIAN
THE AN-
CHORESS

IT IS WELL

4
Aug.
Evening

There is no fear in Love.

LOVE is and was my Lord and King,
And in his presence I attend
To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my King and Lord,
And will be, tho' as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel
That moves about from place to place,
And whispers to the vast of space
Among the worlds, that all is well.

ALFRED,
LORD
TENNYSON

THE LIKENESS OF GOD

5
Aug.
Morning

*Generations as they pass
Worship Thee on bended knees,
Their un-remaining gods and they
Like a river roll away :
Thou remainest such alway.*

WE see Him in a figure only, and of figures of speech we select but a few, and those the simplest, to be the expression of Him. We behold Him in a picture, but He is not there. We gather up the fragments of His discourses, but neither do they represent Him as He truly was. His dwelling is neither in heaven nor earth, but in the heart of man. This is that image which Plato saw dimly in the distance, which, when existing among men, he called, in the language of Homer, "the likeness of God," the likeness of a nature which in all ages men have felt to be greater and better than themselves, and which in endless forms, whether derived from Scripture or nature, from the witness of history or from the human heart, regarded as a person or not as a person, with or without parts or passions, existing in space or not in space, is and will always continue to be to mankind the Idea of Good.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

THE LIKENESS OF GOD

5
Aug.
Evening

*I say not unto you that I will pray the Father
for you, for the Father Himself loveth you.*

O JOY supreme ! I know the Voice,
Like none beside on earth or sea ;
Yea more, O soul of mine, rejoice,
By all that He requires of me,
I know what God Himself must be.

No picture to my aid I call,
I shape no image in my prayer ;
I only know in Him is all
Of life, light, beauty, everywhere,
Eternal Goodness here and there !

I know He is, and what He is,
Whose one great purpose is the good
Of all. I rest my soul on His
Immortal Love and Fatherhood ;
And trust Him, as His children should.

I fear no more. The clouded face
Of Nature smiles ; through all her things
Of time and space and sense I trace
The moving of the Spirit's wings,
And hear the song of hope she sings.

JOHN
GREEN-
LEAF
WHITTIER

THERE IS NONE BUT THEE

6

Aug.
Morning

*I in them, and Thou in Me, that they may
be made perfect in one.*

THE bearing of God has been likened to a father carrying his child, to an eagle taking her young upon her wings, to the shepherd with the lamb in his bosom. But no shepherd, nor mother-bird, nor human father ever bore as the Lord bears. For He bears from within, as the soul lifts and bears the body. The Lord and His own are one. *To me*, says he who knew it best, *To me to live is Christ. . . .*

It is not the sight of a visible leader, though the Gospels have made that sight imperishable; it is not the sound of Another's Voice, though that Voice shall peal to the end of time, that Christians only feel. It is something within themselves; another self—purer, happier, victorious. Not as a voice or example, futile enough to the dying, but as a new soul, is Christ in men.

GEORGE
ADAM
SMITH

THERE IS NONE BUT THEE

6
Aug.
Evening

O Lord, be not far from me.

BACK again perforce with sorrow and shame
Who once hath known Him must return, nor long
Can cease from loving, nor endures alone
The dreadful interspace of dreams and day,
Once quick with God ; nor is content as those
Who look into each other's eyes and seek
To find one strong enough to uphold the earth,
Or sweet enough to make it heaven : aha,
Whom seek they or whom find ? for in all the world
There is none but Thee, my God, there is none but Thee.

FREDERIC
W. H.
MYERS,
St. John
the Baptist

DEDICATED LIVES

7
Aug.
Morning

Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you.

Magnificent

The morning rose, in memorable pomp,
Glorious as e'er I had beheld—in front,
The sea lay laughing at a distance ; near,
The solid mountains shone, bright as the clouds,
Grain-tinctured, drenched in empyrean light ;
And in the meadows and the lower grounds
Was all the sweetness of a common dawn—
Dews, vapours, and the melody of birds
And labourers going forth to till the fields.
Ah ! need I say, dear Friend ! that to the brim
My heart was full ; I made no vows, but vows
Were then made for me ; bond unknown to me
Was given, that I should be, else sinning greatly,
A dedicated Spirit.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

7
Aug.
Evening

Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

O H, that we did but know the freedom and the happiness of a life above the world! They whose names are splendid with the most hallowed light have in their day moved along all paths of life. Among the saints of Christendom are men of toil and trade, the craftsman and the merchant, the pleader, the man of letters, orators, law-givers, warriors and leaders of mighty hosts, princes and queens and emperors. In all ranks, and all orbits of the civil state, men mortified in soul, as St. Paul, have lived unto Christ their Lord. None so fulfilled the offices and tasks of life as they—because they were above them all. None so wise, so courteous, so beloved as they; none richer or more prosperous; none more faithful in their stewardship of this world's wealth; . . . and that because they sought not their own, but the things that were Jesus Christ's.

CARDINAL
MANNING

8

Aug.
Morning

Your life is hid with Christ in God.

“**I**N Him we live and move and have our being.” We live because He lives, and, that being so, the root and essence of our life is beyond earth, beyond space and time ; it cannot be confined and limited by them, and death has no hold over it. On the farther side of that great change lies not “another life,” as we are in the habit of saying, but a continuation under different conditions of the only life we have ever lived or can live, that which is God’s, and yet which He has so wonderfully “C.M.B.” and indissolubly made our own.

8
Aug.
Evening

*Unless the Lord had been my helper, my
soul had almost dwelt in silence.*

DEATH is not death, and therefore do I hope :
Nor silence silence ; and I therefore sing
A very humble hopeful quiet psalm,
Searching my heart-field for an offering ;
A handful of sun-courting heliotrope,
Of myrrh a bundle, and a little balm.

CHRIS-
TINA G.
ROSSETTI

THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY

9
Aug.
Morning

*I end with "Love is all and Death is
nought."*

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

AND so in relation to that future hour, that spectre clothed with beauty at our curtain by night, at our table by day,—the apprehension, the assurance of a coming change. The race of mankind have always offered at least this implied thanks for the gift of existence,—namely, the terror of its being taken away; the insatiable curiosity and appetite for its continuation. The whole revelation that is vouchsafed us is, the gentle trust, which, in our experience we find, will cover also with flowers the slopes of this chasm.

THE UNKNOWN COUNTRY

9
Aug.
Evening

Into Thy Hands I commend my spirit.

I KNOW not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove :
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

And so beside the Silent Sea
I wait the muffled oar ;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

J. G.
WHITTIER

IO
Aug.
Morning

I pray Thee let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain and Lebanon.

DEATH is to Francis, the lover of all life, a dear and tender sister; to others of like mind, the mother of life, or a strong brother, angel of pity; and for St. Paul, to whom to live was Christ, to die was gain of Christ. Now, even I in my low measure begin to see my deep door as a gateway of fulfilment; and I must turn my eyes away to my place in God on this side of the door, lest even I desire death too much.

I have no tormenting fear; my door is mine alone, and beyond is my own place again. I know I have to dread no gloom which is not already mine; but while I am still on earth I would learn more of the life of Paradise foreshadowed here, that in the greater light I may see the beauty which is of Avalon.

Therefore, for all this cause, although I share the optimism of the saints, I dare not long for death as they have longed; in me nature groans and travails still. I only look towards it as a step in life which I hope that I shall gladly take when it comes before my waiting feet. I will call it a transfiguration towards my truth, and I will dread it only as I dread a truer vision of my truth.

*A Modern
Mystic's
Way*

IO
Aug.
Evening

*O frate mio, ciascuna è cittadina
D'una vera città.*

THERE is a city, builded by no hand,
And unapproachable by sea or shore,
And unassailable by any band
Of storming soldiery for evermore.

There we no longer shall divide our time
By acts or pleasures,—doing petty things
Of work or warfare, merchandise or rhyme ;
But we shall sit beside the silver springs

That flow from God's own footstool, and behold
Sages and Martyrs, and those blessed few
Who loved us once and were beloved of old,
To dwell with them and walk with them anew,

In alternations of sublime repose,
Musical motion, the perpetual play
Of every faculty that heaven bestows
Through the bright, busy, and eternal day.

THOMAS
WILLIAM
PARSONS

11

Aug.
Morning

*Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns Earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go !*

IF the very law of life is a law of change ; if every blossom of beauty has its root in fallen leaves ; if love, and thought, and hope would faint beneath too constant light, and need for their freshening the darkness and the dews ; if it is in losing the transient that we gain the Eternal : then let us shrink no more from sorrow, and sigh no more for rest ; but have a genial welcome for vicissitude, and make quiet friends with loss and Death. Through storm and calm, fresh be our courage, and quick our eye, for the various service that may await us. Nay, when God Himself turns us not hither and thither, when He sends us no changes for us to receive and consecrate, be it ours to create them for ourselves, by flinging ourselves into generous enterprises and worthy sacrifice ; by the stirrings of sleepless aspiration, and all the spontaneous vicissitudes of holy and progressive souls ; keeping always the moral spaces round us pure and fresh by the constant thought of truth and the frequent deed of love. And then, when, for us too, death closes the great series of mortal changes, the past will lie behind us green and sweet as Eden, and the future before us in the light of eternal peace. Tranquil and fearless we shall resign ourselves to God, to conduct us through that ancient and invisible way which has been sanctified by the feet of all the faithful, and illumined by the passage of the Man of griefs.

JAMES
MARTIN-
EAU,
*Hours of
Thought*

JOY BUILT WITH PAIN

II
Aug.
Evening

*The city lieth foursquare, the length and the
breadth and the height of it are equal.*

(LOVE speaks.)

YOUR tears unheeded, and your prayers made nought,
Thus and no otherwise through all have wrought,
That if, the while ye toiled and sorrowed most
The sound of your lamenting seemed all lost,
And from my land no answer came again,
It was because of that your care and pain
A house was building, and your bitter sighs
Came hither as toil-helping melodies,
And in the mortar of our gem-built wall
Your tears are mingled mid the rise and fall
Of golden trowels tinkling in the hands
Of builders gathered wide from all the lands.—
—Is the house finished? Nay, come help to build
Walls that the sun of sorrow once did gild
Through many a bitter morn and hopeless eve,
That so at last in bliss ye may believe;
Then rest with me, and turn no more to tears,
For then no more by days and months and years,
By hours of pain come back, and joy passed o'er
We measure time that was—and is no more.

WILLIAM
MORRIS

12
Aug.
Morning

*He knoweth the way that I take ; when He hath
tried me I shall come forth as gold.*

AFTER this He shewed a sovereign pleasance in my soul. I was fulfilled with the everlasting sureness, mightily sustained without any painful dread. This feeling was so glad . . . that I was in all peace and in rest, that there was nothing on earth that should have grieved me. This lasted but a while, and I was turned and left to myself in heaviness, and weariness of my life, and irksomeness of myself, that scarcely I could have patience to live. . . . And in the time of joy I might have said with Saint Paul : *Nothing shall dispart me from the charity of Christ* ; and in the pain I might have said with Peter : *Lord, save me : I perish !* . . .

This Vision was shewed me . . . that it is speedful to some souls to feel on this wise : sometime to be in comfort, and some to fail and to be left to themselves. . . . For profit of man's soul, a man is sometime left to himself ; although sin is not always the cause : for in this time I sinned not wherefore I should be left to myself. Also I deserved not to have this blessed feeling. But freely our Lord giveth when He will ; and suffereth us to be in woe sometime. *And both is one love.*

JULIAN
THE AN-
CHORESS

ONE LOVE

12
Aug.
Evening

*Be Thou my strong habitation whereunto I may
continually resort.*

AS the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of
God :

I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies,
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh
and the skies :

By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod,
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God.

SIDNEY
LANIER

THE LAST IS BEST

13
Aug.
Morning

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

THE later years of life appear to me from a certain point of view to be the best. They are less disturbed by care and the world: we begin to understand that things never did really matter so much as we supposed, and we are able to see them more in the true proportion, instead of being overwhelmed by them. We are more resigned to the will of God, neither afraid to depart nor over-anxious to stay. There are some things which, perhaps, we can set right because we are no longer actors in them. We cannot see into another life, but we believe with an inextinguishable hope that there is something still reserved for us. We are able also to regard not in a temper of alarm the changes of opinion which we see going on around us, and which have been greater in our time than in any other, and to know that they are a part of natural growth or change which it would be childish to complain of.

*From a
Letter of
BENJAMIN
JOWETT*

THE LAST IS BEST

13
Aug.
Evening

*Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, who
crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender
mercies.*

WHO would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenesse? It was
gone

Quite underground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root when they have blown;

When they together
All the hard weather,

Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;

I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing: O my onely light,

It cannot be
That I am he

On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide;

Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to hide.

GEORGE
HERBERT

THE MASTER OF THE HARVEST

14
Aug.
Morning

Show me a token for good.

THOMAS
CARLYLE

EVERY noble work is at first "Impossible." In every truth for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused throughout Immensity; inarticulate, undiscoverable except to faith. Like Gideon, thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether under the wide arch of Heaven there be any bounteous moisture or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the Kind Immensities . . . blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

THE MASTER OF THE HARVEST

14
Aug.
Evening

*There shall come in the last days scoffers saying,
Where is the promise of His coming?*

O GREAT MASTER, are Thy footsteps
Even now upon the mountains?
Art Thou walking in Thy wheat-field?
Are the snowy-winged reapers
Gathering in the silent air?
Are thy signs abroad, the glowing
Of the distant sky, blood-reddened—
And the near fields trodden, blighted,
Choked by gaudy tares triumphant,—
Sure, it must be harvest time?

Who shall know the Master's coming?
Whether it be at dawn or sunset,
When night dews weigh down the wheat-ears,
Or while noon rides high in heaven,
Sleeping lies the yellow field?
Only, may Thy voice, Good Master,
Peal above the reapers' chorus,
And dull sound of sheaves slow falling—
"Gather all into My garner,
For it is My Harvest Time."

DINAH
MULOCK

OUR SUFFERING GOD

15
Aug.
Morning

Jesus saith unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.

IF any one still insist that it seems irreverence, if not blasphemy, to speak of a suffering God, or to ascribe in any way pain or unhappiness to the Ever-Blessed, then, let me add, it may in some measure meet his difficulty to reflect, that all moral suffering contains or carries with it what may be called an element of compensation, in virtue of which it is transmuted into a deeper joy. . . . And if this be so, then surely what we must find in Christ as the God-man is, not a being who stript or emptied Himself of His essential divinity in order to share in the weakness and suffering of humanity, but a manifestation of God in all the plenitude of the Divine Nature ; and the whole life of the Man of Sorrows—His earthly lowliness and meanness, His mortal weakness, grief and sorrow, His loneliness and forsakenness, His drinking of the cup of suffering to the very dregs, yea, in His very crucifixion and death—must be to us the disclosure of an ineffable joy triumphing over sorrow, of a divine bliss in sacrifice which is the last, highest revelation of the nature of God.

JOHN
CAIRD

15
Aug.
Evening

*And God said, Let us make man in OUR
Image.*

CHRIST'S heart is wrung for me, if mine is sore ;
And if my feet are weary, His have bled ;
He had no place wherein to lay His head ;
If I am burdened, He was burdened more.
The cup I drink, He drank of long before ;
He felt the unuttered anguish which I dread ;
He hungered who the hungry thousands fed,
And thirsted who the world's refreshment bore.
If grief be such a looking-glass as shows
Christ's Face and man's in some sort made alike,
Then grief is pleasure with a subtle taste :
Wherefore should any fret or faint or haste ?
Grief is not grievous to a soul that knows
Christ comes,—and listens for that hour to strike.

CHRIS-
TINA G.
ROSSETTI

16
Aug.
Morning

Let us put on the armour of light.

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he
That every man in arms should wish to be?
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought:
Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright.

Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

This is the happy Warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms would wish to be.

16
Aug.
Evening!

*O ben creato spirito, ch' ai rai
Di vita eterna la dolcezza senti,
Che, non gustata, non s' intende mai.*

IF we throw ourselves wholeheartedly into the service of such things as are true, noble, pure, just, and of good report, we shall have our treasure in Heaven, where the patterns of these things eternally dwell; we shall draw our life-breath in an atmosphere which no taint of corruption and decay can ever infect: our life will be hid with Christ in God, where the death of the body is seen to be a thing indifferent, or rather the gate into a fuller, richer life; we shall realise the philosophic ideal of being "eternal in the midst of time," without giving up the hope of a more blessed future.

W. R.
INGE

17
Aug.
Morning

*Behold my desire is that the Almighty would
answer me.*

I LEARNT to attach a broad and literal meaning to the words, "My thoughts are not as your thoughts," and to believe that human ingenuity is possibly never so little acceptable to the Almighty as when it sets itself to "plead lies for God and to argue deceitfully for Him." I could not, too, but recall one ever-memorable instance in which the human heart, over-weighted with accumulated anguish, had dared to lift itself to Him who made it. I had heard Job plead with God as a man might plead with his neighbour, I had listened to the terrific challenges in which the creature seemed as it were to arraign its Creator at the bar of eternal justice, truth, and love, and there to demand a hearing. And I had found it was Job of whom God said, "*He hath spoken concerning Me the thing that is right.*" I had seen Job blessed, justified, *accepted* by his Maker, while his friends, the special pleaders for Omnipotence, were forgiven for his sake, and indebted to his priestly intercession for their pardon.

DORA
GREEN-
WELL

HIS THOUGHTS AND OURS

*Ye have not spoken of Me the thing that
is right.*

17
Aug.
Evening

WHO fathoms the Eternal Thought?
Who talks of scheme and plan?
The Lord is God! He needeth not
The poor device of man.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground,
Ye tread with boldness shod;
I dare not fix with mete and bound
The love and power of God.

Ye praise His justice; even such
His pitying love I deem:
Ye seek a king; I fain would touch
The robe that hath no seam.

I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groans and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin:

Yet in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings,—
I know that God is good!

Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in Him
Which evil is to me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of His hate,—I know
His goodness and His love.

J. G.
WHITTIER

18

Aug.
Morning

Whoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

AT first it seemed as though the sick man was recovering in the motionless stillness and in the great shadow of the cliffs. Something of this Serapion said to the little chorister, but the lad answered: "Nay, father, do you not see how the man that used to look out of his eyes has become a very little child—and of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

"Explain, little brother," said Serapion.

"Why," said the lad, "is it not thus with men when they grow so old or sick that they be like to die—does one not see that the real selves within them look out of windows with faces grown younger and smaller and more joyous, till it may be that what was once a strong man, wise and great, is but a babe which can scarce walk at all?"

"Who told thee these things?" asked Serapion.

"No one has told me," replied the lad, "but seeing the little children thus gazing out, and knowing that all who would enter into heaven must become as they are, I thought it must needs be in this manner that people change and pass away to God when the ending of life is come."

WILLIAM
CANTON

PEACE AT EVENING

18

Aug.
Evening

*O spare me that I may recover strength, before
I go hence and be no more.*

AS the storm that all day long
Has wailed, and raged, and wept,
Nor ceased its force nor changed its course,
While slow the daylight crept.

But suddenly, before the sun
Drops down behind the hills,
A clear, calm shining parts the cloud,
And all the ether fills.

Or as the sweet and steadfast shore
To them that sail the sea :
Or home to them that ply the oar
Or leave captivity.

Like any child that cries itself
On mother's breast to sleep,
Lord, let me lie a little while
Till slumber groweth deep :

So deep that neither love nor life
Shall stir its calm repose—
Beyond the stress of mortal strife
The strain of mortal woes.

Spare me this hour to sleep, before
Thy sleepless bliss is given :
Give me a day of rest on earth,
Before the work of heaven !

ROSE
TERRY
COOKE

19
Aug.
Morning

It is expedient for you that I go away.

THE qualities which we revere in men are *growing* powers, which have their value in their promise, and can only be fully understood by one who sees in them the future to which they point. They are undeveloped germs in which a finite form hides an infinite potentiality. And though, as life goes on, such hints may acquire more definiteness, yet the veil of human individuality is generally too dark to let us discover in what ways and in what measure the individual has become and is becoming one with his ideal. The imperfections of growth, and the limits of finite personality keep, so to speak, the human separated from the divine, till the idealising touch of death removes the division between them, and enables us to see in the man, our fellow, a new organ of the universal spirit of goodness. The revelation of the divine in the human is perhaps the highest use of sorrow, as it is the one thing which has plucked from many human hearts its bitterest sting.

EDWARD
CAIRD,
*The Evolution of
Religion*

LOVE'S PERFECT IMAGE

19
Aug.
Evening

Clothed with white robes.

WHERE thou hast touched, O wondrous Death !
Where thou hast come between,
Lo, there for ever perisheth
The common and the mean.

No little flaw or trivial speck
Doth any more appear,
And cannot from this time, to fleck
Love's perfect image clear.

Clear stands Love's perfect image now,
And shall do evermore ;
And we in awe and wonder bow
The glorified before.

ARCH-
BISHOP
TRENCH

THE TRIUMPH OF THE WISE

20
Aug.
Morning

Troubled on every side, yet not distressed.

THE triumph of the wise is no easy thing. Their lives are not light, but sorrowful. Yet they rejoice in their sorrow, not, to be sure, because it is mere experience, but because, for them, it becomes part of a strenuous whole of life. They wander and find their home even in wandering. They long, and attain through their very love of longing. Peace they find in triumphant warfare. Contentment they have most of all in endurance. Sovereignty they win in endless service. The eternal world contains Gethsemane.

JOSIAH
ROYCE

20
Aug.
Evening

*In the multitude of my thoughts within me Thy
comforts delight my soul.*

WHAT though the radiance which was once so
bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour

Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;

We will grieve not, rather find

Strength in what remains behind ;

In the primal sympathy

Which having been must ever be,

In the soothing thoughts that spring

Out of human suffering,

In the faith which looks through death,

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

21

Aug.
Morning

Possess ye your Souls.

MARCUS
AURELIUS
ANTON-
INUS

NEITHER in thy actions be sluggish nor in thy conversation without method, nor wandering in thy thoughts, nor let there be in thy soul inward contention nor external effusion, nor in life be so busy as to have no leisure.

THE SPIRIT OF PEACE

21
Aug.
Evening

*Came Jesus and stood in the midst, and said,
Peace be unto you.*

THE possession of such a secret involves no retirement from the world, no breaking of ties, no ecclesiastical exercises, no endeavour to penetrate obscure ideas. It is as simple as the sunlight and the air. It involves no protest, no phrase, no renunciation. Its protest will be an unconcerned example, its phrase will be a perfect sincerity of speech, its renunciation will be what it does, not what it abstains from doing. It will go or stay as the inner voice bids it. It will not attempt the impossible or the novel. Very clearly, from hour to hour, the path will be made plain, the weakness fortified, the sin purged away. It will judge no other life, it will seek no goal; it will sometimes strive and cry, it will sometimes rest; it will move as gently and simply in unison with the one Supreme Will as the tide moves beneath the moon, piled in the central deep with all its noises, flooding the mud-stained water-way where the ships ride together, or creeping softly upon the pale sands of some sequestered bay.

ARTHUR
CHRIS-
TOPHER
BENSON

22

Aug.
Morning

*Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King
and my God.*

THE face which duly as the sun
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With hourly love, is dimmed away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

The tongue which, like a stream, could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with "Good-day"
Make each day good, is hushed away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

The heart which, like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon,
The strongest on the longest day,
With steadfast love, is caught away—
And yet my days go on, go on.

Breath freezes on my lips to moan :
As one alone, once not alone,
I sit and knock at Nature's door,
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,
Whose desolated days go on.

I knock and cry—undone, undone !
Is there no help, no comfort—none ?
No gleaning in the wide wheat-plains
Where others drive their loaded wains ?
My vacant days go on, go on.

E. B.
BROWNING

They looked towards the wilderness, and behold the glory of God appeared in the cloud. Evening

A VOICE reproves me thereupon
More sweet than Nature's, when the drone
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep
Than when the rivers overleap
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

God's voice, not Nature's ! Night and noon
He sits upon the Great White Throne,
And listens for the creature's praise.
What babble we of days and days ?
The Day-spring He, whose days go on.

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear Him charge His saints that none
Among His creatures anywhere
Blasphe^me against Him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

For us,—whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done.
Grief may be joy misunderstood ;
Only the good discerns the good ;
I trust Thee while my days go on.

I praise Thee while my days go on ;
I love Thee while my days go on ;
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee, while my days go on.

E. B.
BROWNING

23
Aug.
Morning

*A tutto il regno piace
Com'allo re ch'in suo voler ne invoglia.*

TRULY "there remaineth a rest for the people of God"; a satisfying, soul-restoring fulness of rest of which some of us have begun to taste. Some of us know assuredly that nothing perishable is the habitation of our spirits. Some of us know what it is to be willingly brought into an order flowing perceptibly and perpetually from the one unchangeable will of God, in which alone can our own will be harmonised and made steadfast. Some of us are learning ever more and more fully to accept the Father's will because it is the will of the Father, entering more and more truly day by day into the spirit of sonship. To experience in our own hearts the harmonising, purifying, invigorating power of the Divine Will is to be at rest for ourselves and for others; not to be set free from suffering or to become indifferent to it, but to be undisturbed by it—to know that underneath all the agitations of the creatures are the everlasting arms; to receive strength to consent to whatever is ordained by that blessed will, and to resist whatever is opposed to it.

CAROLINE
EMELIA
STEPHEN

SECRET COMFORT

Then, face to face.

23
Aug.
Evening

IF it were but some little thing
Our Lord saw fit to take away,
A wound with but a slender sting,
A trouble lasting but a day,
A pang that could be cured ere long—
How could our human faith grow strong?

But when He takes our heart's desire
All in a moment's agony,
Our spirits pass within the fire,
And think that surely they must die ;
Yet walking in that fierce despair
Find they can trust Him even there.

Nor few are they who thus have seen,
Although with bitter weeping blind,
That never that dear Lord hath been
Before so tender or so kind ;
No sunny hours could ever prove,
As proves this night of storms, His love.

We know not how His comforts come,
We see no wondrous Form appear,
We feel no Hand—the world is dumb,
And yet we know He draweth near ;
And as He toucheth us—that hour
The agony has lost its power.

Nor ever, though our life be long,
And new delights should bring their aid,
Can we forget Who made us strong,
And bid us never be afraid ;
Who chose that dark and fearful place,
To let us see Him face to face.

J. E. A.
BROWN

24
Aug.
Morning

*Peace, peace, he is not dead, he doth not sleep,
He hath awakened from the dream of life.*

WALT
WHITMAN

PENSIVE and faltering
The words *the Dead* I write,
For living are the Dead,
(Haply the only living, only real,
And I the apparition, I the spectre).

24
Aug.
Evening

*Flee the shadow of this world, receive the
joyfulness of your glory.*

SLOWLY, slowly up the wall
Steals the sunshine, steals the shade ;
Evening damps begin to fall,
Evening shadows are displayed,
Round me, o'er me, everywhere,
All the sky is grand with clouds,
And athwart the evening air
Wheel the swallows home in crowds.
Shafts of sunshine from the west
Paint the dusky windows red ;
Darker shadows, deeper rest,
Underneath and overhead.
Darker, darker, and more wan,
In my breast the shadows fall ;
Upward steals the life of man,
As the sunshine from the wall.
From the wall into the sky,
From the roof along the spire ;
Ah, the souls of those that die
Are but sunbeams lifted higher.

H. W.
LONG-
FELLOW

OUR SISTER SORROW

25
Aug.
Morning

Behold we count them happy which endure.

DO not think of your woes as a punishment, but as a call from God, a call to go home to His peace. . . .

I say that after God there was never anything that is nobler than sorrow. For had there been anything nobler than sorrow, then surely the Father from heaven would have granted that nobler gift to His Son, Jesus Christ. But we find that, except for his humanity, there was nothing of which Christ had so much of as sorrow. . . . Yes, I say, too, that were there anything nobler than sorrow, then therewith would God have redeemed man, . . . therefore sorrow must be above all things.

MEISTER
ECKHART,
quoted in
*Studies
of Good
and Evil*

25
Aug.
Evening

*Nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable
fruit of righteousness.*

SOME, in their sorrow, may not know
How near their feet those waters glide—
How peaceful fruits for healing grow,
And flowers for beauty by their side.
They may not see, with weeping eyes
Upon the dreary desert bent,
How glorious straight before them lies
The Eden of their soul's content.

But, O my Saviour, I can see
For them, what once for me was seen ;
I know, whate'er their sufferings be,
The tender mercy which they mean.
I do not watch, with anxious care,
To see the end of their distress—
Thou knowest what the heart must bear,
The human heart which Thou wilt bless.

A. L.
WARING

26

Aug.
Morning

They may forget—yet will not I.

SURPRISED by joy—impatient as the wind
 I turned to share the transport—Oh ! with whom
 But thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
 That spot which no vicissitude can find ?
 Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind,—
 But how could I forget thee ?—Through what power,
 Even for the least division of an hour,
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
 To my most grievous loss ? That thought's return
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more ;
 That neither present time, nor years unborn
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

26
Aug.
Evening

And He shall give thee thy heart's desire.

ALL I am sure of heaven is this :
Howe'er the mode, I shall not miss
One true delight which I have known.
Not on the changeful earth alone
Shall loyalty remain unmoved
T'wards everything I ever lov'd.

So Heaven's voice calls, like Rachel's voice
To Jacob in the field, " Rejoice !
Serve on some seven more sordid years,
Too short for weariness or tears ;
Serve on ; then, O Beloved, well-tried,
Take me for ever as thy Bride ! "

COVENTRY
PATMORE

BEFORE SUNRISE

27

Aug.
Morning

When I awake I am present with Thee.

DAY hath her hours told out, her toil for all,
Her time of sunrise and of noon to keep ;
Her hour of setting, and of dusky calm,
Her nightfall fragrant with the breath of sleep.

The lark he keepeth his appointed time,
The linnet boasteth of her little span ;
Fluff owlets render up their shrill account,
And man hath seasons for his toil with man.

What is for God ? Are all His times bespoke ?
Remaineth none undedicate to earth ?
Are all impregnate with the dews of toil,
Hath Time forgotten in his 'age his birth ?

Abideth yet an hour, most still and grey,
Whose confines all are indeterminate ;
Nor to the sun nor stars pertaineth she,
But on the borders is content to wait.

One wing she poiseth on the lap of sleep,
One wing she reacheth to the bridegroom day ;
Work is of God, but prayer forerunneth work—
Even so, Father—let us pray !

Silence in Heaven for a space ; Amen !
The night shall certify, and the day tell—
But one hour halloweth, with a voiceless speech :
Even so, Father : it is well !

C. C.
FRASER-
TYTLER

AFTER SUNSET

27
Aug.
Evening

*I will that they also whom Thou hast given
Me be with Me where I am.*

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark !
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark ;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

ALFRED,
LORD
TENNYSON

28

Aug.
Morning

The spirit also helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what we should pray for as we ought.

WHEN hearts are full of yearning tenderness
 For the loved absent, whom we cannot reach
 By deed or token, gesture or kind speech,
 The spirit's true affection to express ;
 When hearts are full of innermost distress,
 And we are doomed to stand inactive by
 Watching the soul's or body's agony,
 Which human effort helps not to make less—
 Then like a cup capacious to contain
 The overflowings of the heart, is prayer ;
 The longing of the soul is satisfied,
 The keenest darts of anguish blunted are ;
 And though we have not ceased to yearn or grieve,
 Yet we have learned in patience to abide.

ARCH-
BISHOP
TRENCH

28
Aug.
Evening

If Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.

DOWN on the shadowed stream of time and tears,
Voice of new grief and grief of ancient years,
Sad as when first from loving lips 'twas sighed—
“Hadst Thou been here my brother had not died.”

Comfort us, Lord, who heardst poor Martha's plaint,
Heal the sore heart, uplift the spirit faint—
O Thou, the Peace that cometh after strife!
O Thou, the Resurrection and the Life!

Why didst Thou take the love we leaned on so?
We know not, but hereafter we shall know.
Speaks now our faith, through tears Thou wilt not chide,
“Most wert Thou here when our belovèd died.”

KATH-
ERINE
ELEANOR
CONWAY

THE FORGIVEN SOUL

29
Aug.
Morning

*When I said, My foot slippeth ; thy mercy,
O Lord, held me up.*

THIS is a sovereign friendship of our courteous Lord, that He keepeth us so tenderly while we be in sin ; and furthermore He toucheth us full privily and showeth us our sin by the sweet light of mercy and grace. But when we see ourself so foul, then ween we that God were wroth with us for our sin, and then are we stirred of the Holy Ghost by contrition unto prayer and desire for the amending of our life with all our mights, to slacken the wrath of God, unto the time we find a rest in soul and a softness in conscience. Then hope we that God hath forgiven our sins : and it is truth. And then sheweth our courteous Lord Himself to the soul—well-merrily and with glad cheer—with friendly welcoming as if it had been in pain and in prison, saying sweetly thus : *My darling, I am glad that thou art come to me : in all thy woe I have ever been with thee ; and now seest thou my loving, and we*

JULIAN,
the
Anchoress

be oned in bliss.

29
Aug.
Evening

I will mention the lovingkindness of the Lord.

A T cool of day, with God I walk
My garden's grateful shade ;
I hear His voice among the trees,
And I am not afraid.

He is my stay and my defence ;—
How shall I fail or fall ?
My helper is Omnipotence !
My ruler ruleth all.

The powers below and powers above
Are subject to His care ;—
I cannot wander from His love
Who loves me everywhere.

Thus dowered, and guarded thus, with Him
I walk this peaceful shade ;
I hear His voice among the trees,
And I am not afraid !

CAROLINE
ATHERTON
MASON

THE GATE OF TEARS

30
Aug.
Morning

Pray—without ceasing.

Che qui, per quei di la, molto s'avvanza.

NAY! I will pray for them until I go
To their far realm beyond the strait of death!
For, past the deeps and all the winds that blow,
Somewhere within God's silences I know

My yearning heart, my prayers with sobbing breath,
Will find and bring them gladness! Drear and slow
Would dawn my days, were they not followed so

With perfect love that never varieth!
Does the fond wife, when mists hide wave and lea,

Forget her fisher's safety to implore,
Till the lost bark that holds her joy in fee,

Blithe, through the billows, comes again to shore?—

Our vanished ones but sail a vaster sea,
And there, as here, God listens evermore.

EDNA
DEAN
PROCTOR

THE GATE OF TEARS

30
Aug.
Evening

Blessed are they that mourn.

FAR upon the farther side
Of the Gate of Tears
Lies a country calm and wide ;
There is peace at Eventide
Far upon the farther side
Of the Gate of Tears.

Never gale or tempest blows
Thro' the Gate of Tears ;
That autumnal valley knows
Neither nightingale nor rose ;
All the hills are crowned with snows
Where the snowdrop peers.

There a broken heart may rest
Free from hopes or fears,
Undesiring, undistressed ;
While the sunset in the west
Gilds the worst and greys the best,
Through the Gate of Tears.

A. MARY
F. ROBIN-
SON

31
Aug.
Morning

If there be kindness, meekness, and comfort in her tongue, then is not her husband like other men.

YOU fancy, perhaps, as you have been told so often, that a wife's rule should only be over her husband's house, not over his mind. Ah, no! the true rule is just the reverse of that; a true wife in her husband's house is his servant; it is in his heart that she is queen. Whatever of best he can conceive, it is her part to be; whatever of highest he can hope, it is hers to promise; all that is dark in him she must purge into purity; all that is failing in him she must strengthen into truth; from her, through all the world's clamour, he must win his praise; in her, through all the world's warfare, he must find his peace.

JOHN
RUSKIN

A CHARACTER

31
Aug.
Evening

*A silent and loving woman is a gift of
the Lord.*

SHE is a woman : one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own sweet will,
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie ;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh, and fair, and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES
RUSSELL
LOWELL

I
Sept.
Morning

A Prayer.

O MY God, unspeakable sweetness, turn for me into bitterness all carnal consolation which withdraws me from the love of things eternal. . . .

Behold : eating, drinking, clothing, and other necessities pertaining to the support of the body are burdensome to a fervent spirit.

Grant me to use such comforts with moderation, and not to be entangled with an excessive longing for them. It is not allowed us to cast them all away, for nature must be supported ; but thy holy law forbids to require superfluities, and such things as are for mere delight ; for otherwise the flesh would grow insolent against the spirit.

Imitation of Christ. Between these, I beseech thee, let thy hand govern and direct me, that nothing be done in excess.

PILGRIM WAYS

I
Sept.
Evening

*Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin
which doth so easily beset us.*

IN one form or another an ineradicable instinct has prompted Christians in all times to free themselves from luxurious and self-indulgent ways of living; to walk as disciples of Him who "had not where to lay His head"; to lay aside, not only every sin, but every weight, that so they may run the race set before them, not as beating the air, but as those that strive for the victory.

It is, indeed, not easy to define the precise kind or amount of luxury which is compatible with Christian simplicity; or rather, it must of necessity vary. But the principle is, I think, clear. In life, as in art, whatever does not help, hinders. All that is superfluous to the main object of life must be cleared away, if that object is to be fully attained. In all kinds of effort, whether moral, intellectual, or physical, the essential condition of vigour is a severe pruning away of redundance. Is it likely that the highest life, the life of the Christian body, can be carried on upon easier terms?

CAROLINE
EMELIA
STEPHEN

2

Sept.
Morning

*Wisdom hath builded her house—she hath
hewn out her seven pillars.*

LET a man, then, say, My house is here in the country, for the culture of the country ;—an eating-house and sleeping-house for travellers it shall be, but it shall be much more. I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behaviour, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price, in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles, and dine sparely and sleep hard, in order to behold. Certainly, let the board be spread and let the bed be dressed for the traveller ; but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things. Honour to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that there the intellect is awake and reads the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love, honour and courtesy flow into all deeds.

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

2
Sept.
Evening

Love, and do what thou wilt.

STERN daughter of the Voice of God !
 O Duty ! if that name thou love,
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove ;
 Thou, who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe ;
 From vain temptations dost set free ;
 And calmst the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them ; who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth :
 Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot ;
 Who do thy work, and know it not.

.
 Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;
 Yet seek Thy firm support, according to their need.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

THE ALL-SUFFICIENT LOVE

3
Sept.
Morning

*Come unto Me all ye that labour and are
heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*

WE have no tears Thou wilt not dry ;
We have no wounds Thou wilt not heal ;
No sorrows pierce our human hearts
That Thou, dear Saviour ! dost not feel.

Thy pity, like the dew, distils ;
And Thy compassion, like the light,
Our every morning overfills,
And crowns with stars our every night.

Let not the world's rude conflict drown
The charmed music of Thy voice,
That calls the weary ones to rest
And bids all mourning souls rejoice.

H. M.
KIMBALL

THE ALL-SUFFICIENT LOVE

3
Sept.
Evening

In the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice.

THE SINGING HEART.

THOU Heart! why dost thou lift thy voice?
The birds are mute; the skies are dark;
Nor doth a living thing rejoice;
Nor doth a living creature hark;
Yet thou art singing in the dark.

How small thou art; how poor and frail;
Thy prime is past; thy friends are chill;
Yet as thou hadst not any ail
Throughout the storm thou livest still
A praise the winter cannot chill.

Then sang that happy Heart reply:
"God lives, God loves, and hears me sing;
How warm, how safe, how glad am I,
In shelter 'neath His spreading wing,
And then I cannot choose but sing."

DANSKE
CAROLINA
DANDRIDGE

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

4
Sept.
Morning

*Be not afraid, neither doubt, for God is
your guide.*

THOU as yet standest in no Temple ; joinest in no Psalm-worship ; feelest well that, where there is no ministering Priest, the people perish ? Be of good comfort ! Thou art not alone, if thou have Faith. Spake we not of a communion of Saints, unseen, yet not unreal, accompanying and brother-like embracing thee, so thou be worthy ? Their heroic sufferings rise up melodiously together to Heaven, out of all lands, and out of all times, as a sacred *Miserere* ; their heroic actions also, as a boundless everlasting song of Triumph. Neither say that thou hast now no Symbol of the Godlike. Is not God's Universe a Symbol of the Godlike ; is not Immensity a Temple ; is not Man's History, and Men's History, a perpetual Evangel ? Listen, and for organ music thou wilt ever, as of old, hear the Morning Stars sing together.

THOMAS
CARLYLE

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

4
Sept.
Evening

I will write upon him my new name.

THOU art gone away from earth,
And place with those doth claim,
The children of the Second Birth,
Whom the world could not tame.

And with that small transfigured band,
Whom many a different way
Conducted to their common land,
Thou learnst to think as they.

Christian and Pagan, King and Slave,
Soldier and Anchorite,
Distinctions we esteem so grave
Are nothing in thy sight.

They do not ask, who pined unseen,
Who was on action hurled,
Whose one bond is, that all have been
Unspotted from the world.

MATTHEW
ARNOLD



5
Sept.
Morning

*I can do all things through Christ which
strengtheneth me.*

POWER, that is the great practical matter for us men, once our faces are set towards the light ; and in the life in Christ the way of power is marked out. Everywhere, all over the world, in its darkest places, as a man follows the light he sees, the power comes, and more light comes, and power grows anew, divine power flowing in upon him and through him, whether he knows it or not. But in the Christian faith we are given an open vision of the way of power, as well as of the light and truth of men ; open-eyed we may yield to Christ being made Man in us,—the Christ who ever comes to enlarge the realm of His incarnation ; and we may possess and wield His power as our own, reason giving consent, heart warmed by the vision and the presence of Him who reigns. In this, too, Christianity stands at the centre of things, and fulfils and completes them all.

WILLIAM
SCOTT
PALMER

5
Sept.
Evening

*Be of good courage, and He shall strengthen
your heart, all ye that hope in the Lord.*

BE you still, be you still, trembling heart ;
Remember the wisdom out of the old days.
He who trembles before the flame and the flood,
And the winds that blow through the starry ways
Let the starry winds and the flame and the flood
Cover over and hide, for he hath no part
With the proud, majestic multitude.

W. B.
YEATS

6
Sept.
Morning

My soul thirsteth for Thee.

WITH Thee a moment ! Then what dreams have
play !

Traditions of eternal toil arise,
Search for the high, austere, and lonely way
The Spirit moves in through Eternities.
Ah, in the soul what memories arise !

And with what yearning inexpressible,
Rising from long forgetfulness, I turn
To Thee invisible, unrumoured, still :
White for Thy whiteness all desires burn.

“ A. E.” Ah, with what longing once again I turn.

6
Sept.
Evening

With His stripes we are healed.

JESUS, was ever Love like Thine,
So strong and permanent and pure !
Strange Mystery this of Love Divine,
That Stripes should heal, and Death should cure.

How costly was the medicine, Lord,
The medicine which Thy wounds supplied !
That I might live, to Health restored,
My Lamb, my good Physician died.

My God, my All, O Christ, Thou art,
On Thee for every good I call,
Thy Death shall Life and Strength impart ;
Oh Christ, Thou art my God, my All.

CHARLES
WESLEY

7
Sept.
Morning

My soul is continually in my hand.

EXAMINE yourself often, at least night and morning, as to whether your soul is “in your hand” ; or whether it has been wrested thence by any passionate or anxious emotion. See whether your soul is fully under control, or whether it has not in any wise escaped from beneath your hand, to plunge into some unruly love, hate, envy, fear, vexation, or joy. And if it has so strayed, before all else seek it out, and quietly bring it back to the Presence of God, once more placing all your hopes and affections under the direction of His Holy Will. Just as one who fears to lose some precious possession holds it tight in his hand, so, like King David, we ought to be able to say, My soul is always in my hand, and therefore I do not forget Thy Law.

ST. FRAN-
CIS DE
SALES

7
Sept.
Evening

Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.

ERE another step I take
In my wilful wandering way,
Still I have a choice to make—
Shall I alter while I may?

Patient love is waiting still
In my Saviour's heart for me :
Love to bend my froward will,
Love to make me really free.

Far from Him, what can I gain ?
Want and shame and bondage vile—
Better far to bear the pain
Of His yoke a little while.

In His paths what could I lack ?
God's own hand my cup would fill ;
Hark ! my Saviour calls me back—
Shall I turn with all my will ?

Still His wisdom I may get,
Learn to labour while I pray :
Striving till my feet be set
Firmly in the narrow way.

A. L.
WARING

SONG WORSHIP

8

Sept.
Morning

*With trumpets and sound of cornet make a
joyful noise before the Lord, the King.*

INFINITE CANON AT TOLEDO.

I WOULD this solemn singing
Might never cease again,
This melody swinging, ringing,
Might never reach Amen ;
So wrapt in contemplation
With hearts that never tire,
We still might keep our station
In this immortal choir.

Outside, the breathless burning
Of late September's heat,
The sun that stands at turning
Blinds all the whitewashed street ;
But these deep-shadowed arches
No noonday glare assaults,
No fierce Solano pierces
The coolness of these vaults.

Exunge Deus aures,
O Lord our ears anoint,
That we may know Thy glories.
And still this counterpoint :
Handel, Mozart, Beethoven,
Born in what master brain,
Joined, cloven, interwoven,
Repeats the great refrain.

J. MEADE
FALKNER

*The Lord was ready to save me. Therefore
we will sing my songs all the days of our life in
the House of the Lord.*

NO errant sunbeam reaches
My carven walnut stall,
Only the scent of peaches
Ripe on the cloister wall;
Only the voice of Tagus
Deep in his bed below,
Gigantic arch-choragus,
Holds pedal-point in Do.

Quem gladius pertransivit,
The salcionali complain;
Redemptor meus vivit,
The tuba cries amain;
But under all the singing
And over, still I hear
That melody swinging, ringing,
Subdued, divinely clear.

Ad Resurrectionem,
Lord shield us with Thy strength;
Per augmentationem,
The theme in double length;
Transcending, strict, unbending,
It reigns supreme alone,
This melody never ending,
Full canon four in one.

J. MEADE
FALKNER

9
Sept.
Morning

*For we can do nothing against the truth,
but for the truth.*

TILLOT-
SON'S
*Funeral
Sermon
over
Benjamin
Which-
cote, 1683*

STUDIOUS and inquisitive men commonly at such an age (at forty or fifty at the utmost) have fixed and settled their judgments in most points, and, as it were, made their *last understanding*, supposing they have thought, or read, or heard what can be said on all sides of things, and after that they grow positive and impatient of contradiction, thinking it a disparagement to them to alter their judgment. But our deceased friend was so wise as to be willing to learn to the last; knowing that no man can grow wiser without some change of his mind, without gaining some knowledge which he had not, or correcting some error which he had before.

9
Sept.
Evening

*I have yet many things to say unto you,
but ye cannot bear them now.*

THE fact that a revelation is progressive is no argument that it is not Divine; it is, in fact, only when the free current of the religious life is dammed up that it turns into a swamp, and poisons human society.

Of course, we must be ready to admit with all humility that *our* notions of God are probably unworthy and distorted enough; but that is no reason why we should not follow the light that we have, or mistrust it on the ground that it is "too *good* to be true."

WILLIAM
RALPH
INGE

SERVICE

10
Sept.
Morning

Yet no one is indeed richer than such a man, none more powerful, none more free : who knows how to leave himself and all things and to put himself in the lowest place.

PHILLIPS
BROOKS,
*The more
abundant
Life*

HE who will in any degree become a Saviour must see other men go up to the feast while he lingers behind; must wait until his hour comes; must be, among the men that he would save, "as one that serveth"; must gird himself and wash the feet of those whose souls he wants to save. Thank God the lesson has been an easy one for multitudes of men and women to learn since it was written in the Face of Christ! Thousands have leaped, as to the gospel for which their lives were thirsty, to the great truth which they read there—that the exaltation of nature, while it means freedom of soul, means restraint of action; and so they have taken up the bounded and limited life which lay before them, as the symbol and witness that they had entered by the new birth into the full liberty of Christ.

SERVICE

10
Sept.
Evening

The servant is not greater than his Lord.

ALL the winter-time the wine gives joy
To those who else were dismal in the cold ;
But the vine standeth out amid the frost ;
And after all, hath only this grace left,
That it endures in long, lone steadfastness
The winter through :—and next year blooms again ;
Not bitter for the torment undergone,
Not barren for the fulness yielded up ;
As fair and fruitful towards the sacrifice
As if no touch had ever come to it
But the soft airs of heaven and dews of earth ;—
And so fulfils itself in love once more.

HARRIET
ELEANOR
HAMILTON
KING

SACRIFICE

II
Sept.
Morning

In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen.

“UNLESS above himself he can erect himself, how mean a thing is man.” He that sets himself with his whole heart on this task, will find at some stage or other of the work, that, like Abraham, he has to offer up his first-born, his dearest possession, his “ruling love”, whatever that may be. He must actually lift the knife,—not so much to prove his sincerity to God as to himself; for no man who has not thus won assurance of himself can advance surely. But he will find that he has killed a ram, and that his first-born is safe, and exalted by this offering to be the father of a great nation; and he will understand why God called the place in which this sacrifice was offered “The Land of Vision.”

COVENTRY
PATMORE

SACRIFICE

II
Sept.
Evening

A land that I will shew thee.

TO refuse sacrifice is to refuse the love that is one aspect of God's being. Love lays down its life unceasingly, but so it transcends time, and conquers death. It is the fulfilling of the law, but its necessity is perfect freedom. And it dies to the finite self; but it has found the universal self, and life eternal.

MAY
KENDALL

12
Sept.
Morning

*Choose a secret place for thyself—Love to dwell
with thyself alone.*

MARCUS
AURELIUS
ANTON-
INUS

THIS, then, remains: Remember to retire into this little territory of thy own, and above all do not distract or strain thyself, but be free, and look at things as a man, as a human being, as a citizen, as a mortal. But among the things readiest to thy hand to which thou shalt turn, let there be these, which are two. One is that things do not touch the soul, for they are external and remain immovable; but our perturbations come only from the opinion which is within. The other is that all these things which thou seest change immediately and will no longer be; and constantly bear in mind how many of these changes thou hast already witnessed. The universe is transformation: life is opinion.

12
Sept.
Evening

The light which is in thee.

SET where the upper streams of Simois flow
Was the Palladium, high 'mid rock and wood ;
And Hector was in Ilium, far below,
And fought, and saw it not—but there it stood !

It stood, and sun and moonshine rained their light
On the pure columns of its glen-built hall ;
Backward and forward roll'd the waves of fight
Round Troy—but while this stood Troy could not fall.

So, in its lovely moonlight, lives the soul :
Mountains surround it, and sweet virgin air ;
Cold plashing, past it, crystal waters roll ;
We visit it by moments, ah, too rare !

Men will renew the battle in the plain
To-morrow ;—red with blood will Xanthus be ;
Hector and Ajax will be there again,
Helen will come upon the wall to see.

Then shall we rust in shade, or shine in strife,
And fluctuate 'twixt blind hopes and blind despairs,
And fancy that we put forth all our life,
And never know how with the soul it fares.

Still doth the soul, from its lone fastness high,
Upon our life a ruling effluence send ;
And when it fails, fight as we will, we die,
And while it lasts, we cannot wholly end.

MATTHEW
ARNOLD

13
Sept.
Morning

*My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning,
O Lord.*

THE BIRD

HITHER thou com'st. The busie wind all night
Blew through thy lodging, where thy own warm
wing

Thy pillow was. Many a sullen storm,
For which coarse man seems much the fitter born,
Rained on thy béd
And harmless head ;

And now as fresh and chearful as the light
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing
Unto that Providence, whose unseen arm
Curb'd them, and cloath'd thee well and warm.
All things that be praise Him ; and had
Their lesson taught them when first made.

Thus Praise and Prayer here beneath the sun
Make lesser mornings when the great are done.

For each inclosèd spirit is a star
Inlightning its own little sphere,
Whose light, though fetcht and borrowed from afar,
Both mornings makes and evenings there.

HENRY
VAUGHAN

13
Sept.
Evening

*There shall be no night there, and they need no
candle, for the Lord God giveth them light.*

LIGHTING THE LAMPS.

MEET is the gift we offer here to Thee,
Father of all, as falls the dewy night ;
Thine own most precious gift we bring—the light
Whereby mankind Thy other bounties see.

Thou art the Light indeed ; on our dull eyes
And on our inmost souls Thy rays are poured ;
To Thee we light our lamps : receive them, Lord,
Filled with the oil of peace and sacrifice.

AURELIUS
PRU-
DENTIUS
CLEMENS,
trans. by
R. Martin
Pope

14
Sept.
Morning

Ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things.

TO realise clearly the often comparatively loose relation between faith and its intellectual expression; to understand that a language derived from, and primarily adapted to, the visible world can never be adequate to the utterance of the invisible, is to have delivered one's soul from a whole brood of idle fears and fancies, and to have risen above the storm-level to a region of untroubled serenity. *Non in dialectica*, says Ambrose, "It is not through disputation that God has chosen to save His people"; it is not through theologians nor by theological methods, though these have their due place, but by the Holy Spirit, by the Spirit of Holiness working in His saints and servants, that He has promised to lead His Church into all truth.

FATHER
TYRRELL

14
Sept.
Evening

I am the Lord which leadeth thee.

I N Heavenly Love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear ;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed ?

Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back ;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,—
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen ;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where the dark clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Saviour has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

A. L.
WARING

DOING THE WILL

15
Sept.
Morning

Hereunto were ye called.

IT is a hard thing to be in the world, and not of it ;
to be outwardly much like other people, and yet to
be cherishing an ideal which extends over the whole of
life and beyond ; to have a natural love for every one,
especially for the poor, and to get rid, not of wit and
humour, but of frivolity or excitement—to live selfless
according to the will of God, and not after the fashion
and opinion of men and women.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

15
Sept.
Evening

*Unto the upright there ariseth light in the
darkness.*

THOUGH all great deeds were proved but fables fine,
Though earth's old story could be told anew,
Though the sweet fashions loved of them that sue
Were empty as the ruined Delphian shrine—
Though God did never man, in words benign
With sense of His great Fatherhood endue,
Though life immortal were a dream untrue,
And He that promised it were not divine—
Though soul, though spirit were not, and all hope
Reaching beyond the bourne, melted away ;
Though virtue had no goal and good no scope,
But both were doomed to end with this our clay—
Though all these were not,—to the ungraced heir
Would this remain,—to live as though they were.

JEAN
INGELOW

16
Sept.
Morning

*Great peace have they that love Thy law,
and nothing shall offend them.*

“ALL the various peoples”, says Hegel, “feel that it is in the religious consciousness that they possess truth, and they have always regarded religion as constituting their true dignity and the Sabbath of their life. Whatever awakens in us doubt and fear, all sorrow, all care, all the limited interests of finite life, we leave behind us on the shores of time; and as, from the highest peak of a mountain, far away from all definite view of what is earthly, we look down calmly upon all the limitations of the landscape and of the world, so, with the spiritual eyes, man, lifted out of the hard realities of this actual world, contemplates it as something having only the semblance of existence, which, seen from this pure region, bathed in the beams of the spiritual sun, merely reflects back its shades of colour, its varied tints and lights, softened away into eternal rest. In this region of spirit flow the streams of forgetfulness from which Psyche drinks, and in which she drowns all sorrow, while the dark things of this life are softened away into a dream-like vision, and become transfigured until they are a mere framework for the brightness of the Eternal.”

HEGEL,
quoted in
The
Pathway
to Reality,
Richard
Burdon
Haldane

16
Sept.
Evening

*The Lord is the strength of my life ; of
whom shall I be afraid ?*

ALL things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed,—

All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command ;
And still outflows Thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

O little heart of mine ! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own ?

F. W.
FABER

17
Sept.
Morning

*It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth
Him good.*

THE one secret of life and development is not to desire and plan, but to fall in with the forces at work—to do every moment's duty aright—that being the part in the process allotted to us ; and let come—not what will, for there is no such thing—but what the eternal Thought wills for each of us, has intended for each of us from the first. If men would but believe that they are in process of creation, and consent to be made—let the maker handle them as the potter his clay, yielding themselves in respondent motion and submissive hopeful action with the turning of the wheel, they would ere long find themselves able to welcome every pressure of that hand upon them, even when it was felt in pain, and sometimes not only to believe but to recognise the divine end in view, the bringing of a son into glory.

GEORGE
MAC
DONALD

ACQUIESCENCE

17
Sept.
Evening

*And as many as walk according to this rule,
peace be on them, and mercy.*

THE day becomes more solemn and serene
When noon is past : there is a harmony
In autumn, and a lustre in its sky,
Which thro' the summer is not heard or seen,
As if it could not be, as if it had not been !
Thus let thy power, which like the truth
Of nature on my passive youth
Descended, to my onward life supply
Its calm, to one who worships thee
And every form containing thee,
Whom, SPIRIT fair, thy spells did bind
To fear himself and love all human kind.

PERCY
BYSSHE
SHELLEY

18
Sept.
Morning

In returning and in rest shall ye be saved.

WHEREFORE it fell out that in the autumn-tide, when the stubble is brown in the fields and the apple red on the bough; on the last day of the week, when the toil comes to an end; in the last light of the day, when the smoke curls up from the roof, they won their long sea-way home. . . .

“In all the great sea of ocean,” said Serapion, when he had told the story of their wandering, “no such Earthly Paradise have we seen as this dear Abbey of our own!”

“Dear brethren,” said the Abbot, “the seven years of your seeking have not been wasted if you have truly learned so much. Far from home I have never gone, but many things have come to me. To be ever, and to be tranquilly, and to be joyously, and to be strenuously, and to be thankfully and humbly at one with the blessed will of God—that is the Heavenly Paradise; and each of us, by God’s grace, may have that within him. And whoso hath within him the Heavenly Paradise hath here and now, and at all times and in every place, the true Earthly Paradise round about him.

WILLIAM
CANTON

18
Sept.
Evening

*Yet doth God devise means that His banished
be not expelled from Him.*

OUR natural Will is to have God, and the Good
Will of God is to have us; and we may never
cease from willing nor from longing till we have Him in
fulness of joy: and then we may no more desire.

JULIAN,
the
Anchoress

19
Sept.
Morning

*Eternity is the simultaneous and complete
possession of infinite life.*

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

IN stripping Time of its illusions, in seeking to find what is the heart of the day, we come to the quality of the moment, and drop the duration altogether. It is the depth at which we live, and not at all the surface extension, that imports. We pierce to the Eternity, of which time is the flitting surface; and really, the least acceleration of thought, and the least increase of power of thought, make life to seem and to be of vast duration. We call it Time; but when that acceleration and that deepening take effect, it acquires another and a higher name.

19
Sept.
Evening

*A thousand years in Thy sight are but as
yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in
the night.*

THE immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-side
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the Heavens,
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—
Were all like workings of one mind, the features
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree :
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

20
Sept.
Morning

*What I do thou knowest not now, but thou
shalt know hereafter.*

THIS is faith's answer to all the ruin and haggard contradiction of outward fact. Reality is not what we see: reality is what God sees. What a thing is in His sight and to His purpose, that it really is and that it shall ultimately appear to men's eyes. To make us believe this is the greatest service the Divine can do for the human. It was the service Christ was always doing. . . . He took us men and He called us, unworthy as we were, His brethren, the sons of God. He took such an one as Simon, shifting and unstable, a quicksand of a man, and He said, *On this rock I will build My Church*. A man's reality is not what he is to the world's eyes; but what he is to God's love, to God's yearning, and in God's plan. If he believe that, so in the end shall he feel it, so in the end shall he show it to the eyes of the world.

GEORGE
ADAM
SMITH

20
Sept.
Evening

Savoir, c'est pardonner.

A MYRIAD worlds encompass ours ;
A myriad souls our souls enclose ;
And each, its sins and woes and powers,
The Lord He sees, the Lord He knows,
And from the Infinite Knowledge flowers
The Infinite Pity's fadeless rose.

Lighten our darkness, Lord, most wise ;
All-seeing One, give us to see ;
Our judgments are profanities,
Our ignorance is cruelty ;
While Thou, knowing all, dost not despise
To pardon even such things as we.

SUSAN
COOLIDGE

21
Sept.
Morning

*Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must
be born again.*

O BEDIENCE to law, and acts of worship arising out of fear of penalty, are merely hiding from God among the trees of the garden. Even obedience from duty can never be a satisfactory or final state; it is merely educational, to make manifest defect of life. "I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived and I died." When the glory of the Lord has filled all the courts of His temple, man's outward nature becomes reconstituted, not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless or indissoluble life. The tree of knowledge becomes one with the tree of life which is in the midst of the city, and on both sides of the river of life, proceeding from the throne of God and of the Lamb.

J. W.
FAR-
QUHAR

Alive unto God.

21

Sept.

Evening

I WAS quick in the flesh, was warm, and the live
heart shook my breast ;
In the market I bought and sold, in the temple I
bowed my head.

I had swathed me in shows and forms, and was honoured
above the rest,

For the sake of the life I lived ; nor did any esteem
me dead.

But at last, when the hour was ripe—was it sudden-
remembered word ?

Was it sight of a bird that mounted, or sound of a
strain that stole ?—

I was 'ware of a spell that snapped, of an inward strength
that stirred,

Of a Presence that filled that place ; and it shone, and
I knew my soul.

And the dream I had called my life was a garment about
my feet,

For the web of the years was rent with the throe of a
yearning strong,

With a sweep as of winds in heaven, with a rush as of
flames that meet,

The Flesh and the Spirit clasped ; and I cried, " Was
I dead so long ? "

I had glimpse of the Secret, flashed through the symbol
obscure and mean,

And I felt as a fire what erst I repeated with lips of clay ;
And I knew for the things eternal the things eye hath
not seen ;

Yea, the heavens and the earth shall pass, but they
never shall pass away.

HELEN
GRAY
CONE

22

Sept.
Morning

*I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the
ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee.*

SO long as a man receives his Christianity on the authority of a church or a book—so long as it has not commended itself to his higher reason and moral sense, or reached his inner consciousness—he has no real hold of Christianity, he is believing only in his church or his book. There may be the most absolute belief in the infallibility of a Church or in the inspiration of the Bible, along with the most absolute unbelief in the doctrine taught by them, because the truth of the doctrine may be altogether undiscerned. . . . The Bible presents to our spiritual capacities their proper objects—the character of God, His relation to men, and His purposes towards them—and we then only receive the blessing which God intends for us in giving it to us when we apprehend those great things of which it speaks, and discern their eternal necessary truth ; in other words, when our spirit actually meets God and we find that He is indeed a Father.

THOMAS
ERSKINE
OF LIN-
LATHEN

22
Sept.
Evening

*So will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver
them out of all places where they have been
scattered in the cloudy and dark day.*

BOWING thyself in dust before a Book
And thinking the great God is thine alone,
O rash iconoclast, thou wilt not brook
What gods the heathen carves in wood and stone,
As if the Shepherd, who from outer cold
Leads all His shivering lambs to one sure fold,
Were careful for the fashion of His crook.

There is no broken reed so poor and base,
No rush, the bending tilt of swamp-fly blue,
But He therewith the ravening wolf can chase,
And guide His flock to springs and pastures new ;
Through ways unlooked for, and through many lands,
Far from the rich folds built with human hands,
The gracious footprints of His love I trace.

JAMES
RUSSELL
LOWELL

23
Sept.
Morning

The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand.

THIS mighty ideal has many aspects. It has been typified as the pearl of great price, for which all other possessions may well be sacrificed: in germ it is as leaven, or as growing seed. It will come sooner than is expected, though for a time longer there must be tares among the wheat: for a time longer there shall be first and last, and a striving to be greatest, and a laying up of earthly treasure, and wars and divisions; but only for a time,—the spirit of service is growing, and the childlike spirit will overcome.

SIR
OLIVER
LODGE

“Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.”

23
Sept.
Evening

The Kingdom of God is . . . Peace.

WE say that repose has fled
For ever the course of the river of Time ;
That cities will crowd to its edge
In a blacker incessanter line ;
That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream,
Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead.
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed.

Haply, the river of Time—
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider statelier stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

MATTHEW
ARNOLD

24
Sept.
Morning

*Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord?
He that hath clean hands and a pure heart, who
hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity.*

NO divine teacher would ever bid him sell all his goods and give to the poor, for it would be no sacrifice. He sits as loose among his great possessions as if he were a pilgrim with only a begging bowl to his credit. . . . Do you remember the story of the Italian poet's mistress, sitting at some fête in beautiful clothes, when a scaffolding broke and she was crushed to death? And then they found that beneath her silken robe she had worn sackcloth. The world pictures Carey with his power and his wealth, and notes only the purple and fine linen, but few can penetrate to that inner austerity which looks upon such things as degrees of the infinitely small. He is, if you like, a practical mystic—an iron hand to change the fate of nations, and all the while a soul lit by its own immortal dreams. . . . While he lives we, who are his friends, can never sink altogether into the commonplace. And when he dies we can write over him that most tremendous of all epitaphs—"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

JOHN
BUCHAN

24
Sept.
Evening

As having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

I PITIED one whose tattered dress
Was patched, and stained with dust and rain ;
He smiled on me ; I could not guess
The viewless spirit's wide domain.

He said, " The royal robe I wear
Trails all along the fields of light :
Its silent blue and silver bear
For gems the starry dust of night.

The breath of Joy unceasingly
Waves to and fro its folds starlit,
And far beyond earth's misery
I live and breathe the joy of it."

" A. E."

A RIPENING FAITH

25
Sept.
Morning

You shall find rest unto your souls.

(As we grow older)

WE no longer wish to control events, but to understand and co-operate with the Power which controls them. Petition forms a smaller and smaller part of our prayers. We know Christ less and less after the flesh. God ceases to be an object, and becomes an atmosphere. Our creed is simplified and intensified. There are a few fundamental religious facts of which we are quite sure, because we have experienced them. And among these facts is the power and vitality and intimacy of that spiritual presence, in ourselves and the world, which St. Paul called Christ. The Christ of experience is at once our moral ideal and the power which transforms us according to that ideal. He draws us to Himself. The normal development of religion culminates in that experience of complete harmony with a loving and wise spiritual Power which St. Paul expresses in the simple words: "For me to live is Christ."

WILLIAM
RALPH
INGE

25
Sept.
Evening

*We remove ourselves from God only by removing
ourselves from love.*

I N thy old scorned formalities
And creeds, God looks thee in the eyes !
Wherefore believe again thine ancient lore,
For whatsoever Reason doth devise,
Her fiery wings and fire-cloud cars to soar,
They truly gain the living height,
Because as their most proper freight
They carry love, the infinite
Of man, up to the rapturous site
Of love, the infinite in nature spread.
Shall forms in nature always play at sleight
With forms in man, that nature's chief and head ?
Nay, God is an authority,
We deem, in nature ; let Him be
Authority in us, that we
Hold this for certainty, that He
Yields up Himself to all our grasps of thought—
Our little nets cast in the shoreless sea,
Our dartles launched in skilled or skillless sort,
Our reason in its many modes,
Its paths lead to the star abodes,
To love's true ending, which is God's.

RICHARD
WATSON
DIXON

26
Sept.
Morning

*Strive for the truth unto death, and the Lord
shall fight for thee.*

ABOVE all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness,—yes, there . . . attack it, I say ; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives ; but smite, smite, in the name of God ! The Highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee ; still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with His *unspoken* voice, awfuller than any Sinai thunders, or syllabled speech of Whirlwinds ; for the SILENCE of deep Eternities, of Worlds from beyond the morning-stars, does it not speak to thee ? The unborn Ages ; the old Graves, with their long-mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it now all dry—do not these speak to thee what ear hath not heard ? The deep Death-kingdoms, the Stars in their never-resting courses, all Space and all Time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called To-day. For the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.

THOMAS
CARLYLE

THE WISE ICONOCLAST

26
Sept.
Evening

A cloud received Him out of their sight.

N O God, no Truth, receive it ne'er,—
Believe it ne'er—O Man !
But turn not then to seek again
What first the ill began ;
No God, it saith ; ah, wait in faith
God's self-completing plan ;
Receive it not, but leave it not,
And wait it out, O Man !

“ The Man that went the cloud within
Is gone and vanished quite ;
He cometh not,” the people cries,
“ Nor bringeth God to sight :
Lo, these thy gods that safety give,
Adore and keep the feast ! ”
Deluding and deluded cries
The Prophet's brother-Priest ;
And Israel all bows down to fall
Before the gilded beast.

Devout, indeed ! That priestly creed,
O Man, reject as sin ;
The clouded hill attend thou still,
And him that went therein
He yet shall bring some worthy thing
For waiting souls to see ;
Some sacred word that he hath heard
Their light and life shall be ;
Some lofty part, than which the heart
Adopt no nobler can,
Thou shalt receive, thou shalt believe,
And thou shalt do, O Man !

ARTHUR
HUGH
CLOUGH

27
Sept.
Morning

*Whoso is wise and will observe these things,
even they shall understand the lovingkindness of
the Lord.*

GOD in His heart made Autumn for the young ;
That they might learn to accept the approach
of age

In golden woods and starry saxifrage,
And valleys all with azure mists o'erhung.

For over Death a radiant veil He flung,
That thus the inevitable heritage
Might come revealed in beauty, and assuage
The dread with which the heart in youth is wrung.

And for the consolation of the old
He made the delicate, swift, tumultuous Spring ;
That every year they might again behold
The image of their youth in everything,

A. M. F. And bless the fruit-trees flowering in the cold
ROBINSON Whose harvest is not for their gathering.

27
Sept.
Evening

*Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms,
God ordered motion but ordained no rest.*

O UR days are few and full of strife ;
Like leaves our pleasures fade and fall ;
But 'Thou who art the all in all,
Thy name is Love, and love is life !

We walk in sleep and think we see ;
Our little lives are clothed in dreams ;
For that to us which substance seems
Is shadow, 'twixt ourselves and 'Thee.

We are immortal now and here ;
Chances and changes, night and day,
Are landmarks in the eternal way ;
Our fear is all we have to fear.

Our lives are dewdrops in Thy sun ;
Thou breakest them, and lo ! we see
A thousand gracious shapes of Thee,—
A thousand shapes instead of one.

ALICE
CARY

28
Sept.
Morning

Perder tempo, a chi più sa, più spiace.

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days,
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
And marching single in an endless file,
Bring diadems and faggots in their hands.
To each they offer gifts after his will,
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

28
Sept.
Evening

*Herein is my Father glorified, that ye
bear much fruit.*

O H that I were an Orenge-tree,
That busie plant !
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for Him that dressèd me.

GEORGE
HERBERT

29
Sept.
Morning

*As the golden pillars are upon the sockets of
silver, so are the fair feet with a constant heart.*

SHE was a woman of a steady mind,
Tender and deep in her excess of love ;
Not speaking much, pleased rather with the joy
Of her own thoughts : by some especial care
Her temper had been framed, as if to make
A Being who, by adding love to peace,
Might live on earth a life of happiness.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

29
Sept.
Evening

*Counsel, and a tongue, and eyes, ears, and a
heart gave He them to understand.*

IT is in the blunt hand and the dead heart, in the diseased habit, in the hardened conscience, that men become vulgar; they are for ever vulgar precisely in proportion as they are incapable of sympathy—of quick understanding,—of all that, in deep insistence on the common, but most accurate term, may be called the “tact” or “touch-faculty,” of body and soul: that tact which the Mimosa has in trees, which the pure woman has above all creatures;—fineness and fulness of sensation, beyond reason;—the guide and sanctifier of reason itself. Reason can but determine what is true:—it is the God-given passion of humanity which alone can recognise what God has made good.

JOHN
RUSKIN

A SHEPHERD

30
Sept.
Morning

*Now will I sing unto my well-beloved
a song of my Beloved.*

BENEATH the beechen shade
The golden sunbeam strayed
In sleep, my flock slept round me, all was still;
When from afar I caught
A flute's clear note, methought
Some shepherd bids me to a contest of sweet skill.

It ceased, and at its close
A Voice in song arose,
So sword-like sweet, it seemed to cleave the thin
Warm air, and still, with soft
Delay, to question oft,
And still to woo, and evermore to win.

This was no ancient tale
Of flying nymph, or bold
Free hunter, this no old
Fond funereal wail
For Youth slow fading by a fountain's side
And yet a high lament
Through all its changes went,
It told of One that loved, it told of One that died.

It told of rude disgrace,
And of an anguish'd face
It told, methought; and of a wounded Friend.
Of pain it told, and shame;
Of love that overcame
Through simple skill of loving to the end.

DORA
GREEN-
WELL

30
Sept.
Evening

The Lord is my Shepherd.

TAKE, Shepherd, take thy prize,
For who like thee can sing?
No fleece of mingled dyes,
No apples fair, I bring;
No smooth two-handled bowl,
Wrought with the clasping vine—
Take, take my heart and soul,
My songs, for they are thine!

Oh, sing thy song again,
And these of mine may pass
As quick as summer rain
Dries on the thirsty grass.
Thou wouldst not do me wrong,
Thou wilt not silent be;
Thy one, thy only song,
Dear Shepherd, teach to me!

DORA
GREEN-
WELL

I
Oct.
Morning

Prayers.

*From the
Liturgy
of the
Armenian
Jacobites*

REMEMBER, O Lord, those who have asked remembrance in our prayers. Give rest to them that have fallen asleep before us, and heal them that are sick ; for Thou art the life, and the hope, and the raiser up of us all ; that so we may send up thanksgiving into highest Heaven, world without end, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

*From the
Liturgy
of St.*

GREGORY
of Armenia

Mingle, O Lord, our humanity with Thy divinity, Thy greatness with our humility, and our humility with Thy greatness, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

A SACRAMENT

I
Oct.
Evening

Verily I say unto you, that He shall gird Himself and make them sit down to meat, and will come forth and serve them.

LOVE bade me welcome : yet my 'soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sinne.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd anything.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here :
Love said, you shall be he.
I the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah, my deare,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth, Lord, but I have marr'd them ; let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, sayes Love, who bore the blame?
My deare, then I will serve.
You must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my meat :
So I did sit and eat.

GEORGE
HERBERT

2

Oct.

Morning

*The pipe and the psaltery make sweet melody,
but a pleasant tongue is above them both.*

THE family, like the home in which they live, needs to be kept in repair, lest some little rift in the walls should appear and let in the wind and rain. The happiness of a family depends very much on attention to little things. Order, comfort, regularity, cheerfulness, good taste, pleasant conversation—these are the ornaments of daily life, deprived of which it degenerates into a wearisome routine. There must be light in the dwelling, and brightness and pure spirits and cheerful smiles. Home is not usually the place of toil, but the place to which we return and rest from our labours; in which parents and children meet together and pass a careless and joyful hour. To have nothing to say to others at such times, in any rank of life, is a very unfortunate temper of mind, and may perhaps be regarded as a serious fault; at any rate, it makes a house vacant and joyless.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

2
Oct.
Evening

The fruit of the spirit is . . . gentleness.

SOMETHING that abode endued
With temple-like repose, an air
Of life's kind purposes pursued
With order'd freedom sweet and fair.
A tent pitch'd in a world not right
It seemed, whose inmates, every one,
On tranquil faces bore the light
Of duties beautifully done,
And humbly, though they had few peers,
Kept their own laws, which seemed to be
The fair sum of six thousand years'
Traditions of civility.

COVENTRY
PATMORE

3
Oct.
Morning

*He that wonders shall reign, and he that
reigns shall rest.*

AS true knowledge is disciplined and tested knowledge,—not the first thought that comes,—so the true passion is disciplined and tested passion,—not the first passion that comes. The first that come are the vain, the false, the treacherous; if you yield to them they will lead you wildly and far, in vain pursuit, in hollow enthusiasm, till you have no true purpose and no true passion left. Not that any feeling possible to humanity is in itself wrong, but only wrong when undisciplined. . . . There is a mean wonder, as of a child who sees a juggler tossing golden balls, and this is base, if you will. But do you think the wonder is ignoble, or the sensation less, with which every human soul is called to watch the golden balls of heaven tossed through the night by the Hand that made them? There is a mean curiosity, as of a child opening a forbidden door; . . . and a noble curiosity, questioning, in the front of danger, the source of the great river beyond the sand,—the place of the great continent beyond the sea;—a nobler curiosity still, which questions of the sources of the River of Life, and of the space of the Continent of Heaven—things which “the angels desire to look into.”

JOHN
RUSKIN

3
Oct.
Evening

*I meditate on all Thy works ; I muse on
the work of Thy hands.*

SCIENCE then
Shall be a precious visitant ; and then,
And only then, be worthy of her name :
For then her heart shall kindle ; her dull eye,
Dull and inanimate, no more shall hang
Chained to its object in brute slavery ;
But taught with patient interest to watch
The processes of things, and serve the cause
Of order and distinctness, not for this
Shall it forget that its most noble use,
Its most illustrious province, must be found
In furnishing clear guidance, a support
Not treacherous, to the mind's *excursive* power.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

4
Oct.
Morning

*For all the promises of God in Christ are
yea, and in Him Amen.*

THE good mind chooses what is positive, what is advancing—embraces the affirmative. . . . Truth and goodness subsist for evermore. It is true, there is evil and good, night and day, but these are not equal. The day is great and final. The night is for the day, but the day is not for the night. . . . Don't be a cynic and disconsolate preacher. Don't bewail and bemoan. Omit the negative propositions. Nerve us with incessant affirmatives. Don't waste yourself in rejection, nor bark against the bad, but chant the beauty of the good. When that is spoken which has a right to be spoken, the chatter and the criticism will stop. Set down nothing that will not help somebody. . . . The affirmative of affirmatives is Love.

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

4
Oct.
Evening

*We all, with open face beholding as in a glass
the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same
image from glory to glory.*

LAY thine uphill shoulder to the wheel,
And climb the Mount of Blessing, whence, if thou
Look higher, then—perchance—thou mayest—beyond
A hundred ever-rising mountain lines,
And past the range of Night and Shadow—see
The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day
Strike on the Mount of Vision!
So, farewell.

ALFRED,
LORD
TENNY-
SON,
*The
Ancient
Sage*

5
Oct.
Morning

Knowledge puffeth up, but Love buildeth up.

I LOOKED at the truth, and I saw it lovely; but I did not purely and guilelessly enter in. I looked at God; I did not live, like a child, in the great safe heart of my Father: I beheld through some of His beautiful signs, as it were, my own face in a glass, and went away forgetting. I did not know that the letter alone, rich and glorious though it might be, should kill me; that the dear and intimate Spirit only should give me life. I reached after knowledge; I brought back treasures from afar; then I was like the laden camel at the gate of the City; he should sooner go through the Needle's Eye, than I should, that way, find the Kingdom and the peace everlasting.

ADELINE
D. T.
WHITNEY

5
Oct.
Evening

*The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou
hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence
it cometh, and whither it goeth : So is every one
that is born of the Spirit.*

KNOWLEDGE, we are not foes !
I seek thee diligently ;
But the world with a great wind blows,
Shining, and not from thee ;
Blowing to beautiful things,
On, amid dark and light,
Till Life, through the trammelings
Of Laws that are not the Right,
Breaks, clean and pure, and sings
Glorying to God in the height !

*The
Bacchæ
of Eur-
pides,
trans. by
GILBERT
MURRAY*

6
Oct.
Morning

*If we sin, we are Thine, knowing Thy power :
but we will not sin, knowing that we are counted
Thine.*

“THE steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.” What of the sinner? Why, there is not one step of all his erring way that God has not beset with shame, and guilt, and punishment. Sinners and saints alike choose God. But we may choose God as love and fortitude, joy at the heart of pain, contentment at the heart of strenuous toil, peace at the heart of sacrifice,—or we may choose Him as the ceaseless, dim regret that comes to the most hardened,—the consciousness that we may stifle, but cannot kill, of spiritual treachery,—the haunting sense of an immeasurable loss that turns all earthly gain to ashes and to dust. Even the sins that seem to retard us most are sins that will not let us rest

MAY
KENDALL

until we rest in God.

6
Oct.
Evening

*Thou sparest all, for they are Thine, O Lord,
Thou lover of souls.*

THE soul that drifts all darkly dim
Through floods that seem outside of grace,
Is only surging towards the place
Which Thou hast made and meant for him.

ALICE
CARY

7
Oct.
Morning

*“ Figliuol di grazia, questo esser giocondo,”
Comminciò egli, “ non ti sarà noto
Tenendo gli occhi pur quaggiuso al fondo.”*

FROM time to time we should “consider the heavens” and dwarf ourselves and our little earth by comparison with things sublime and immense, lest we should altogether give, instead of merely lending, ourselves to the play of life in which we must bear our part with a certain outward seriousness, if the tragedy is not to be turned into burlesque. Without some such periodic bracing we shall not reach that divine magnanimity, that imperturbable tranquillity of which it is written : “ They that trust in the Lord ”, that believe in Him as the one absolute reality, beside which all others are shadowy ; . . . “ shall be as Mount Sion that shall never be moved ” ; they shall share God’s own mountain-like immobility as regards events and concerns which, however relatively serious, are ultimately infinitesimal.

Behind all their clouds they will ever be conscious of this clear, untroubled ether ; beneath life’s surface storms they will be aware of unfathomed depths of stillness. They will weigh mountains in the scales and the hills in a balance, and will take up the islands as a very little thing.

FATHER
TYRRELL

STARS AND HILLS

7
Oct.
Evening

*Behold upon the mountains the feet of him that
bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.*

FOR 'neath the sun's fierce heat,
In midst of madness and inscrutable throes,
His heart is strong who knows
That o'er the mountains come the silent feet
Of Patience, leading Peace,
And his complainings cease
To see the starlight shining on the snows.

GEORGE
SAN-
TAYANA

8
Oct.
Morning

Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their Lord.

SOME have the great grace given them to go in and out, lie down and rise up, always staff in hand, like apostles on pilgrimage—always with loins girt, never with more in the purse than will carry them one stage on; never with more in their wardrobe than the daily wear. Like Wesley, if they are suddenly taken, they have left no engagement unfulfilled, they have no letters to answer or matters to arrange. The children they leave cannot but talk about them, as if they had just been seen off on some happy excursion. No farewells to say, no tears to be shed; nothing but to go after them in a day or two.

ROBERT
W.
BARBOUR

8
Oct.
Evening

*No man has learned anything rightly until he
knows that every day is Doomsday.*

THE smallest thing thou canst accomplish well,
The smallest ill. 'Tis only little things -
Make up the present day, make up all days,
Make up thy life. Do thou not therefore wait,
Keeping thy wisdom and thy honesty,
Till great things come with trumpet-heraldings!

*A
Layman's
Breviary*

9
Oct.
Morning

To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me on My throne, even as I overcame and am set down with My Father on His throne.

LOVE, patriotism, philanthropy, religion, are terms which, in condensed form, express the capacity in man of passing out of the narrow limits of the individual self—of realising himself in an ever-expanding objective world which is his other and larger self, till the process culminates in the identification of thought, feeling, volition, action, of our very soul and being, with the thought and life of Him, of whom all other life is only the partial and imperfect manifestation.

JOHN
CAIRD

9
Oct.
Evening

*The path of the just is as the shining light, that
shineth more and more unto the perfect day.*

SUCH men as Buddha, Socrates, and Luther, whose manhood and age are the fulfilment of an idea conceived in youth, and who treat their whole life, and even it may be their death, as the clay in which the moral work of art is realised, can be seen truly only when faithfulness unto death has given, as it were, the last touch to their work. In such a consistent course of life what strikes us most is not this or that ray of excellence, nor even the completed course of progress, but rather the path of life which is traversed is to us as the path of a star to the astronomer, which enables him to prophesy its future course. Such men seem still to grow beyond the end which hides them from our eyes.

EDWARD
CAIRD

THE TOUCHSTONE

IO
Oct.
Morning

If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.

THE touchstone to true knowledge is first, the Corner-stone, Christ; that men should see whether . . . alone purely the love of God be sought and desired; whether it be done out of humility or pride; Secondly, whether it be according to Holy Scripture; Thirdly, is it according to the human heart and soul, wherein the Book of the Life of God is incorporated, and may very well be read by the Children of God? Here the true mind hath its touchstone in itself, and can distinguish all things. If it be so that the Holy Ghost dwell in the ground of the mind, that man hath touchstone enough; that will lead him into all truth.

JACOB
BEHMEN

THE TOUCHSTONE

10
Oct.
Evening

Lovest thou Me ?

A H Lord, Lord, if my heart were right with Thine
As Thine with mine, then should I rest resigned,
Awaiting knowledge with a quiet mind

Because of heavenly wisdom's anodyne.

Then would Thy Love be more to me than wine,

Then should I seek being sure at length to find,

Then should I trust to Thee all humankind,

Because Thy love of them is more than mine.

Then should I stir up hope and comfort me,

Remembering Thy Cradle and Thy Cross ;

How Heaven to Thee without us had been loss,

How Heaven with us is Thy one only Heaven,

Heaven shared with us thro' all Eternity,

With us long sought, long loved, and much forgiven.

CHRIS-
TINA G.
ROSSETTI

II
Oct.
Morning

He brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made, for in those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it. And he called it Nehushtan.

ONE representation of our Lord's Second Advent is "as a thief in the night." The principle of spiritual deprivation of imperfect faith, or of unreasoning acquiescence in traditional interpretations of truth, is a law of spiritual progress. . . . In the night of Jewish conservatism the Lord of Life and Light came as a thief, to take from Scribes and Pharisees their confidence in natural birth, and their dependence for salvation on a strict observance of ritual. . . . So long as we are content with imperfect things, we are unprepared for the more perfect. When our candle ceases to give light, and we reverence the

J. W.

FARQUHAR empty candlestick, it is time for its removal.

II
Oct.
Evening

I know My sheep, and am known of Mine.

“FROM all false Doctrine, Heresy and Schism”
canst thou pray to be delivered? Of Doctrine
who shall decide? Perhaps it matters little. But Heresy?
At the word I see a long keen line of Light—the Very
Truth borne down the highway of the ages by their hands
—those whom the Church has called Heretics and made
into Schismatics.

I believe in a true apostolic succession through these,
without whom God has never left His world, and does
not leave it now.

Were not the Apostles, was not indeed our Master
Himself, on the side where the Orthodox do not stand,
and with Him ten thousand of His Saints, to whom the
truth has been shown *first*, which the Church has perhaps
seen afterwards, or never seen?

From all barren Orthodoxy, Good Lord, deliver us.

*Thoughts
of a
Tertiary*

12
Oct.
Morning

He leadeth me beside the waters of quietness.

MARCUS
AURELIUS
ANTON-
INUS

FROM Alexander the Platonic I learned not frequently nor without necessity to say to anyone, or to write in a letter, that I have no leisure; nor continually to excuse the neglect of dutie required by our relation to those with whom we live, by alleging urgent occupations.

12
Oct.
Evening

Ye are not as yet come to the Rest and to the inheritance, which the Lord your God giveth you.

WHERE is our leisure? Give us rest.
Where is the quiet we possessed?

We must have had it once—were blest

With peace whose phantoms yet entice.

Surely the mother of mankind

Longed for the garden left behind;

For we prove yet some yearnings blind

Inherited from Paradise.

JEAN
INGELOW

13
Oct.
Morning

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous.

THE angel of righteousness (says the *Shepherd of Hermas*) is delicate and modest, and meek and quiet: Take from thyself grief, for it is the sister of doubt and ill-temper: Grief is more evil than all the spirits, and is most dreadful to the servants of God, and beyond all spirits destroyeth man: For, as when good news has come to anyone in grief, straightway he forgetteth his former grief, and no longer attendeth to anything except the good news which he hath heard, so do ye, also! having received a renewal of your spirit through the beholding of these good things: Put on therefore gladness that hath always favour before God, and is acceptable unto Him, and delight thyself in it; for every man that is glad doeth the things that are good, and thinketh good thoughts, despising grief.

*The
Shepherd
of Hermas
quoted in
Marius
the Epi-
curean*

THE SPIRIT OF JOY

13
Oct.
Evening

Praise is comely.

FILL Thou my life, O Lord my God,
In every part with praise,
That my whole being may proclaim
Thy being and Thy ways.

Not for the lip of praise alone,
Nor e'en the praising heart,
I ask, but for a life made up
Of praise in every part.

Praise in the common words I speak,
Life's common looks and tones ;
In intercourse at hearth and board
With my beloved ones.

Not in the temple crowd alone
Where holy voices chime ;
But in the silent paths of earth,
The quiet rooms of time.

So shall no part of day or night
From sacredness be free :
But all my life, in every step,
Be fellowship with Thee.

H. BONAR

14
Oct.
Morning

*I said in my haste, I am cut off from before
Thine eyes. Nevertheless Thou heardest the
voice of my supplication when I cried unto Thee.*

THE sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled ;
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another ! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain ;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and fight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

MATTHEW
ARNOLD

14
Oct.
Evening

*Nasce per quello, a guisa di rampollo,
Appiè del vero il dubbio.*

THERE are, who darkling and alone,
Would wish the weary night were gone,
Though dawning day should only show
The secret of their unknown woe ;
Who pray for sharpest throbs of pain
To ease them of doubt's galling chain :
"Only disperse the cloud," they cry,
"And if our fate be death, give light and let us die."

Unwise I deem them, Lord, unmeet
To profit by Thy chastenings sweet,
For Thou wouldst have us linger still
Upon the verge of good or ill,
That on Thy guiding hand unseen
Our undivided hearts may lean,
And this our frail and foundering bark
Glide in the narrow wake of Thy beloved ark.

So be it, Lord ; I know it best,
Though not as yet this wayward breast
Beat quite in answer to Thy choice ;
I know not yet the promised bliss,
Know not if I shall win or miss ;
So doubting rather let me die,
Than close with ought beside, to last eternally.

JOHN
KEBLE

15
Oct.
Morning

*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall
see God.*

SHE stood before a chosen few,
With modest air and eyes of blue ;
A gentle creature in whose face
Were mingled tenderness and grace.

“You wish to join our fold,” they said ;
“Do you believe in all that’s read
From ritual and written creed,
Essential to our human need ?”

A troubled look was in her eyes ;
She answered, as in vague surprise,
As though the sense to her were dim ;
“I only strive to follow Him.”

They knew her life ; how oft she stood,
Sweet in her guileless maidenhood,
By dying bed, in hovel lone,
Whose sorrow she had made her own.

Yet still she answered when they sought
To know her inmost earnest thought,
With look as of the seraphim,
“I only strive to follow Him.”

Creeds change as ages come and go ;
We see by faith, but little know :
Perchance the sense was not so dim
To her who “strove to follow Him.”

SARAH
KNOWLES
BOLTON

15
Oct.
Evening

*As a vesture shalt Thou fold them up, and they
shall be changed, but Thou art the same.*

I CAN but lift the torch
Of Reason in the dusky Cave of Life,
And gaze on this great miracle, the World,
Adoring That who made, and makes, and is,
And is not, what I gaze on—all else Form,
Ritual, varying with the tribes of men.

. . . And what are forms?
Fair garments, plain or rich, and fitting close,
Or flying looselier, warm'd but by the heart
Within them, moved but by the living limb,
And cast aside, when old, for newer—Forms!

ALFRED,
LORD
TENNY-
SON,
*Akbar's
Dream*

THE DAWN

16
Oct.
Morning

*My soul waiteth for the Lord more than
they that watch for the morning.*

AH! what time wilt Thou come? when shall that
 crie
“The Bridegroome’s comming!” fill the sky?
Shall it in the evening run
When our words and works are done?
Or will Thy all-surprising light
Break at midnight,

Or shall these early fragrant hours
Unlock thy bowres?

Let my course, my aym, my love,
And chief acquaintance be above;
So when that day and hour shall come,
In which Thyself will be the Sun,
Thou’lt find me drest and on my way,
Watching the break of Thy great day.

HENRY
VAUGHAN

16
Oct.
Evening

*Until the day break, and the shadows flee
away.*

IF our vision could be cleared, and the aim of human effort could be changed, the earth would put on a new complexion; we should no longer be tempted to think of humanity as of an ancient and effete and played-out product of evolution,—we the latest-born and most youthful of all the creatures on the planet,—but should regard everything with the eye of hope, as of one new born, with senses quickened to perceive joys and beauties hitherto undreamt of.

That is the meaning of Regeneration or new birth: it must be like an awakening out of trance. At present we are as if subject to a dream illusion, in a slumber which we are unable to throw off. Revelation after revelation has come to us, but our senses are deadened and we will not hear, our hands are full of clay, we have no grasp for ideals, we are mistaking appearance for reality. But the time for awakening must be drawing nigh—the time when again it may be said: “The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.”

SIR
OLIVER
LODGE

17
Oct.
Morning

*Ecce Deus meus et omnia ! Intelligenti satis
dictum est.*

*Thou, O Lord God, art the thing that I
long for.*

RELIGION is not religion until it has become, not
only natural, but so natural that nothing else seems
natural in its presence ; and until the whole being of man
says, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and what on
earth in comparison of Thee ?" and "To whom shall we
go if we leave Thee ?"

COVENTRY
PATMORE

17
Oct.
Evening

The candle of the Lord shows us our way to Him ; and it is the heart-way, the way of love, wherein He travels too with us.

IN that time the custom of our praying was brought to mind : how we use, for lack of understanding and knowing of Love, to take many means whereby to beseech Him.

Then I saw truly that it is more worship to God, and more very delight, that we faithfully pray to Himself of His Goodness and cleave thereunto by His Grace, with true understanding, and steadfast love, than if we took all the means that heart can think. . . .

For the Goodness of God is the highest prayer, and it cometh down to the lowest part of our need. It quickeneth our soul and bringeth it on life, and maketh it for to waxen in grace and virtue. It is nearest in nature ; and readiest in grace ; for *it* is the same grace that the soul seeketh, and ever shall seek till we know verily that He hath us all in Himself enclosed.

JULIAN,
the
Anchoress

THE SUFFERING CREATION

18

Oct.

Morning

*We know that the whole creation groaneth
and travaileth in pain.*

OUR most superficial consciousness is of isolated selfishness; then of this self as merged in the isolated family; then of the merging of the family, tribe, nation into the unity of human brotherhood; finally, we take the sentient creation, the whole world of life, nay, inanimate nature herself, into the circle of our widening affection, and recognise the arms of our Father in Heaven clasped round the whole body and bulk of His creation:—the child of His love. “Your Heavenly Father hath care of them,” and in the measure that we have care for them our mind and affections are more attuned to His: “He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small.” That they have to perish in our interest, to die and suffer that we may live and enjoy, is part of the general economy, so perplexing to faith and yet not quite so bewildering to love, by which God even in Nature gives Himself in sacrifice for the life of His creatures; and teaches us that dying for others may be a greater end than living for ourselves. That, like the Innocents, they are involuntary victims to the general welfare; that, in a sense, it is the Heavenly Father who careth for them with a deeper pity than He has given to any of us—it is He who gives them over to pain and death for others; that it is He Himself who, in them, dies daily for us—all this, far from lessening, should increase our consideration for them, and should make us extend to them the sort of reverence accorded to the garlanded victims at a religious sacrifice.

FATHER
TYRRELL

18
Oct.
Evening

*Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and
not one of them is forgotten before God ?*

THEN, for the pastimes of this delicate age,
And all the heavy or light vassalage
Which for their sakes we fasten, as may suit
Our varying moods, on human kind or brute,
'Twere well in little, as in great, to pause,
Lest fancy trifle with eternal laws.
Not From his fellows only man may learn
Rights to compare and duties to discern !
All creatures and all objects, in degree,
Are friends and patrons of humanity.
There are to whom the garden, grove, and field,
Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield ;
Who would not lightly violate the grace
The lowliest flower possesses in its place ;
Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,
Which nothing less than Infinite Power can give.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

THE MANGER

19
Oct.
Morning

And God remembered Noah, and every living thing, and all the cattle that was with him in the Ark.

I AM the Way, I am the Truth, I am the Life, He said. It was all real, concrete, alive, because He was—because He is—real, concrete, and alive. So He was to redeem me and all the world by dwelling in me and all the world, uniting and conjoining us, and bringing us in Him to God. It was all real, “Christ for us is Christ in us.” I lost my pilgrim’s burden, not, like Christian, at the foot of a lonely cross, but before the crib where the shepherds and wise men met together and the beasts were stabled; and from whence all men and beasts go forth to bear that cross with Him who bore it for the sake of all.

WILLIAM
SCOTT
PALMER

19
Oct.
Evening

*Behold My hands and My feet, that it is
I myself.*

AS the dove which found no rest
For the sole of her foot, flew back
To the ark her only nest,
And found safety there ;
Because Noah put forth his hand,
Drew her in from ruin and wrack,
And was more to her than the land
And the air :

So my spirit, like that dove,
Fleeth away to an ark
Where dwelleth a Heart of Love,
A Hand pierced to save,
Though the sun and the moon should fail,
Though the stars drop into the dark,
And my body lay itself pale
In a grave.

CHRIS-
TINA G.
ROSSETTI

THE SACRAMENT OF JOY

20
Oct.
Morning

What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits towards me? I will take the cup of salvation.

WE ought not to talk as if only sorrow brought conversion. There is a grace for happy people too. Blessed is the soul that for very happiness is broken and contrite, turns away from its sins, and goes to Jesus with the spontaneous and unselfish love of gratitude! Anything that makes a man stop and change, and be something different from what he has been, is a compelling grace of God.

PHILLIPS
BROOKS,
*The more
abundant
Life*

THE SACRAMENT OF JOY

20
Oct.
Evening

I will bless the Lord at all times.

THOU that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart ;
See how Thy beggar works on Thee
By art.

He makes Thy gifts occasion more,
And says, if he in this be crost,
All Thou has given him heretofore
Is lost.

Wherefore I crie and crie again :
And in no quiet canst Thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of Thee :
Not thankful, when it pleaseth me
As if Thy blessings had spare days :
But such a heart whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

GEORGE
HERBERT

21

Oct.
Morning

*I will bring you into the wilderness, and there
will I plead with you face to face.*

THE fact that our Lord, in the days of His flesh, prayed to the Father, has frequently been urged as against the doctrine of His full Divine nature ; as if man's communion with man should make him less human. Does not the Father Himself continually pray to us, His weak and erring children, to return to His home and heart ; and if the prayer of a righteous man availeth much, shall not the prayer of the All-Righteous One be finally invincible ? Invincible, indeed, every instant, according to the perfect wisdom of His will. Prayer is the circulation of spiritual life from above, into and through the hearts of men.

Our desires and aspirations are responses to the out-flowing of the Holy Spirit in silent or expressed communion. The fellowship or communion is the most desirable result above all special blessing. Prayer, in raising us to the higher life, brings us into harmonious co-operation with all the heavenly powers that work for

J. W.

FARQUHAR the redemption of the world.

21
Oct.
Evening

Attend unto my cry, for I am brought very low.

DEAR Lord! my heart is sick
Of this perpetual lapsing time,
So slow in grief, in joy so quick,
Yet ever casting shadows so sublime :
Time of all creatures is least like to Thee,
And yet it is our share of Thine Eternity.

Weak, weak, for ever weak !
We cannot hold what we possess ;
Youth cannot find, age will not seek,—
Oh weakness is the heart's worst weariness :
But weakest hearts can lift their thoughts to Thee ;
It makes us strong to think of Thine Eternity.

Self-wearied, Lord ! I come ;
For I have lived my life too fast :
Now that years bring me nearer home
Grace must be slowly used to make it last ;
When my heart beats too quick I think of Thee,
And of the leisure of Thy long Eternity.

Farewell, vain joys of earth !
Farewell, all love that is not His !
Dear God ! be Thou my only mirth,
Thy majesty my single timid bliss !
Oh in the bosom of Eternity
Thou dost not weary of Thyself, nor we of Thee !

FRED-
ERICK
WILLIAM
FABER

THE FEARLESS SOUL

22
Oct.
Morning

Blessed be the God of Truth.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

OF truth, as well as of love, it may be said that there is no fear in truth, but perfect truth casteth out fear. The eye which is strong enough to pierce through the shadow of death is not troubled because the golden mist is dispelled and it looks on the open heaven.

22
Oct.
Evening

*Thou strengthenedst me with strength in
my soul.*

THEN he stood up, and trod to dust
Fear and desire, mistrust and trust,
And dreams of bitter sleep and sweet,
And bound for sandals on his feet
Knowledge and patience of what must
And what things may be, in the heat
And cold of years that rot and rust
And alter ; and his spirit's meat
Was freedom, and his staff was wrought
Of strength, and his cloak woven of thought.

For what has he, whose will sees clear,
To do with doubt and faith and fear,
Swift hopes, and slow despondencies ?
His heart is equal with the sea's
And with the sea-wind's, and his ear
Is level with the speech of these,
And his soul communes and takes cheer
With the actual earth's equalities,—
Air, light, and night, hills, winds, and streams,
And seeks not strength from strengthless dreams.

ALGERNON
CHARLES
SWIN-
BURNE

23
Oct.
Morning

*Who serve unto the example and shadow
of heavenly things.*

IS not all worship whatsoever a worship of Symbols, by *eidola*, or things seen? Whether *seen*, rendered visible as an image or picture to the bodily eye; or visible only to the inward eye, to the imagination, to the intellect; this makes a superficial, but no substantial difference. It is still a Thing Seen, significant of Godhead; an Idol. The most rigorous Puritan has his Confession of Faith, and intellectual Representation of Divine things, and worships thereby; thereby is worship first made possible for him. All creeds, liturgies, religious forms, conceptions that fitly invest religious feelings, are in this sense *eidola*, things seen. All worship whatsoever must proceed by Symbols, and the worst Idolatry is only *more* idolatrous. . . . But here enters the fatal circumstance of Idolatry, that, in the era of the Prophets, no man's mind is any longer honestly filled with his Idol or Symbol. Before the Prophet can arise who, seeing through it, knows it to be mere wood, many men have begun dimly to doubt that it was little more. Condemnable Idolatry is *insincere* Idolatry. . . . It is the property of every Hero, in every time, that he come back to reality; that he stand upon things, and not the shows of things. According as he loves, and venerates, articulately or with deep speechless thought, the awful realities of things, so will the hollow shows of things, however regular, decorous, accredited by . . . conclaves, be intolerable and detestable to him. Protestantism too is the work of a Prophet: the prophet-work of that sixteenth century. The first stroke of honest demolition to an ancient thing grown false and idolatrous; preparatory afar off to a new thing, which shall be true, and authentically divine!

THOMAS
CARLYLE

23
Oct.
Evening

*Now that which decayeth and waxeth old
is ready to vanish away.*

THE tree of Faith its bare, dry boughs must shed,
That nearer Heaven the living ones may climb;
The false must fail, though from our shores of time
The old lament be heard,—“Great Pan is dead!”
That wail is Error’s, from his high place hurled;
This sharp recoil is Evil undertrod;
Our time’s unrest, an angel sent of God,
Troubling with life the waters of the world.

J. G.
WHITTIER

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

24
Oct.
Morning

*Ye have not, as it were, forsaken Me, but
your own selves, saith the Lord.*

IF Jesus were now to visit our large markets and manufactories, in which the close intercourse of numbers of human persons renders the opportunities of service and testimony to God so frequent, He would scourge men from them, as He scourged the traffickers of the Temple, for that they had forgotten that *here* was their Father's house, where their brethren had to be owned and helped, and their Father's glory revealed to the world.

GEORGE
ADAM
SMITH

MY FATHER'S HOUSE

24
Oct.
Evening

*Woe is me that I sojourn in Mesech, that
I dwell in the tents of Kedar.*

O H, might I 'scape the sordid city-air,
This moaning human hive's unresting hum,
Then would my soul that pinioned is and dumb
Shake free her wings and all her life declare.
I will away by secret winding stair
To my closed garden whither angels come,
Where the marred spirit, now unmanned and numb,
May be recovered from her dark despair,
Peace giving healing light for pitiless glare,
Faith bringing vision to the downcast eyes,
Love heaping up the heart's spent treasures,
Till by God's angels tended and made fair,
I mount again into life's hurrying street,
Strengthened to serve my Lord with shining feet.

WILLIAM
C. BRAITH-
WAITE

25
Oct.
Morning

Until Christ be formed in you.

WHEN the first Spark of a desire after God arises in thy Soul, cherish it with all thy Care, give all thy Heart into it, it is nothing less than a touch of the Divine Loadstone, that is to draw thee out of the Vanity of Time into the Riches of Eternity. Get up, therefore, and follow it as gladly as the Wise Men of the East followed the Star from Heaven that appeared to them. It will do for thee, as the Star did for them,—it will lead thee to the Birth of Jesus, not in a Stable at Bethlehem in Judea, but to the Birth of Jesus in the dark centre of thy own fallen soul.

WILLIAM
LAW

25
Oct.
Evening

*The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus
hath made me free from the law of sin and death.*

AS the ample moon,
In the deep stillness of a summer even
Rising behind a thick and lofty grove,
Burns, like an unconsuming fire of light
In the green trees ; and, kindling on all sides
Their leafy umbrage, turns the dusky veil
Into a substance glorious as her own,
Yea, with her own incorporated, by power
Capacious and serene. Like power abides
In man's celestial spirit ; virtue thus
Sets forth and magnifies herself ; thus feeds
A calm, a beautiful, and silent fire,
From the encumbrances of mortal life,
From error, disappointment—nay, from guilt ;
And sometimes, so relenting justice wills,
From palpable oppressions of despair.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

26
Oct.
Morning

*Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there
is Liberty.*

A CHRISTIAN is of no sect. He can dwell in the midst of sects, and appear in their services without being attached or bound to any. He hath but one knowledge, and that is, Christ in him. He seeketh but one way, which is the desire always to do and teach that which is right; and he putteth all his knowing and willing into the Life of Christ. He sigheth and wisheth continually that the Will of God might be done in him, and that His Kingdom might be manifested in him. His faith is a desire after God and Goodness, which he wrappeth up in a sure hope, trusting to the words of the promise, and liveth and dieth therein; though as to the *true man*, he never dieth.

JACOB
BEHMEN

26
Oct.
Evening

But the disciples knew not that it was Jesus.

STILL wheresoever pity shares
Its bread with sorrow, want and sin,
And love the beggar's feast prepares,
The uninvited Guest comes in.

Unheard, because our ears are dull,
Unseen, because our eyes are dim,
He walks our earth, The Wonderful,
And all good deeds are done to Him.

J. G.
WHITTIER

THE INFINITE CHURCH

27
Oct.
Morning

At sundry times and in divers manners.

THE study of the history of religion, from the lowest form, in which it begins to furnish at least some crude idea of the nature of the world and the Power that rules over it, and some elementary bond of social union, up to the highest form of the Christian belief in a spiritual principle which manifests itself in nature and in the growing life of humanity, is a real and living support to our religious faith. This long, unhasting, unresting process of the evolution of religion is itself the best evidence we can have that there is a divine meaning in the world, and that mankind have not laid the sacrifice of their efforts and their thoughts, their prayers and their tears upon the altar of an unknown or unknowable God.

EDWARD
CAIRD;

27
Oct.
Evening

*Is not this the fast that I have chosen ? to undo
the heavy burdens and to let the oppressed go free ?*

I DREAMED

That stone by stone I rear'd a sacred fane,
A temple, neither Pagod, Mosque, nor Church,
But loftier, simpler, always open-door'd
To every breath from heaven, and Truth and Peace
And Love and Justice came and dwelt therein.

ALFRED,
LORD
TENNY-
SON,
*Akbar's
Dream*

THE SACRAMENT OF PENITENCE

28
Oct.
Morning

As far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us.

BY means of small failings the Lord makes us know that His Majesty is that which frees us from great ones; and hereby He keeps us humbled and vigilant, of which things our proud Nature has the greatest need. And therefore, though thou oughtest to walk with great care, so that thou fall not into any fault or imperfection, yet if thou fallest once, yes and a thousand times, thou must make use of the Remedy which I have given thee, that is a loving Confidence in the Divine Mercy. This is the Weapon with which thou must fight and conquer Cowardice and vain Thoughts. This is the means thou oughtest to use, so as not to lose time, not to disturb thyself, and to reap good. This is the Treasure wherewith thou must enrich thy soul. And lastly, hereby must thou attain to the high Mountain of Perfection, of Tranquillity, and of internal Peace.

MIGUEL
DE
MOLINOS

28
Oct.
Evening

*If we say that we have no sin, we deceive
ourselves.*

VERY slight words and deeds may have a sacramental efficacy, if we can cast our self-love behind us, in order to say or do them. And it has been well believed through many ages that the beginning of compunction is the beginning of a new life; that the mind which sees itself blameless may be called dead in trespasses—in trespasses on the love of others, in trespasses on their weakness, in trespasses on all those great claims which are the image of our own need.

GEORGE
ELIOT

OUR MESSAGE

29
Oct.
Morning

My goodness extendeth not to Thee, but to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.

OUR calling is, as branches of the living Vine, to let the working of that Voice, Light, Spirit, and Grace of Christ be shown forth in our own lives; and, as power may be given us, to bear witness of it also in words. . . .

If, therefore, we have so unassailable a stronghold, so deep and immovable a foundation, let us never cease to look up steadfastly into heaven, if so be we may "see the heavens opened"; that we may receive into our hearts, and reflect with ever-increasing fulness in our lives the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. The vision may indeed be intercepted again and again by the driving clouds; our sight may fail or falter; but the glory itself is unchangeable, and it is in reflecting that glory alone that any face can be, to those that stand by, "as the face of an angel"—of a Divinely appointed messenger of glad tidings.

CAROLINE
EMELIA
STEPHEN

29
Oct.
Evening

*They took knowledge of them, that they had
been with Jesus.*

OUTSIDE the Church's western door I lingered by
the way,
I heard no sound of Sanctus bell, the chant had died
away,
And round the porch the acolytes were merry in their
play,
Yet knew I by the incensed air
Here had been voice of prayer.

So, dearest Lord, be all my life breathed round about by
Thee,
When at Thy feet a little while I have knelt blessedly,
That those who meet me by the way may rather feel than
see
"If God be prayed to anywhere,
This soul hath been in prayer."

COURAGE AND JOY

30
Oct.
Morning

Of immortality, the soul, when well employed, is incurious. It is so well that it is sure it will be well.

EVERY heart that has beat strong and cheerfully has left a hopeful impulse behind it in the world, and bettered the tradition of mankind. And even if death catch people, like an open pitfall, and, in mid career, laying out vast projects and planning monstrous foundations, flushed with hope, . . . they should be at once tripped up and silenced; is there not something brave and spirited in such a termination? and does not life go down with a better grace, foaming in full body over a precipice, than miserably straggling to an end in sandy deltas? When the Greeks made their fine saying that those whom the gods love die young, I cannot help believing they had this sort of death also in their eye. For surely, at whatever age it overtake a man, this is to die young. Death has not been suffered to take so much as one illusion from his heart.

In the hot-fit of life, a-tiptoe on the highest point of being, he passes at a bound on to the other side. The noise of the mallet and chisel is scarcely quenched; the trumpets are hardly done blowing, when, trailing with him clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land.

ROBERT
LOUIS
STEVEN-
SON

COURAGE AND JOY

Perfect love casteth out fear.

30
Oct.
Evening

(First Spirit)

O THOU, who plumed with strong desire
Wouldst float above the earth, beware !
A shadow tracks thy flight of fire—
Night is coming !
Bright are the regions of the air,
And among the winds and beams
It were delight to wander there—
Night is coming !

(Second Spirit)

The deathless stars are bright above :
If I would cross the shade at night,
Within my heart is the lamp of love,
And that is day !
And the moon will shine with gentle light
On my golden plumes where'er they move :
The meteors will linger round my flight,
And make night day.

(First Spirit)

But if the whirlwinds of darkness waken
Hail and lightning, and stormy rain ;
See the bounds of the air are shaken—
Night is coming !
The red swift clouds of the hurricane
Yon declining sun have overtaken,
The clash of the hail sweeps over the plain—
Night is coming !

(Second Spirit)

I see the light, and I hear the sound ;
I'll sail on the flood of the tempest dark,
With the calm within and the light around
Which makes night day :
And thou, when the gloom is deep and stark,
Look from thy dull earth, slumber-bound,
My moonlight flight thou then may'st mark
On high, far away.

PERCY
BYSSHE
SHELLEY

31
Oct.
Morning

*Who for the joy that was set before Him
endured the Cross.*

SEEKING for happiness, craving for good, we grasp at pleasure and turn away from pain. God must teach us better, and to do so He shows us the root and basis of His own. Stripping off His infinitude, and taking infirmity like ours, He bids us look and see! The only happiness He has, or can bestow, bears martyrdom within it. If He does not suffer, it is only that His life is perfect; His love has no hindrance, no shortcoming, and can turn *all* sacrifice to joy. . . .

It is sacrifice binds us to God, and makes us most like Him; sacrifice that to us is sorrow, wanting life and love; but to Him, supreme in both, is joy.

JAMES
HINTON

SUFFERING

*When my soul fainted within me, I remembered
the Lord.*

31
Oct.
Evening

G O not far from me, O my Strength,
Whom all my times obey ;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away ;
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

Thy love has many a lighted path,
No outward eye can trace,
And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee, 'mid the storm,
As in a secret place.

O Comforter of God's redeemed,
Whom the world does not see,
What hand should pluck me from the flood,
That casts my soul on Thee ?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me ?

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say—
"Thy lovingkindness hath a charge
No waves can take away ;
And let the storm that speeds me home
Deal with me as it may."

A. L.
WARING

THE INGATHERED

I
Nov.
Morning

A Prayer.

W. K. **O** THOU lover of souls, we thank Thee for those dear to us who have departed this life, and who now see Thee no longer through a glass darkly, but know even as they are known. We bless Thee that Thou gatherest Thy children one by one from the strife and weariness of time, to the sweet peace of the eternal years. We thank Thee for the joys of the earth, and of this life; but we also bless Thee for their close, and for the hope of what lies beyond them, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

THE INGATHERED

I
Nov.
Evening

*To him that overcometh will I give to eat of
the tree of Life, which is in the midst of the
Paradise of God.*

SEE, open to the faithful soul,
The shining paths of Paradise ;
Now may they to that garden rise
Which from mankind the serpent stole.

Guide him, we pray, to that blest bourn,
Who served Thee truly here below ;
May he the bliss of Eden know,
Who strayed in banishment forlorn.

But we will honour our dear dead
With violets and garlands strown,
And o'er the cold and graven stone
Shall fragrant odours still be shed.

AURELIUS
PRUDENTIUS
CLEMENS,
trans. by
R. Martin
Pope

A HOME

2

Nov.
Morning

*There is a lad here, which hath five barley
loaves, and two small fishes : but what are they
among so many ?*

DIM image from far glory caught,
Fair type of fairer things to be,
The true home rises in our thought,
A beacon set for men to see.

Its lamps burn freely in the night,
Its fire-glows unhidden shed
Their cheering and abounding light
On homeless folk uncomforted.

Each sweet and secret thing within
Gives out a fragrance on the air,—
A thankful breath, sent forth to win
A little smile from others' care.

The few, they bask in closer heat ;
The many catch the farther ray.
Life higher seems, the world more sweet,
And hope and Heaven less far away.

So the old miracle anew
Is wrought on earth and provèd good,
And crumbs apportioned for the few,
God-blessed, suffice a multitude.

SUSAN
COOLIDGE

A HOME

2

Nov.
Evening

*God is the Lord which hath showed us
light.*

WHEN we were little childer we had a quare wee
house,

Away up in the heather by the head of Brabla' burn ;
The hares we'd see them scootin', an' we'd hear the
crowin' grouse,

An' when we'd all be in at night ye'd not get room to
turn.

The youngest two She'd put to bed, their faces to the
wall,

An' the lave of us could sit aroun' just anywhere we
might ;

Herself 'ud take the rush-dip an' light it for us all,

An' "*God be thankèd !*" She would say,—"*now we
have a light.*"

Then we be to quet the laughin' an' pushin' on the floor,

An' think on One who called us to come and be for-
given ;

Himself 'ud put his pipe down, an' say the good word
more,

"*May the Lamb o' God lead us all to the Light o'
Heaven !*"

There' a wheen things that used to be an' now has had
their day,

The nine Glens of Antrim can show ye many a sight,

But not the quare wee house where we lived up Brabla' way,

Nor a child in all the nine Glens that knows the grace
for light.

MOIRA
O'NEILL,
*Songs of
the Glens
of Antrim*

OUR SUFFERING GOD

3
Nov.
Morning

We hid as it were our faces from Him. He was despised, and we esteemed Him not.

THE Christian idea of God is not that of a being outside the universe, above its struggles and advances, looking on and taking no part in the process, *solely* exalted, beneficent, self-determined, and complete. It is also that of a God who loves, who yearns, who suffers, who keenly laments the rebellious and misguided activity of the free agents brought into being by Himself as part of Himself, who enters into the storm and conflict, and is subject to conditions as the soul of it all.

This is the truth which has been reverberating down the ages ever since ; it has been the hidden inspiration of saint, apostle, prophet, martyr, and, in however dim and vague a form, has given hope and consolation to the unlettered and poverty-stricken millions :—A God that could understand, that could suffer, that could sympathise, that had felt the extremity of human anguish, the agony of bereavement, had submitted even to the brutal hopeless torture of the innocent, and had become acquainted with the pangs of death—this has been the chief consolation of the Christian religion. This is the extraordinary conception of Godhead to which we have thus far risen. “This is My beloved Son.”

SIR
OLIVER
LODGE

“Enough that he heard it once ; we shall hear it by and by.”

OUR SUFFERING GOD

3
Nov.
Evening

*I am He that liveth, and was dead ; and
behold, I am alive for evermore.*

NOW let me turn my gaze
On Love's best archer, sorely bitten, thrown
Aside by all his comrades, through amaze
And anguish of his wound, to die alone ;
Yet he, sore-smitten archer, may not die !
Forsaken, shunned, abhorred, and desolate,
Yet shall his arrows win back victory,
His bow arrest a doubtful combat's fate,
And he shall conquer surely, conquering late.

He saith to us, " Awhile,
A little while and ye shall see Me." Lo !
On this our earth quick bitter harvests grow ;
So must Love's patience slowly reconcile,
Pain, pleasure, death, together banded, mow,
And reap, nor care to gather in their sheaves,—
It is my God alone who waits and grieves ;
Slow is His agony, His guerdon slow.

DORA
GREEN-
WELL

4
Nov.
Morning

Behold, I stand at the door and knock.

IT is not by becoming like Him that men will approach towards incorporation with Him: but by result of incorporation with Him, received in faith as a gift, and in faith adored, *and used*, that they will become like Him. It is by the imparted gift, itself far more than natural, of literal membership in Him; by the indwelling presence, the gradually disciplining and dominating influence, of His Spirit—which is His very Self within, and as, the inmost breath of our most secret being; that the power of His atoning life and death, which is the power of divinely victorious holiness, can grow to be the very deepest reality of ourselves.

R. C.
MOBERLY

THE GUEST

4
Nov.
Evening

*If any man hear My voice, and open the door,
I will come in to him, and will sup with him,
and he with Me.*

WHAT happy, secret fountain,
Fair shade or mountain,
Whose undiscovered virgin glory
Boasts it this day, though not in story,
Was then Thy dwelling?

My dear, dear God! I do not know
What lodged Thee then, nor where, nor how;
But I am sure Thou dost now come
Oft to a narrow, homely room,
Where Thou too hast but the least part;
My God, I mean my sinful heart.

HENRY
VAUGHAN

THE INDWELLER

5
Nov.
Morning

In the Beginning was The Word.

JOHN
CAIRD

THE relations that constitute the existence and nature of a stone imply, with reverence be it said, a God who from the first moment of its existence is *in* the stone and constitutes the inner essence of its being.

5
Nov.
Evening

Thine incorruptible Spirit is in all things.

IN this He shewed me a little thing, the quantity of an hazel-nut, in the palm of my hand; and it was as round as a ball. I looked thereupon with eye of my understanding, and thought: *What may this be?* And it was answered generally thus: *It is all that is made.* I marvelled how it might last, for methought it might suddenly have fallen to naught for littleness. And I was answered in my understanding: *It lasteth, and ever shall last, for that God loveth it.* And so All-thing hath the Being by the love of God.

In this Little Thing I saw three properties. The first is that God made it, the second is that God loveth it, the third that God keepeth it. But what is to me verily the Maker, the Keeper, and the Lover,—I cannot tell; for till I am Substantially oned to Him, I may never have full rest nor very bliss: that is to say, till I be so fastened to Him, that there is right nought that is made betwixt my God and me.

JULIAN,
the
Anchoress

6

Nov.
Morning

*To him that overcometh will I give to eat
of the hidden manna.*

SHE had thought too little of self, always, for anything to have grown up in her that could turn, now, to an instant misery. She had seen, for a moment, a thing that might have been. Only, it was not; and that was enough for her. That which was not given was as if it were out of the world for her; except that nothing was out of her world, or wholly refused her, into which she could enter with that wide spirit-apprehension which is the genius for living all life. It is the meekness to which nothing is denied; which blessedly inherits the earth.

Not that this nature of hers was cold, inert, incapable of fire or passion: it would only never burn in upon itself; it was that divinely touched temperament, to which all fulness is possible, but which can wait, finding such fulness in the daily Will and Gift; feeling the wealth also out of which the daily gift comes; feeding upon grains that drop from an exhaustless storehouse.

ADELINE
D. TRAIN
WHITNEY

A CHARACTER

6
Nov.
Evening

The redeemed shall walk there.

THERE is a way of peace that leads
Through bordered fields and quiet meads ;
Those greenest meadows shepherds keep,
Abiding 'mid their watered sheep.

No evil beast may pass that way,
Thence never pilgrims' footsteps stray ;
But God's redeemed, with happy feet,
Press on, their nearing joy to meet.

For still they see beyond them far
A light that shineth as a star,
A glory 'twixt the gates of gold,
A gleam as when white wings unfold.

Lo, now the sounds of harping rare
Slow falling through the upper air ;
The perfumed air, with sweetness fed
More fine than whitest lily-bed.

Oh, thither fain my feet would go ;
My lips would sing the song they know,
Who, crowned with joy, to Zion press
Along the path of lowliness :

Until,—as fades across the bay
The moon's broad track at break of day,—
The shining path by pilgrims trod
Ends in full presence of their God.

*The Inner
Life*

THE WAY OF THE CROSS

7
Nov.
Morning

As dying, and behold we live.

JUST as our Lord Himself passed into glory through the gate of death, so we must lose all to gain all.

Complete self-surrender, both once for all and daily in detail, is the condition of salvation. Presentations of Christianity, which ignore or repudiate this law, are not only defective, but radically false. They are built on "another foundation," not on the Crucified. "Some of you they shall kill and crucify; and there shall not a hair of your head perish. In your endurance ye shall gain possession of your souls." Such is the paradox of which the Crucifixion and the Resurrection are the sacrament.

WILLIAM
RALPH
INGE

THE WAY OF THE CROSS

7
Nov.
Evening

I will never leave thee.

YEA, Lord, I know it, teach me yet anew
With what a fierce and patient purity
I must confront the horror of the world.
For very little space on either hand
Parts the same mind from madness ; very soon
By the intenser pressure of one thought
Or clearer vision of one agony
The soothfast reason trembles, all things fade
In blackness, and the demon enters in.—
I would I never may be left of Thee,
O God, my God, in whatsoever ill ;
Be present while Thou strikest, thus shall grow
At least a solemn patience with the pain.

FREDERIC
W. H.
MYERS,
St. John
the Baptist

THE VICTORY

8

Nov.
Morning

*Fear not : for they that be with us are more
than they that be with them.*

WHEN the minds of men seem to fall into confusion, deserted by the simple sanctities of their fathers but not yet emerging into any clearness of their own ; when, for want of any firm foothold of right, authority quails and rude forces triumph ; when audacity seizes upon states, yet is itself afflicted with the wavering of irremediable doubt ; when churches, enfeebled within by puerile superstitions, stand amid a rising flood of atheistic denial ; when the distinctions slip away between veracity and pretence, between trade and theft, between modesty and licence ; we might well despond if we did not look beyond the present, and interpret it by the light of a diviner thought than animates its actors. But lifted to an adequate distance from it, and assigning to it its place in the Providence of humanity, we discern it but as a pulsation in the line of time, one of those moments of alternate tension and relaxation which are separately dark, but together make the very light by which we see. Thither, to that divine elevation above momentary things, let the soul resort in faith ; and the sorrowful clouds that shut it in are surmounted, and the everlasting sunshine reached. In frailty and in trembling, we rest in an eternal calm. In loneliness, we have still an ever-living communion. Deserted by the voices of affection, we are with Him who attuned their sweetness, and will console their loss. And dying, we do but pass to the very source and home of life.

JAMES
MAR-
TINEAU,
*Hours of
Thought*

8
Nov.
Evening

*The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even
thousands of angels: the Lord is among them.*

L ORD of the howling wastes of life,
Where evils watch for prey,
And many a sacred gleam of good
In shadow dies away,
Borne on by Thee in paths unknown,
Well may we trust Thy hand alone,
And suffer angels of Thy own
To shield us as they may.

Revealer of a heaven encamped
Where'er Thy servants go,
By ministries of love to each,
That none beside may know,—
By wings at many a pass outspread,
By winning joy and warning dread,
We learn the word which Thou hast said,
The truth which Thou wilt show.

A. L.
WARING

SILENCE

9
Nov.
Morning

Commune with your own heart, and be still.

THE great *silent* men! Looking round on the noisy inanity of the world, words with little meaning, actions with little worth, one loves to reflect on the great Empire of *silence*. The noble silent men, scattered here and there, each in his department; silently thinking, silently working; whom no morning newspaper makes mention of! They are the salt of the Earth. A country that has none or few of these is in a bad way. . . . Woe for us if we had nothing but what we can *show*, or speak. Silence, the great Empire of Silence: higher than the stars; deeper than the Kingdoms of Death! It alone is great; all else is small.

THOMAS
CARLYLE

SILENCE

9
Nov.
Evening

O vita intera d'amore e di pace !

FEAR not the stillness ; for doubt and despair shall
cease

With the gentle voices guiding us into peace.

Our dreams will change as they pass through the gates of "A. E.",
gold, *The*

And Quiet, the tender shepherd, shall keep the fold.

*Divine
Vision*

10
Nov.
Morning

Their strength is to sit still.

B EYOND all words and all proofs lies the true anchorage of the spirit, to which every firmly rooted life bears a witness neither needing nor admitting of utterance. Deeper than all need of mere conviction is the need of rest and stability. We must be at rest before we can be free. In quietness and in confidence is our strength. While our hearts are tossed and agitated by every wave of this troublesome world, while the shadows of passing things have power to distract and confuse our vision, we cannot clearly discern that truth which alone can make us free.

CAROLINE
EMELIA
STEPHEN

10
Nov.
Evening

*When He giveth quietness, who then can
make trouble ?*

WISDOM and Spirit of the Universe !
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought !
And givest to forms and images a breath
And everlasting motion ! not in vain,
By day or starlight, thus from my first dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The passions that build up our human soul,
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature ; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

A BLESSING

II
Nov.
Morning

*The beloved of the Lord shall dwell in safety
by Him.*

GREAT powers of falling wave and wind and windy
fire,
With your harmonious choir
Encircle her I love and sing her into peace,
That my old care may cease ;
Unfold your flaming wings, and cover out of sight
The nets of day and night.

Dim Powers of drowsy thought, let her no longer be
Like the pale cup of the sea,
When winds have gathered and sun and moon burned dim
Above its cloudy rim ;
But let a gentle silence wrought with music flow
Whither her footsteps go.

W. B.
YEATS

A BLESSING

II
Nov.
Evening

*God is our refuge and strength, a very present
help in trouble.*

A PRAYER OF BLESSING.

IN the day of thy sore distress,
When the billows break over thee ;
When the greater woe drowns the less,—
The Lord hear thee !

In the time of thy famine and night,
When thy trouble shall weary thee ;
When the darkness shall conquer the light,—
The Lord hear thee !

When the bow in thy hands shall hang faint
And the archers encompass thee ;
When thy weakness shall utter its plaint,—
The Lord hear thee !

When thy life, with its love and its strife,
Like a garment shall fall from thee ;
When thy soul shall wait at the crystal gate,—
The Lord hear thee !

SARAH
WILLIAMS

12
Nov.
Morning

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God ?

(Dr. More speaks)

YOU have, what is very happy for you, what I call an ethereal sort of body—to use the Pythagoric phrase—even in this life, a mighty purity and plenty of the animal spirits, which you may keep lucid by that conduct and piety by which you may govern yourself. And this makes it all the more incumbent on you to have a great care to keep in order this luciform vehicle of the soul—as the Platonists call it ; for there is a sanctity of body which the sensually minded do not so much as dream of. And this divine body should be cultivated as well as the divine life ; for by how much any person partakes more of righteousness and virtue, he hath also a greater measure of this divine body or celestial matter within himself ; he throws off the baser affections of the earthly body, and replenishes his inner man with so much larger draughts of ethereal or celestial matter : and to incite you still more to this effort, you have only to consider that the oracle of God is not to be heard but in His holy temple, that is to say, in a good and holy man, thoroughly sanctified in spirit, soul, and body.

J. H.
SHORT-
HOUSE,
John
Inglesant

THE DIVINE BODY

12
Nov.
Evening

Whom having not seen, ye love.

L OVE makes the life to be
A fount perpetual of virginity ;
For, lo, the Elect
Of generous Love, how named soe'er, affect
Nothing but God,
Or mediate or direct
Nothing but God,
The Husband of the Heavens :
And who Him love, in potence great or small,
Are, one and all,
Heirs of the Palace glad,
And inly clad
With the bridal robes of ardour virginal.

COVENTRY
PATMORE

13
Nov.
Morning

*Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also
to love one another.*

LOVE means taking up other lives into our own ; and our life grows larger in proportion to the number of other lives embraced in it, and the completeness of our self-identification with them. God's infinitude lies, not in blank and boundless impassibility, but in this, that He can take up, not some, but all finite lives into His own ; so that, if we may so speak, there is not one ripple of emotion, one pang of pain or sorrow, one care or grief or trouble, in the least or lowest spirit in His universe that is not reflected in the infinite heart of God.

JOHN
CAIRD

13
Nov.
Evening

*Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the days of my life : and I will dwell in the house
of the Lord for ever.*

UPON the hills the wind is bleak and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold,
And we, O Lord, have wandered from Thy fold,
But evening brings us home.

We have been wounded by the hunter's darts,
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming, when the light departs
At evening bring us home.

The clouds are round us and the snowdrifts thicken,
O Thou, dear Shepherd, leave us not to sicken
In the waste night, our tardy footsteps quicken :
At evening bring us home.

JOHN
SKELTON

I 4
Nov.
Morning

*Thou hast delivered my soul from the lowest
Hell.*

“**I**N man” (says Behmen) “lies all whatsoever the sun shines upon or Heaven contains, as also Hell and all the Deeps.” . . . Does not every man, who has lived his full life, know the truth and reality of all this? It is known more especially and actually by those ardent and adventurous spirits who have sailed in far seas of thought or action, not merely coasting along the shores of tradition, authority and established rule. Sinners know some things more vividly than those who have ever and easily been good. . . . These wanderers, if they return in time, know best, taught by the heart-rending lessons of experience, the difference between the Heaven and Hell within them. . . . They know that Heaven and Hell can alike be revealed in the soul. From youth they have felt something in them striving, often feebly enough, against passionate desires for wealth, honour, success, and for mastery over the minds, affections, and bodies of others. Behind all this turmoil and ever unsatisfied anguish of seeking that which satisfies not, they have been aware of a diviner life slowly growing towards Heaven, ever and again thwarted and driven back by the renewed assaults of the Spirit of the World, yet never quite destroyed. At the moments of fiercest fight against rebel passions, they have felt the divine assisting strength flow into them, if only they powerfully invoked it, turning towards its source as a babe towards its mother’s breast. They have heard the “Peace be still” amid the wildest spiritual storms. They know that if they have been saved, it is not by their own strength, nor by reasoning, but by this power from without.

BERNARD
HOLLAND

14
Nov.
Evening

*The Angel of the Lord by night opened the
prison doors.*

JESUS, my life ! how shali I truly love Thee ?
O that Thy Spirit would so strongly move me ;
That Thou wert pleas'd to shed Thy grace so farr
As to make man all pure love, flesh a Star !
A Star that would ne'er set, but ever rise,
So rise and run, as to out-run these skies,
These narrow skies (narrow to me) that barre,
So barre me in, that I am still at warre,
At constant warre with them. O come, and rend
Or bow the heavens ! Lord, bow them and descend.

HENRY
VAUGHAN

15
Nov.
Morning

*The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit
that we are the children of God.*

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

THERE is a principle which is the basis of things, which all speech aims to say, and all action to evolve, a simple, quiet, undescribed, undescribable presence, dwelling very peacefully in us, our rightful lord ; we are not to do, but to let do ; not to work, but to be worked upon ; and to this homage there is a consent of all thoughtful and just men in all ages and conditions. To this sentiment belong vast and sudden enlargements of power.

15
Nov.
Evening

*All we like sheep have gone astray ; we have
turned every one to his own way ; and the Lord
hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.*

AS men from men
Do, in the constitution of their souls,
Differ, by mystery not to be explained ;
And as we fall by various ways, and sink
One deeper than another, self-condemned,
Through manifold degrees of guilt and shame ;
So manifold and various are the ways
Of restoration, fashioned to the steps
Of all infirmity, and tending all
To the same point, attainable by all—
Peace in ourselves, and union with our God.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

16
Nov.
Morning

The Law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus.

PHILIP
H. WICK-
STEED

GOD is eternal, and in some measure man may share His eternal life. Creatures of time as we are, we may rise more and more as our life strengthens and deepens into a life to which succession does not indeed cease to matter, but to which it matters less and less, while co-existence matters ever more and more. We too, in our measure, seeing God, may see as God sees. The wild exhilaration of searching and struggling may give place to the deep joy of having found and vanquished. The life of knowing and of loving may be found supremely worthy. We may taste a life not worth the wooing only, but worth the winning and enjoying.

16
Nov.
Evening

*He that overcometh shall be clothed in white
raiment.*

SO sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries.
The sphere of the supernal powers
Impinges on this world of ours.
The low and dark horizon lifts,
To light the scenic terror shifts ;
The breath of a diviner air
Blows down the answer of a prayer ;
That all our sorrow, pain, and doubt
A great compassion clasps about,
And law and goodness, love and force,
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.
Then duty leaves to love its task,
The beggar Self forgets to ask ;
With smile of trust and folded hands,
The passive soul in waiting stands
To feel, as flowers the sun and dew,
The One true Life its own renew.

J. G.
WHITTIER

17
Nov.
Morning

*Riches and strength lift up the heart, but the
fear of the Lord is above them both.*

IT is open, I repeat, to serious question, which I leave to the reader's pondering, whether, among national manufactures, that of Souls of a good quality may not at last turn out a quite leadingly lucrative one. Nay, in some far-away and yet undreamt-of hour, I can even imagine that England may cast all thoughts of possessive wealth back to the barbaric nations among whom they first arose; and that, while the sands of the Indus and adamant of Golconda may yet stiffen the housings of the charger, and flash from the turban of the slave, she, as a Christian mother, may at last attain to the virtues and the treasures of a Heathen one, and be able to lead forth her Sons, saying—

JOHN
RUSKIN

“These are My jewels.”

THE KINGDOM

17
Nov.
Evening

Prepare ye the way of the Lord.

THE Kingdom of Heaven is the central feature of practical Christianity. It represents a harmonious condition in which the Divine will is perfectly obeyed ; it signifies the highest state of existence, both individual and social, which we can conceive. Our whole effort should, directly or indirectly, make ready its way,—in our hearts, in our lives, and in the lives of others. It is the ideal state of society towards which Reformers are striving ; it is the ideal of conscious existence towards which the Saints aim.

SIR
OLIVER
LODGE

THE PASSION OF GOD

18

Nov.
Morning

In His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them and carried them all the days of old.

THE true Old Testament prophecy of the nature and work of Jesus Christ is found not so much in the long promise of the exalted human ruler, for whom Israel's eyes looked, as in the assurance of God's own descent to battle with His people's foes and to bear their sins. In this God, omnipotent, yet in His zeal and love capable of passion, who before the Incarnation was afflicted in all His people's affliction, and before the Cross made their sin His burden and their salvation His agony, we see the love that was in Jesus Christ. For Jesus, too, is absolute holiness, yet not far off. He, too, is righteousness militant at our side, militant and victorious. He, too, has made our greatest suffering and shame His own problem and endeavour. . . . Never before or since in humanity has righteousness been perfectly victorious as in Him. Never before or since, in the whole range of being, has any one felt as He did all the sin of man with all the conscience of God. He claims to forgive, as God forgives; to be able to save, as we know only God can save. And the proof of these claims, apart from the experience of their fulfilment in our own lives, is that the same infinite love was in Him, the same agony and willingness to sacrifice Himself for men, which we have seen made manifest in the Passion of God.

GEORGE
ADAM
SMITH

18
Nov.
Evening

*Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of
these, ye did it unto Me.*

COME weary-eyed from seeking in the night
Thy wanderers strayed upon the pathless wold,
Who wounded, dying, cry to Thee for light,
And cannot find their fold.

And deign, O Watcher with the sleepless brow,
Pathetic in its yearning—deign reply :
Is there, O is there aught that such as Thou
Wouldst take from such as I ?

Are there no briars across Thy pathway thrust ?
Are there no thorns that compass it about ?
Nor any stones that Thou wilt deign to trust
My hands to gather out ?

O, if Thou wilt, and if such bliss might be,
It were a cure for doubt, regret, delay—
Let my lost pathway go—what aileth me ?—
There is a better way.

JEAN
INGELOW

THE LOVE THAT CALLS US

19
Nov.
Morning

He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

IF we hear the Shepherd's voice, it is because we are already His sheep in some degree, and because the Christ that is within us recognises the Christ that is without us. Herein lies the religious or supernatural element of faith; the reasons we give to our mind are but after-justifications of an impulse that derives, not from reason, but from the sympathetic intuitions of the Spirit of Holiness.

FATHER
TYRRELL

THE LOVE THAT CALLS US

19
Nov.
Evening

*We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship
Thee, we glorify Thee,
We give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory.*

LOVE of the Father, love of God the Son,
From whom all came, in whom was all begun :
Who formest heav'nly beauty out of strife,
Creation's whole desire and breath of life.

Thou the all-holy, Thou supreme in might,
Thou dost give peace, Thy presence maketh Right :
Thou with Thy favour all things dost enfold,
With Thine all-kindness free from harm dost hold.

Hope of all comfort, splendour of all aid,
That dost not fail nor leave the heart afraid :
To all that cry Thou dost all help accord,
The angels' armour, and the saints' reward.

Purest and highest, wisest and most just,
There is no truth save only in Thy trust :
Thou dost the mind from earthly dreams recall,
And bring thro' Christ to Him, for whom are all.

Eternal glory, all men Thee adore,
Who art and shalt be worshipt evermore.
Us whom Thou madest, comfort with Thy might,
And lead us to enjoy Thy heav'nly light.

*The
Yattendon
Hymn-
Book*

THE COMING OF THE KINGDOM

20
Nov.
Morning

*All shall know Me, from the least to the
greatest.*

DAWN not day !

Is it shame, so few should have climbed from the dens
in the level below,

Men, with a heart and a soul, no slaves of a four-
footed will ?

But if twenty million of summers are stored in the sun-
light still,

We are far from the noon of man, there is time for the
race to grow.

Red of the dawn !

Is it turning a fainter red ? So be it, but when shall we
lay

The Ghost of the Brute that is walking and haunting
us yet, and be free ?

ALFRED,
LORD
TENNY-
SON,
The Dawn

In a hundred, a thousand winters ? Ah, what will *our*
children be,

The men of a hundred thousand, a million summers
away ?

THE COMING OF THE KINGDOM

20
Nov.
Evening

*The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come
to His Temple.*

L ORD of the darkness and the day,
To Thee Thy waiting people pray ;
Perplexed, assaulted, hard beset,
Faithful we grasp Thy promise yet.

Dimly our home-sick eyes descry
The signs that fleck earth's sunset sky ;
But, while we strive to read aright,
The evening deepens into night.

With cleansing fire our work to try,
Discerner of the heart, draw nigh !
Swing East, swing West, Thy winnowing fan,
Till judgment thoroughly search out man.

So melts at last the twilight grey ;
So broadens luminous the day
When stern to punish, swift to bless,
A King shall reign in righteousness.

WILLIAM
REED
HUNT-
INGTON

THE DOOR

21
Nov.
Morning

Looking unto Jesus.

I N the failure of ourselves, which is an integral part of experience, that which helps us most is that which we feel to be without, and beyond, ourselves. It will not comfort us so much, in our moments of weakness or dying, to be adjured to remember the dignity of our being, as to be pointed to the scene enacted once for all upon the Cross. We believe that Calvary wonderfully includes and conditions ourselves. Yet it is to Calvary, not as ourselves but as Calvary, that, in the breaking up of ourselves, we most earnestly desire to hold fast. We are left, here at least and now, still gazing as from afar, not in fruition but in faith, on that which we have *not* realised in ourselves. We are still kneeling to worship, with arms outstretched from ourselves in a wonder of belief and loving adoration, that reality wholly unique and wholly comprehensive, the figure of Jesus crucified.

R. C.
MOBERLY

THE DOOR

21
Nov.
Evening

Ecce ostium apertum in cælo.

O LORD, Thou art the Door
Through which we pass to the eternal peace,
When the dim light of these short days shall cease,
Time be for us no more.

'Tis through this Door we see
The vision of the Father, and we hear
The pleading of the Spirit ; oh, draw near,
Most Holy, unto me.

I kneel beside this Door,
And raise mine eyes unto the heavenly light,
Praying obedience may follow sight,
As faith must go before.

Wide open stands this Door
For those whose only gate had been the grave ;
To open it His life the Builder gave,
Now can it close no more.

For ever passing through
Are spirits sanctified and souls released,
Called to the sweetness of the Master's feast :
Hearken, He calleth *you* !

J. E. A.
BROWN

22

Nov.
Morning

*The secret of the Lord is with them that
fear Him.*

IT is true that genius takes its rise out of the mountains of rectitude ; that all beauty and power which men covet, are somehow born out of that alpine district ; that any extraordinary degree of beauty in man or woman involves a moral charm. Thus, I think, we very slowly admit in another man a higher degree of moral sentiment than our own,—a finer conscience, more impressionable, or which marks minuter degrees ; an ear to hear acuter notes of right and wrong than we can. I think we listen suspiciously and very slowly to any evidence on that point.

But once satisfied of such superiority, we set no limit to our expectation of his genius. For such persons are nearer to the secret of God than others ; are bathed by sweeter waters ; they hear notices—they see visions where others are vacant.

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

22
Nov.
Evening

*Il ben nostro in questo ben s'affina,
Che quel che vuole Iddio e noi volemo.*

SHALL I be born of God, or of mere man?
Be made like Christ, or on some other plan?—
I let all run :—set Thou and trim my sails ;
Home then my course, let blow whatever gales.

With Thee on board each sailor is a king,
Nor I mere captain of my vessel then,
But heir of earth and heaven, eternal child ;
Daring all truth, nor fearing anything ;
Mighty in love, the servant of all men ;
Resenting nothing, taking rage and blare
Into the God-like silence of a loving care.

GEORGE
MAC DONALD

RESIGNATION

23
Nov.
Morning

My soul, wait thou only upon God.

RESIGNATION sitteth down with the lowly in the dust ; it saith, “I will be simple in myself, and understand nothing, lest my understanding should exalt itself, and sin : I will lie down in the courts of my God at His feet, that I may serve my Lord in that which He commandeth me : I will know nothing myself, that the commandment of my Lord may lead and guide me, and that I may only do what God doth through me, and will have done by me : I will sleep in myself until the Lord awaken me with His Spirit ; and if He will not, then will I cry out eternally in Him in silence and wait His commands.”

JACOB
BEHMEN

RESIGNATION

23
Nov.
Evening

*In the shadow of Thy wings will I make
my refuge.*

THEN on our utter weakness and the hush
Of hearts exhausted that can ache no more,
On such abeyance of self and swoon of soul
The Spirit hath lighted oft, and let men see
That all our vileness alters God no more
Than our dimmed eyes can quench the stars in heaven :—
From years ere years were told, through all the sins,
Unknown sins of innumerable men,
God is Himself for ever, and shows to-day,
As erst in Eden, the eternal hope.

FREDERIC
W. H.
MYERS,
*St. John
the Baptist*

24
Nov.
Morning

*Ma vedi, molti gridan : Cristo, Cristo,
Che saranno in giudicio assai men prope
A lui, che tal che non conobbe Cristo.*

MAX
MÜLLER

BY unduly deprecating all other religions we have placed our own in a position which its founder never intended for it; we have torn it away from the sacred context of the history of the world; we have ignored, or wilfully narrowed, the sundry times and divers manners in which, in times past, God spake unto the fathers by the prophets; and instead of recognising Christianity as coming in the fulness of time, and as the fulfilment of the hopes and desires of the whole world, we have brought ourselves to look upon its advent as the only broken link in that unbroken chain which is rightly called the Divine government of the world.

24
Nov.
Evening

*Trust ye not in lying words, saying, The temple
of the Lord, the temple of the Lord, the temple
of the Lord are these.*

GOD is not dumb, that He should speak no more ;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor ;
There towers the mountain of the Voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends,
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone :
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit.

JAMES
RUSSELL
LOWELL

THE VISION

25
Nov.
Morning

*Clouds and darkness are round about Him,
righteousness and judgment are the habitation of
His throne.*

IT ill becomes us to attempt to explain all the dealings of God with man, still more the mysteries of the Divine Being and Nature ; and that which must for ever remain a mystery to the most faithful of His children it is idle indeed to undertake to explain to others. Yet let us never flinch from bearing witness to that of which through these awful clouds we have from time to time been permitted to obtain some broken vision. Let us never cease to do what in us lies to persuade our fellows to lift their eyes also to the heavens, and though the vision may tarry, to wait for it in steadfast patience. They may call us dreamers, and we may think them blind. When we speak of the stars, they may say we are idly romancing about a mere painted ceiling. But the end is not yet. No roof of human workmanship will endure for ever. Sooner or later all that is of earth must perish and crumble away. Then is the time for the children of light to "lift up their heads," knowing that "their redemption draweth nigh."

CAROLINE
EMELIA
STEPHEN

25
Nov.
Evening

*Luce intellettual piena d'amore,
Amor di vero ben pien di letizia,
Letizia, che trascende ogni dolzore.*

MY eyes for beauty pine,
My soul for Goddës grace :
No other care nor hope is mine ;
To heaven I turn my face.

One splendour thence is shed
From all the stars above :
'Tis namèd where God's name is said,
'Tis Love, 'tis heavenly Love.

And every gentle heart,
That burns with true desire,
Is lit from eyes that mirror part
Of that celestial fire.

ROBERT
BRIDGES

THE MESSENGERS

26

Nov.

Morning

*I have covered thee in the shadow of
mine hand.*

IF God speak to thee in the summer air,
The cool soft breath thou leanest forth to feel
Upon thy forehead ; dost thou feel it God ?
Nay, but the wind : and when heart speaks to heart,
And face to face, when friends meet happily,
And all is merry, God is also there ;—
But thou perceivest but thy fellow's part ;
And when out of the dewy garden green
Some liquid syllables of music strike
A sudden speechless rapture through thy frame,
Is it God's voice that moves thee ? Nay, the bird's,—
Who sings to God, and all the world and thee.
But when the sharp strokes flesh and heart run through,
For thee, and not another ; only known,
In all the universe, through sense of thine ;
Not caught by eye or ear, not felt by touch,
Nor apprehended by the spirit's sight,
But only by the hidden, tortured nerves,
And all their incommunicable pain,—
God speaks Himself to us, as mothers speak
To their own babes, upon the tender flesh
With fond familiar touches close and dear ;—
Because He cannot choose a softer way
To make us feel that He Himself is near,
And each apart His own Beloved and Known.

HARRIET
ELEANOR
HAMILTON
KING

26
Nov.
Evening

*O God, my strength, and my fortress, and my
refuge in the day of affliction.*

WHEN death is coming near,
When thy heart shrinks in fear
And thy limbs fail,
Then raise thy hands and pray
To Him who smooths thy way
Through the dark vale.

Seest thou the eastern dawn,
Hear'st thou in the red morn
The angel's song?
Oh, lift thy drooping head,
Thou who in gloom and dread
Hast lain so long.

Death comes to set thee free ;
Oh, meet him cheerily
As thy true friend,
And all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace
Thy penance end.

DE LA
MOTTE
FOUQUÉ

27
Nov.
Morning

Rich toward God.

THERE is no Wealth but Life. Life, including all its powers of love, of joy, and of admiration. That country is the richest which nourishes the greatest number of noble and happy human beings; that man is richest who, having perfected the functions of his own life to the utmost, has also the widest helpful influence, both personal, and by means of his possessions, over the lives of others.

JOHN
RUSKIN

27
Nov.
Evening

Lo, Thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument, for they hear Thy words but they do them not.

WE are to look for God in events and deeds. We are to know that nothing can compensate us for the loss of the open vision of God's working in history and in life about us,—not ecstasy of worship, nor orthodoxy of doctrine. To confine our religion to these latter things is to become dull towards God even in them, and to forget Him everywhere else. And this is a fault of our day. . . . So much of our fear of God is conventional, orthodox and not original, a trick caught from men's words and fashions, not a part of ourselves, nor won, like all that is real in us, from contact with real life. In our politics, in our conduct with men, in the struggle of our own hearts for knowledge and for temperance, and in service—there we are to learn to fear God. . . . It is where we feel life most real, that we are to look for Him.

GEORGE
ADAM
SMITH

THE PRESENCE OF GOD

28

Nov.
Morning

So the Lord alone did lead him.

THERE are moments when the beauty of the universe looks in at us with a meaning quite divine; . . . or the eye of appealing misery burns into the place of pity in our souls, and we know it to be *His* sympathy as well as *ours*: or a new insight of duty opens a path which He alone could show. In these instances, we strain no ingenuity to discover Him; it is He who comes to us and finds us; His presence rises of itself, and the revelation is spontaneous. Our sole concern is to accept it, to revere it, to follow it, to live by it.

JAMES
MAR-
TINEAU,
*Hours of
Thought*

28
Nov.
Evening

Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to Thy voice: cause me to hear it.

FROM the same source I drew
A pleasure quiet and profound, a sense
Of permanent and universal sway,
And paramount belief; there, recognised
A type, for finite natures, of the one
Supreme Existence, the surpassing life
Which—to the boundaries of space and time,
Of melancholy space and doleful time,
Superior, and incapable of change,
Nor touched by welterings of passion—is,
And hath the name of, God. Transcendent peace
And silence did await upon these thoughts.

WILLIAM
WORDS-
WORTH

29
Nov.
Morning

Great are Thy judgments and cannot be expressed, therefore unnurtured souls have erred.

ARTHUR
CHRIS-
TOPHER
BENSON

OUGHT we not to try to make our religion a much wider, quieter thing? Are we not exchanging the melodies of the free birds that sing in the forest glade, for the melancholy chirping of the caged linnet? It seems to me often as though we had captured our religion from a multitude of fair, hovering presences, that would speak to us of the things of God, caged it in a tiny prison, and closed our ears to the larger and wider voices.

*If thou followest righteousness, thou shalt obtain
her, and put her on as a glorious long robe.*

WE live by Faith ; but Faith is not the slave
Of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's,
Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds.
What asks our Father of His children, save
Justice and mercy and humility,
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see
The Master's footprints in our daily ways ?
No knotted scourge, nor sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life,
Whose very breathing is unworded praise !—
A life that stands as all true lives have stood,
Firm-rooted in the faith that God is Good.

J. G.
WHITTIER

30
Nov.
Morning

*Good Master, what shall I do that I may
inherit eternal life ?*

Thou knowest the commandments.

WHAT do we know—what need we know
Of the great world to which we go ?
We peer into the tomb, and hark :
Its walls are dim, its doors are dark.

Be still, O mourning heart, nor seek
To make the tongueless silence speak :
Be still, be strong, nor wish to find
Their way who leave the world behind.

What is their wisdom, clear and deep?—
That as men sow they surely reap,—
That every thought, that every deed,
Is sown into the soul for seed.

They have no word we do not know,—
Nor yet the cherubim aglow
With God : we know that virtue saves,—
They know no more beyond the graves.

EDWIN
MARK-
HAM

AT THE GATE

30
Nov.
Evening

*This gate of the Lord into which the
righteous shall enter.*

B RING none of these ; but let me be,
While all around in silence lies,
Moved to the window near, and see
Once more, before my dying eyes,

Bathed in the sacred dews of morn
The wide aerial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead ;

There let me gaze, till I become
In soul, with what I gaze on, wed !
To feel the universe my home ;
To have before my mind—instead

Of the sick room, the mortal strife,
The turmoil for a little breath—
The pure eternal course of life,
Not human combatings with death !

Thus feeling, gazing, let me grow
Composed, refreshed, ennobled, clear ;
Then willing let my spirit go
To work or wait elsewhere or here !

MATTHEW
ARNOLD

SORROW

I
Dec.
Morning

A Prayer.

SAINT
ANSELM

O THOU, Love, that art the bond of the Godhead, most merciful consoler of them that mourn, do Thou enter by Thy mighty power into the innermost sanctuary of our hearts, and of Thy goodness dwell therein, making its neglected corners glad with the brightness of Thy light, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

SORROW

I
Dec.
Evening

*Then there came again and touched me One
like the appearance of a man, and he strengthened
me, and said, O man greatly beloved, fear not :
peace be unto thee, be strong, yea be strong.*

WHEREFORE if anywise from morn to morn
I can endure a weary faithfulness,
From minute unto minute calling low
On God who once would answer, it may be
He hath a waking for me, and some surprise
Shall from this prison set the captive free,
And love from fears and from the flesh the soul.

FREDERIC
W. H.
MYERS,
*John
the Baptist*

2

Dec.
Morning

This is the law of the house ; upon the top of the mountain the whole limit thereof round about shall be most holy : Behold, this is the law of the house.

THIS is the true nature of the home—it is a place of Peace ; the shelter, not only from all injury, but from all terror, doubt, and division. In so far as it is not this, it is not home : . . . it is then only a part of the outer world which you have roofed over, and lighted a fire in. But so far as it is a sacred place, a vestal temple, a temple of the hearth watched over by Household Gods, before whose faces none may come but those whom they can receive with love,—so far as it is this, and roof and fire are types only of a nobler shade and light,—shade as of the rock in a weary land, and light as of the Pharos in the stormy sea ;—so far it vindicates the name, and fulfils the praise, of Home.

JOHN
RUSKIN

*I laid me down and slept ; I awaked ;
for the Lord sustained me.*

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine ;
Father, forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With lovingkindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet ;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head ;
So shall my rest be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake ;
All's well, whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

HARRIET
M'EWEN
KIMBALL



LOVE FOR LOVE

3
Dec.
Morning

*Thou knowest all things. Thou knowest that
I love Thee.*

THE soul is never at its best until it enjoys God, and prays out of sheer love. Nobody who has learned to pray in this deeper way, and whose prayer is a prayer of communion and fellowship, wants logical argument for the existence of God. Such a want implies a fall from a higher to a lower level. It is like a demand for a proof of the beauty one feels, or an evidence of love other than the evidence of loving.

RUFUS
M. JONES

3
Dec.
Evening

*Of all therefore that are dear to thee, let Jesus
alone be thine especially beloved.*

O TENDER Heart, strong Ark which doth enshrine
The whole sweet law that rules the heart of man ;
No longer held as slaves beneath a ban,
Grateful and free we live by love divine.

O Heart, O Sanctuary undefiled
Of that new law of Love unto us given ;
O Veil more precious than of old was riven,
O Temple holier than the ancients piled !

What living heart is there that will not come
At His redeeming call, that doth not sigh
To give Him love for love, and will not fly
Unto His Heart, our Everlasting Home ?

*Latin,
18th
Century,
trans. by
Rosa
Mul-
holland*

THE ONLY JOY

4
Dec.
Morning

*I shall yet praise Him, who is the health
of my countenance, and my God.*

THERE comes a time in the life of every one who follows the truth with full sincerity when God reveals to the *sensitive* soul the fact that He and He alone can satisfy those longings, the satisfaction of which she has hitherto been tempted to seek elsewhere. Then follows a series of experiences which constitute the "*sure mercies of David.*" . . . The sensitive nature is, from day to day, refreshed with a sweetness that makes the flesh-pots of Egypt insipid; and the soul cries, "Cor meum et caro mea exultaverunt in Deum vivum."

COVENTRY
PATMORE

THE ONLY JOY

4
Dec.
Evening

*Tell me, O Thou whom my soul loveth, where
Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon (in the
burden and heat of the day).*

G RANT I may so
Thy steps track here below,

That in these masques and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way ;
And by those hid ascents climb to that day,
Which breaks from Thee,
Who art in all things, though invisibly !
Shew me Thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease !

And from this care, where dreams and sorrows reign,
Lead me above,
Where Light, Joy, Leisure, and true comforts move
Without all pain ;
There, hid in Thee, shew me his life again,
At whose dumb urn
Thus all the year I mourn !

HENRY
VAUGHAN

A CHARACTER

5
Dec.
Morning

*The very true beginning of wisdom is the desire
of discipline ; and the care of discipline is love.*

SHE walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white ;
She guards them from the steep.
She feeds them on the fragrant height
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right ;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

ALICE
MEYNELL

5
Dec.
Evening

Whoso seeketh wisdom early shall have no great travail; for he shall find her sitting at his doors.

AFTER this our good Lord said : *I thank thee for thy travail, and especially for thy youth. . . .* And I saw that homely and sweetly was this shewed, and that the age of every man shall be made known in Heaven, and he shall be rewarded for his willing service and for his time. And especially the age of them that willingly and freely offer their youth unto God, passingly is rewarded and wonderfully is thanked

JULIAN,
*The An-
choress*

THE ETERNAL TIDE

6

Dec.
Morning

*When He prepared the Heavens, I (Wisdom)
was there.*

I N the star-field of the Hunting Dogs there is to be seen the great spiral Nebula in the long act of giving birth, like other nebulae, but more obviously than most, to systems of suns, systems of worlds. . . . Out of one of these clouds, now fulfilled and gone, we men came ; or rather, I put it to myself, the stuff which I use for an earthly body came thence. The significance of those almost intolerable marvels, their only significance to me, is life. There I see life enormous, majestic, matching Him whom it reflects, a part of the great image that embraces us ; but it is life in our earthly rank, ranged with our life here on Tellus, this little satellite of a sun not large, to which my ship of life is anchored. Not there, in any earthy, starry world, nor here, is the Avalon of our souls ; but through the hidden opening into some wider sea beyond this radiant veil of clouds and worlds of clouds.

*A Modern
Mystic's
Way*

6
Dec.
Evening

With lovingkindness have I drawn thee.

AS the waxing moon can take
The tidal waters in her wake
And lead them round and round to break
Obedient to her drawings dim ;
So may the movements of His mind,
The first Great Father of mankind,
Affect with answering movements blind,
And draw the souls that breathe by Him.

JEAN
INGELOW

7
Dec.
Morning

Let your speech be alway with grace.

RALPH
WALDO
EMERSON

THERE is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke, I beseech you by all good angels to hold your peace, and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans. Come out of the azure. Love the day. Do not leave the sky out of your landscape. The oldest and most deserving person should come very modestly into any newly awaked company, respecting the divine communications, out of which all must be presumed to have newly come.

7
Dec.
Evening

Thy Hands have made me and fashioned me.

IN man's life, time is but a moment ; being, a flux ; sense is dim ; the material frame corruptible ; soul, an eddy of breath ; destiny hard to divine, and fame ill at appraise. . . . What, then, can direct our goings ? One thing, and one alone, philosophy ; which is, to keep the deity within inviolate and free from scathe, superior to pleasures and to pains, doing nothing at random, nothing falsely or disingenuously, and lacking for naught, whatever others do or leave undone ; accepting the apportioned lot, as coming from the same source as man himself ; and finally, in all serenity awaiting death, the natural dissolution of the elements of which each creature is compounded. And if the component elements have nought to fear in the continuous change from form to form, why should one look askance at the change and dissolution of the whole ? It is of Nature, and Nature knows no evil.

MARCUS
AURELIUS
ANTON-
INUS,
trans. by
G. H.
Rendall

8

Dec.
Morning

We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.

I THOUGHT in my own secret soul, if thus
 (By the strong sympathy that knits mankind)
 A power untried exists in each of us,
 By which a fellow-creature's wavering mind
 To good or evil deeds may be inclined ;
 Shall not an awful questioning be made :
 (And we perchance no fitting answer find :)
 Whom hast *thou* sought to rescue or persuade ?
 Whom roused from sinful sloth ? whom comforted, afraid ?

MRS.
NORTON

8
Dec.
Evening

When saw we Thee ?

HOW lovely seems the sun to us,—at night,
When his soft light dawns on us from the moon !
'Tis the sun's light and not the moon's, although
She is so near, and he has dropped from sight.
Hast thou done some good deed, and therefore now
A human face smiles on thee through its tears,—
Then see there, too, the Godhead's mediate face,
Soft-beaming as the *solar-lunar* light.

*A
Layman's
Breviary*

9

Dec.
Morning

It is a harder matter for a truly good man to forgive himself, than to obtain forgiveness of God.

NOW on the threshold of old age, he may be supposed to take a look backward over the sixty or seventy years which have passed. . . . First he has a deep sense of thankfulness to God for all His mercies. He may have had troubles and disappointments in life, but he acknowledges that all things have been ordered for the best. The days pass more quickly with him now than formerly, and make less impression upon him. He will soon be crossing the bar and going forth upon the ocean. He is not afraid of death, it seems natural to him ; he is soon about to pass into the hands of God. . . . There are some reflections which would often occur to his mind, though he might not speak of them to others. A sharp thrill of pain might sometimes pierce his heart when he remembered any irremediable wrong of which he had been the author, or when he recalled any unkind word which he had hastily uttered, or any dishonourable conduct of which he had been guilty. He need not disclose his fault to men, but neither will he disguise it from himself ; least of all, if he have repented of the sin and is no longer the servant of it, should his conscience be overpowered with the remembrance of it. For sin too, like sorrow, is healed by time ; and he who is really delivered from its bondage need not fear lest God should create it anew in him that He may inflict punishment upon him. For in the sight of God we are what we are, not what we have been at some particular moment ; nor yet what we are in some detail or in reference to some particular act, but what we are on the whole.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

*Cast me not off in the time of old age, forsake
me not when my strength faileth.*

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to
shore,

Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my
troubled breast ;

O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to
rest !

Ever blooming are the joys of heaven's high Paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears, nor vapour dims our
eyes :

Glory there the sun outshines ; whose beams the Blessed
only see :

O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to
Thee.

THOMAS
CAMPION

THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT

10
Dec.
Morning

*If I go not away, the Comforter will not
come to you.*

SAIN-T-WORSHIP is a far sadder thing than hero-worship, inasmuch as the saint-worshipper's ideal is so much higher than the hero-worshipper's. "Call no man your father upon earth" has been going in my ears these last days. "Call no man your Master or your Lord." The Speaker knew how very hard it was not to do that; so He said it over to us these three times. He said something harder and more wonderful still—to sense harder, more wonderful to faith. "It is expedient for you that I, even I, go away."

Yes, dear Absenter of Thyself, it is true! For what follows?

I am not a theologian, nor the son of a theologian, but I am beginning to be able to adore the Spirit equally with the Father and the Son. It is a wonderful and a blessed thing to do that. We must not speak much of it; but we must try to do it, and do it more.

ROBERT
BARBOUR

10
Dec.
Evening

*Master, what of the Night?
Child, Night is not at all.*

WHEN on the mid sea of the night,
I waken at Thy call, O Lord,
The first that troop my bark aboard
Are darksome imps that hate the light,
Whose tongues are arrows, eyes a blight—
Of wraths and cares a pirate horde—
Though on the mid sea of the night
It was Thy call that waked me, Lord.

Then I must to my arms and fight,
Catch up my shield and two-edged sword,
The words of Him who is Thy Word :
Nor cease till they are put to flight :—
Then in the mid sea of the night
I turn and listen for Thee, Lord.

There comes no voice from Thee, O Lord,
Across the mid sea of the night !
I lift my voice and cry with might :
If Thou keep silent, soon a horde
Of imps again will swarm aboard,
And I shall be in sorry plight
If no voice come from Thee, O Lord,
Across the mid sea of the night.

There comes no voice ; I hear no word !
But in my soul dawns something bright :—
There is no sea, no foe to fight !
Thy heart and mine beat one accord :
I need no voice from Thee, O Lord,
Across the mid sea of the night.

GEORGE
MAC
DONALD

CHRIST WITH US

II
Dec.
Morning

The Angel of His presence saved them.

TO refuse the world, to oppose it, to correct it, to overcome it, is the labour by which our mind and will are brought into conformity with the Divine. And in this labour we feel ourselves fellow-workers and free instruments of that indwelling God whom, knowing to be infinite, we must think of as equivalently finite, and as the eternal ideal of perfected humanity ; as one afflicted in all our afflictions ; as sharing our griefs and carrying our sorrows ; as crucified with us on the cross of this ruthless determinism which His own hands have prepared to be the instrument of our deliverance and deification, and on which He Himself is racked and tormented, in us and with us.

FATHER
TYRRELL

CHRIST WITH US

II
Dec.
Evening

I lay down My life for the sheep.

THOU whose ways we praise,
Clear alike and dark,
Keep our works and ways
This and all our days
Safe inside Thine ark.

Who shall keep Thy sheep,
Lord, and lose not one?
Who save One shall keep,
Lest the shepherds sleep?
Who beside the Son?

ALGERNON
CHARLES
SWIN-
BURNE

THE AWAKENING

I 2
Dec.
Morning

*Immediately he received his sight, and
followed Jesus in the way.*

IT is a memorable moment in the history of a man's spirit when the righteousness of God ceases to be a ground of anxiety or apprehension, and becomes a ground of assured hope and confidence,—when he perceives that it cannot be satisfied with punishment but must always desire to communicate itself. As soon as he discovers that the purpose of God in giving him a law is to train him into a participation of His own righteousness and blessedness, that very moment the Law becomes Gospel and his Judge becomes his Father. The revelation of this purpose, then, is the Gospel, and it is virtually made to every man, for the light in his conscience which condemns his sin ought to be understood as “The goodness of God leading him to repentance.” What means God may use for this end we cannot tell, but when we see what His fatherly purpose is we are enabled to trust ourselves in His hands, and to look without fear into an unending futurity. We can rest in the assurance that the only power in the universe—the power by which all other things exist—seeks and must ever seek for us that righteousness which is our only possible blessedness.

THOMAS
ERSKINE
OF LIN-
LATHEN

THE AWAKENING

12
Dec.
Evening

And was found in fashion as a man.

THE very God ! think Abib ; dost thou think ?
So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too,—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying, “ O heart I made, a heart beats here !
Face, my hands fashioned, see it in Myself !
Thou hast no power nor mayst conceive of Mine,
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
And thou must love Me, who have died for thee.”

ROBERT
BROWNING

THE COMMUNION OF PAIN

13
Dec.
Morning

*Trouble and anguish have taken hold on me, yet
Thy commandments are my delights.*

PAIN shall my witness be
That I am loved by Thee ;
Before Thy worlds were framed, within Thy Book
Were all my members writ ;
Upon my substance, yet
Unfashion'd, Thou didst look :
Then from Thy breath was lit
A furnace, deep and vast ;
Yet didst Thou weigh the blast
The while Thou feededst the keen flame, and see
The sum of things Thou didst prepare for me.

DORA
GREEN-
WELL

THE COMMUNION OF PAIN

13
Dec.
Evening

Most gladly, therefore, will I glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.

WHEN the night comes, and the weariness
Grows into fever, and thy anguish grows
Fiercer, and thou beseechest Him with tears,
“Depart from me, O Lord, and let me rest !”
He will not leave thee, He will not depart,
Nor loose thee, nor forget thee ; but will clasp
Thee closer in the thrilling of His arms,
No prayer of ours shall ease before their time.
He gives His angels charge of those who sleep ;
But He Himself watches with those who wake.

HARRIET
ELEANOR
HAMILTON
KING

14
Dec.
Morning

*The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because
the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it.*

MY spirit has been sent to dwell upon the star called "Earth," and now that star is hastening along a path which hides my dwelling-place more and more from the light of the sun. Night grows, day dwindles, and all things mourn in the shadows.

I pass about my garden plot, the pleasant paths are hidden by black sodden leaves, the branches they have left are bare above me,—their fruit is long since gathered and garnered, the flowering plants I loved have crept down to their little graves in the dark earth.

And I too, it is even so with me: feeble steps, failing sight, an autumn weariness, old age. Why all this fading and faltering? Who could have guessed so glorious an answer? "Because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it." So in all this I meet Thee, I find Thee, I feel Thy very breath, O Master of my days, the Breath of Life, for there is no life without what we call "Death." Except the corn fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone. If it feel Thy breath it is alone no longer. Then welcome all Thy Winter—being *Thine*.

*Thoughts
of a
Tertiary*

14
Dec.
Evening

He hath made everything beautiful in his time.

I SINGULARLY moved
 I, To love the lovely that are not beloved,
 Of all the Seasons, most
 Love Winter, and to trace
 The sense of the Trophonian pallor on her face.
 It is not death, but plenitude of peace ;
 And the dim cloud that does the world enfold
 Hath less the characters of dark and cold
 Than warmth and light asleep ;
 And correspondent breathing seems to keep
 With the infant harvest, breathing soft below
 Its eider coverlet of snow.
 Nor is in field or garden anything
 But, duly looked into, contains serene
 The substance of things hoped for, in the Spring,
 And evidence of Summer not yet seen.

COVENTRY
PATMORE

THE CLEAR CERTAINTY

15
Dec.
Morning

Thou hast set my feet upon a rock.

AT the present time the greatest need seems to be that we should return to the fundamentals of spiritual religion. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that both the old seats of authority, the infallible Church and the infallible book, are fiercely assailed, and that our faith needs reinforcements. These can only come from the depths of the religious consciousness itself; and if summoned from thence they will not be found wanting. The "impregnable rock" is neither an institution nor a book, but a life or experience. Faith, which is an affirmation of the basal personality, is its own evidence and justification. Under normal conditions it will always be strongest in the healthiest minds. There is and can be no appeal from it. If, then, our hearts, duly prepared for the reception of the Divine Guest, at length say to us, "This I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see," we may, in St. John's words, "have confidence towards God."

WILLIAM
RALPH
INGE

THE CLEAR CERTAINTY

15
Dec.
Evening

*My God and my all ! enough is said to him
who understands.*

ALL riches, goods and braveries never told
Of earth, sun, air, and heaven—now I hold
Your being in my being ; I am ye,
And ye myself ; yea, lastly, Thee,
God, whom my roads all reach, howe'er they run,
My Father, Friend, Belovèd, dear All-One,
Thee in my soul, my soul in Thee, I feel,
Self of my self. Lo, through my sense doth steal
Clear cognizance of all selves and qualities,
Of all existence that hath been or is,
Of all strange haps that men miscall of chance,
And all the works of tireless circumstance.

—I hear from all-wards, all-wise understand,
The great bird Purpose bears me 'twixt her wings,
And I am one with all the kinsmen things
That e'er my Father fathered. Oh, to me
All questions solve in this tranquillity.

SIDNEY
LANIER

16
Dec.
Morning

It doth not yet appear what we shall be.

SURELY the aim of a true philosophy must lie, not in futile efforts towards the complete accommodation of man to the circumstances in which he chances to find himself, but in the maintenance of a kind of ingenuous discontent, in the face of the very highest achievement; the unclouded and receptive soul quitting the world finally, with the same fresh wonder with which it had entered it still unimpaired, and going on its blind way at last with the consciousness of an enigma in all that, as its pledge of something further to come. Marius seemed to understand how one might look back upon life here, and its excellent visions, as but the portion of a racecourse left behind him by a still swift runner; for a moment, he felt a curiosity and ardour, with dim trouble as of imminent vision, to enter upon a future, the possibilities of which seemed so large.

WALTER
PATER,
*Marius
the Epi-
curean*

AND DEATH

16
Dec.
Evening

*He only is rightly immortal to whom all things
are immortal.*

O YOUTH immortal—O undying love !
With these by winter fireside we'll sit down,
Wearing our snows of honour like a crown ;
And sing as in a grove,
Where the full nests ring out with happy cheer,
“ Summer is here.”

Roll round, strange years ; swift seasons, come and go ;
Ye leave upon us only an outward sign ;
Ye cannot touch the inward and divine,
While God alone does know ;
There seal'd till summers, winters, all shall cease
In His deep peace.

Therefore prouse ye winds and howl your will ;
Beat, beat, ye sobbing rains on pane and door ;
Enter, slow-footed age, and thou, obscure
Grand Angel—not of ill :
Healer of every wound, whene'er thou come,
Glad, we'll go home.

DINAH M.
MULOCK

THE ORDER OF SORROW

17
Dec.
Morning

I will gather all them that are sorrowful for the solemn assembly.

THERE is a large and secret brotherhood in this world, the members of which easily recognise each other, without any visible outward sign. It is the band of mourners. The members of this brotherhood need not necessarily wear mourning; they can even rejoice with the joyful, and they seldom sigh or weep when others see them. But they recognise and understand each other without uttering a word. . . . Their countenances reflect a soft moonlight; when they speak, one thinks of the whispering of the leaves of a beech forest after a warm spring shower, and as the rays of the sun light up the drops of dew with a thousand colours, and drink them up from the green grass, a heavenly light seems to shine through the tears of the mourners, to lighten them, and lovingly kiss them away. Almost every one, sooner or later, enters this brotherhood, and those who enter it early may be considered fortunate, for they learn, before it is too late, that *all* which man calls his own is only lent him for a short time, and the ivy of their affections does not cling so deeply and so strongly to the old walls of earthly happiness.

MAX
MÜLLER

THE ORDER OF SORROW

17
Dec.
Evening

Blessed are they that mourn.

“WHAT do you make so fair and bright?”

“I make the cloak of Sorrow :

O, lovely to see in all men's sight
Shall be the cloak of Sorrow,
In all men's sight.”

“What do you build with sails for flight?”

“I build a boat for Sorrow :

O, swift on the seas all day and night
Sailleth the rover Sorrow,
All day and night.”

“What do you weave with wool so white?”

“I weave the shoes of Sorrow :

Soundless shall be the footfall light
In all men's ears of Sorrow,
Sudden and light.”

W. B.
YEATS

THE UNSEEN CHURCH

18
Dec.
Morning

The Lord knoweth them that are His.

HIGHER and more ideal than any outward or visible Church is the invisible, of which our conception is more abstract and distant, and therefore more vacant and shadowy. . . . There are nominal Christians who are in no sense real Christians ; and, on the other hand, in distant lands there are those to whom Christ in His individual person was never known, who, nevertheless, have had the temper of Christ, and in a way of their own have followed Him ; all these are included in the invisible Church. It is a great fellowship of those who have lived for others and not for themselves, for the truth and not for the opinion of men only, above the world and not merely in it. It is a communion of souls and of good men everywhere and in all ages, who, if they could have known one another and the Lord, would have acknowledged that they were animated with a common spirit, and would have loved and delighted in one another.

BENJAMIN
JOWETT

18
Dec.
Evening

My soul doth wait.

THIS it is that links together as one
The sad continual companies of men ;
Not that the old earth stands, and Ararat
Endureth, and Euphrates till to-day
Remembers where God walked beside the stream ;
Nay, rather that souls weary and hearts afire
Have everywhere besought Him, everywhere
Have found and found Him not ; and age to age,
Though all else pass and fail, delivereth
At least the great tradition of their God.

For even thus on Ur and Mahanaim,
By Asian rivers gathering to the sea,
When the huge stars shone gold, and dim and still
Dewed in the dusk the innocent yearlings' lay,
With constant eyes the serious shepherd-men
Renewed the old desiring, sought again
The mute eternal Presence ; . . .
Nor in all years have any wisdom found,
But patient hope and dumb humility.

FREDERIC
W. H.
MYERS,
St. John
the Baptist

19
Dec.
Morning

*He that getteth a wife beginneth a possession,
a help like unto himself, and a pillar of rest.*

THIS, then, I believe to be, will you not admit it to be?—the woman's true place and power. But do you not see that, to fulfil this, she must—as far as one can use such terms of a human creature—be incapable of error? So far as she rules, all must be right, or nothing is. She must be enduringly, incorruptibly good, instinctively, infallibly wise—wise, not for self-development, but for self-renunciation: wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fail from his side: wise, not with the narrowness of insolent and loveless pride, but with the passionate gentleness of an infinitely variable, because infinitely applicable, modesty of service—the true changefulness of woman. In that great sense—“*La donna è mobile*,” not “*Qual pium' al vento*”; no, nor yet “Variable as the shade, by the light quivering aspen made”; but variable as the *light*, manifold in fair and serene division, that it may take the colour of all that it falls upon, and exalt it.

JOHN
RUSKIN

19
Dec.
Evening

*Hearken unto me, ye that follow after Righteous-
ness, ye that seek the Lord.*

YE that do your Master's will,
Meek in heart be meeker still :
Day by day your sins confess,
Ye that walk in righteousness :
Gracious souls in grace abound,
Seek the Lord, whom ye have found.

*The
Yattendon
Hymn-
Book*

VISIONS OF ETERNITY

20
Dec.
Morning

When shall I come and appear before God?

SOMETIMES when I sit musing all alone
The sick diversity of human things,
Into my soul, I know not how, there springs
The vision of a world unlike our own.

O stable Zion, perfect, endless, one,
Why hauntest thou a soul that hath no wings?
I look on thee as men on mirage springs,
Knowing the desert bears but sand and stone.

Yet as a passing mirror in the street
Flashes a glimpse of gardens out of range
Through some poor sick-room open to the heat,
So in a world of doubt and death and change
The vision of eternity is sweet,
The vision of eternity is strange.

A. MARY
F. ROBIN-
SON

VISIONS OF ETERNITY

20
Dec.
Evening

*Chiamavi il cielo, e intorno vi si gira,
Mostrandovi le sue bellezze eterne.*

NOW, when the spirit in us wakes and broods,
Filled with home yearnings, drowsily it flings
From its deep heart high dreams and mystic moods,
Mixed with the memory of the loved earth things :
Clothing the vast with a familiar face ;
Reaching its right hand forth to greet the starry race.

Wondrously near and clear the great warm fires
Stare from the blue ; so shows the cottage light
To the field labourer whose heart desires
The old folk by the nook, the welcome bright
From the house-wife long parted from at dawn—
So the star villages in God's great depths withdrawn.

Nearer to Thee, not by delusion led,
Though there no house fires burn nor bright eyes gaze :
We rise, but by the symbol charioted,
Through loved things rising up to Love's own ways :
By these the soul unto the vast has wings,
And sets the seal celestial on all mortal things.

"A. E.",
*Homeward
Songs by
the Way*

21

Dec.

Morning

*O Earth, Earth, Earth, hear the word of
the Lord.*

THE infinite spirit and power, that identifies itself with the finite and human in the person and life of Christ has been revealing and realising itself in the whole course of history, identifying itself with the finite and human as the indwelling principle of the thought and life of every individual Christian soul, penetrating all the social relations of communities and nations, and inspiring the corporate unity of the Christian Church ; and it is still finding its ever-growing manifestation in that progressive spirit and life of humanity, that ever-advancing life of truth and goodness, which, never hasting, never resting, is, we believe, under all the transient and ever-changing aspects of human things, moving onward to its consummation. The eye that looks on the surface of things may fail to see it, the ear that is dulled or deadened by the tumult of human passion may fail to hear the heavenly voice ; but it is here, never far from any one of us, a divine element surrounding us when we know and think not of it, a divine light rippling round blind eyes, a heavenly music seeking entrance into deaf ears ; and nothing but our own moral opacity and dulness hinders it from penetrating, suffusing, identifying itself with our own very life and being.

JOHN
CAIRD

21
Dec.
Evening

*I give waters in the wilderness and rivers in the
desert, to give drink to my people, my chosen.*

A LIVING, loving, lasting word,
My listening ear believing heard,
While bending down in prayer ;
Like a sweet breeze that none can stay,
It passed my soul upon its way,
And left a blessing there.

Then joyful thoughts that come and go,
By paths the holy angels know,
Encamped around my soul ;
As in a dream of blest repose,
'Mid withered reeds a river rose,
And through the desert stole.

I lifted up my eyes to see—
The wilderness was glad for me,
Its thorns were bright with bloom ;
And onward travellers, still in sight,
Marked out a path of shining light
And shade unmixed with gloom.

Oh, sweet the strains of those before,
The weary knees are weak no more,
The faithful heart is strong.
But sweeter, nearer, from above,
That word of everlasting love,
The promise and the song.

A. L.
WARING

22

Dec.

Morning

*Show me Thy ways, O Lord, teach me Thy
paths.*

THE true attitude of the devout mind always involves a certain quietism and self-relinquishment. Instead of pressing curiously forward, it sinks in meditation back, rests upon the moment as divine, and feels the very pavement beneath its feet as holy. It has neither any distance to go, nor any time to wait, in order to close in with the spirit of God; only to own and trust Him now and here,—to pass into His hand with simple faith, a disarmed and unreluctant captive to His will. . . . The spirit of highest heroism before men stands as a little child before the face of God. . . . The originality and greatness of such minds arise not from præternatural effort, but from unreserved surrender: they do not determine whither they will go, but only say, “yes,” whithersoever they are led: they do not fret to find the way or complain because they cannot trace it far, but, hand in hand with an everlasting Guide, set a foot of firm content on the next ground that He may show. Hence the quietude and evenness of all their ways,—a certain gentle and solitary air that seems too mild to give out so much power,—a half-mystic reserve whence strangely issues a rare organising and administrative faculty. For it is the great marvel of the Christian character, that the completest *self-sacrifice* gives the completest *self-possession*; that only the captive soul, which has flung her rights away, has all her powers free; and that simply to *serve*, under the instant orders of the living God, is the highest qualification to command.

JAMES
MAR-
TINEAU,
*Hours of
Thought*

SURRENDER

22
Dec.
Evening

*Come then, Lord God, Holy One that lovest
me ! for when Thou shalt come into my heart,
all that is within me shall leap for joy.*

I F thou could'st empty all thyself of self,
Like to a shell dishabited,
Then might He find thee on the Ocean shelf,
And say—"This is not dead,"—
And fill thee with Himself instead :
But thou art all replete with very *thou*,
And hast such shrewd activity,
That, when He comes, He says :—"This is enow
Unto itself—'Twere better let it be :
It is so small and full, there is no room for Me."

T. E.
BROWN,
*Collected
Poems*
(1900)

GETHSEMANE

23
Dec.
Morning

Fiat voluntas.

TO the still wrestlings of the lonely heart
He doth impart
The virtue of His midnight agony,
When none was nigh,
Save God and one good angel, to assuage
The tempest's rage.

Mortal ! if life smile on thee, and thou find
All to thy mind,
Think, who did once from Heaven to Hell descend
Thee to befriend ;
So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,
Thy best, thine all.

"O Father ! not my will, but Thine be done"—
So spake the Son.
Be this our charm, mellowing Earth's ruder noise
Of griefs and joys :
That we may cling for ever to Thy breast
In perfect rest !

JOHN
KEBLE

23
Dec.
Evening

He who is near Me is near the fire.

MOVE through the flames with us, transcendent
form,
As of the Son of God, in splendour move !
Divide the anguish, breast with us the storm,
Companion perfect grief with perfect love.

Shine through the burning, more refulgent thou
Than fire with will subdued and mastered pain ;
Unharmèd sustain us in the furnace now,
And unconsumèd lead us forth again.

Word of the Highest ! Mystic effluence
Of That which calms us most, which helps us best !
Compose our hearts, control our shattered sense,
And, in our tribulation, give us rest.

Nerve us to watch the night of weeping through,
Wisely to bear, and nobly still to do.

ELIZA-
BETH
RACHEL
CHAPMAN

24
Dec.
Morning

*With the wind of Tribulation God separates,
on the Threshing-floor of the soul, the Chaff
from the Corn.*

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee : Do thou
With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave ;
Then lay before him all thou hast : allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality ; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness : Grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate ;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the
end.

AUBREY
DE VERE

24
Dec.
Evening

I sat alone, because of Thy hand.

“O PEARL, so gay with pearls,” quoth I,—
 “O Pearl that in my loneliness
 Art yearned for when at night I lie
 Sole comrade of my own distress,—
 Since over thee the grasses twine,
 No love to mine with love replies.
 May liking, love, and joy be thine,—
 The strifeless bourne of Paradise.
 Such weird as brought thee hither here,
 With plight of sorrow hath me undone ;
 Now are we twayned that were so dear,
 And in love’s life were but as one.”

PEARL
*(fourteenth
 century)
 rendered
 into
 modern
 verse by
 S. WEIR
 MITCHELL*

CHRISTMAS

25
Dec.
Morning

We heard of IT at Ephratah.

LIKE small curled feathers, white and soft,
The little clouds went by
Across the moon, and past the stars,
And down the western sky :
In upland pastures, where the grass
With frosted dew was white,
Like snowy clouds the young sheep lay
That first, best Christmas night.

With finger on her solemn lip,
Night hushed the shadowy earth,
And only stars and angels saw
The little Saviour's birth ;
Then came such flash of silver light
Across the bending skies,
The wondering shepherds woke and hid
Their frightened, dazzled eyes !

And all their gentle sleepy flock
Looked up, then slept again,
Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars
Brought endless peace to men,—
Nor even heard the gracious words
That down the ages ring—
“The Christ is born ! The Lord has come,
Goodwill on earth to bring !”

Then o'er the misty moonlit fields,
Dumb with the world's great joy,
The shepherds sought the white-walled town
Where lay the baby boy—
And oh, the gladness of the world,
The glory of the skies,
Because the longed-for Christ looked up
In Mary's happy eyes !

MAR-
GARET
DELAND

CHRISTMAS

25
Dec.
Evening

Et Homo factus est.

THOU hast not made, or taught me, Lord, to care
For times and seasons—but this one glad day
Is the blue sapphire clasping all the lights
That flash in the girdle of the year so fair—
When Thou wast born a man, because alway
Thou wast and art a man, through all the flights
Of thought, and time, and thousandfold creation's play.

GEORGE
MAC
DONALD

THE LITTLE CHILD

26
Dec.
Morning

Do not sin against the CHILD.

B ELOVED brethren, men boast much nowadays of faith; but where is that faith? The modern faith is but the history. Where is that child that believeth that Jesus is born? If that child were in being, and did believe that Jesus is born, it would also draw near to the sweet child Jesus, and receive Him and nurse Him. . . . If thou hast that new-born child which was lost and is found again, then let it be seen in power and virtue, and let us openly see the sweet child JESUS brought forth by thee, and that we may see that thou art His nurse: if not, then the children in Christ will say, thou hast found nothing but the history, namely, the cradle of the child.

JACOB
BEHMEN

26
Dec.
Evening

*To whom then will ye liken God, or what
likeness will ye compare unto Him ?*

THE weary world at war,
Too sad to sing,
Knows not how, throned afar,
The little Child is King ;
But frightened kneels to pay
A worship cold
To giant hands that may
Such empire hold.

O foolish world, to lie
And dream so ill !
O hapless man, whose eye
Such cheating visions fill !
So, singing still, we pray,
And praying sing,
Haste, Child, the golden day
When all shall know Thee King.

The lips that curse shall bless.
Sad earth, at length
Thou shalt see gentleness
O'ermaster strength,
Thy multitudinous voice
Our anthem ring :
Rejoice ! Rejoice ! Rejoice !
The little Child is King.

WILLIAM
REED
HUNT-
INGTON

27
Dec.
Morning

*Sorrows are passed, and in the end is shewed
the treasure of immortality.*

THIS is the effect which every great sorrow and struggle has upon a noble soul. Come to the streets of the living; who are these whom we can so easily distinguish from the crowd by their firmness of step and look of peace, . . . holding, without rest or haste, the tenor of their way, as if they marched to music heard by their ears alone? These are they which have come out of great tribulation. They have brought back into time the sense of eternity. They know how near the invisible worlds lie to this one, and the sense of the vast silences stills all idle laughter in their hearts. The life that is to other men chance or sport, strife or hurried flight, has for them its allotted distance; is for them a measured march, a constant worship. "For the bitterness of their soul they go in procession all their years."

GEORGE
ADAM
SMITH

Sorrow's subjects, they are our kings; wrestlers with death, our veterans; and to the rabble armies of society they set the step of a nobler life.

QUIET PILGRIMS

*What shall I say? He hath both spoken
unto me, and Himself hath done it: I shall go
softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.*

27

Dec.

Evening

WHEN on my soul in nakedness
His swift, avertless hand did press,
Then I stood still, nor cried aloud,
Nor murmured low in ashes bowed;
And since my woe is utterless,
To supreme quiet I am vowed;
Afar from me be moans and tears,—
I shall go softly all my years.

Whenso my quick light-sandalled feet
Bring me where joys and pleasures meet,
I mingle with their throng at will;
They know me not an alien still,
Since neither words nor ways unsweet
Of storèd bitterness I spill;
Youth shuns me not, nor gladness fears,—
I shall go softly all my years.

Whenso I come where griefs convene,
And in my ear their cry is keen;
They know me not, as on I glide,
That with Arch Sorrow I abide.
They haggard are, and dropped of mien,
And round their brows have cypress tied;
Such shows I leave to light Grief's peers,—
I shall go softly all my years.

Yea, softly! heart of hearts unknown,
Silence hath speech that passeth moan,
More piercing-keen than breathèd cries
To such as heed, made sorrow-wise.
But save this voice without a tone,
That runs before me to the skies,
And rings above Thy ringing spheres,
Lord, I go softly all my years.

EDITH
MATILDA
THOMAS

THE HEART'S CRY

28

Dec.
Morning

Would God I had died for thee.

SOMEWHERE at every hour
The watchman on the tower
Looks forth, and sees the fleet
Approach of the hurrying feet
Of messengers, that bear
The tidings of despair :
O Absalom, my son !

He goes forth from the door
Who shall return no more.
With him our joy departs ;
The light goes out in our hearts ;
In the Chamber over the Gate
We sit disconsolate :
O Absalom, my son !

That 'tis a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief ;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross ;
And for ever the cry will be,
“ Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son ! ”

HENRY
WADS-
WORTH
LONG-
FELLOW

28
Dec.
Evening

*In my prosperity I said, I shall never be
moved.*

SHE spoke with passion after pause—"And were it
wisely done,
If we who cannot gaze above, should walk the earth
alone?
If we whose virtue is so weak, should have a will so
strong,
And stand blind on the rocks, to choose the right path
from the wrong?
To choose perhaps a love-lit hearth, instead of love and
Heaven,—
A single rose, for a rose-tree, which beareth seven times
seven?
A rose that droppeth from the hand, that fadeth in the
breast,—
Until, in grieving for the worst, we learn what is the
best!"
Then breaking into tears,—“Dear God,” she cried,
“and must we see
All blissful things depart from us, or ere we go to
THEE?
We cannot guess thee in the wood, or hear thee in the
wind?
Our cedars must fall round us, ere we see the light
behind?
Ay sooth, we feel too strong in weal, to need thee on
that road,
But woe being come, the soul is dumb that crieth not on
God.”

ELIZABETH
BARRETT
BROWNING

REQUIESCAT

29
Dec.
Morning

Thou hast known my soul in adversities.

TO win the Prince's love aright
For Christen men is an easy end.
Yea, I have found Him, by day and night,
A God, a Lord, full firm a friend.
Befell me this on that mound's green sod,—
For sorrow of Pearl, there lay I prone,
And this my jewel gave o'er to God,
In Christ's dear blessing and eke mine own.
Christ, that in form of bread and wine,
The priest doth show, wherein God grants
To us His servants here a sign
That we be pearls of His pleasure.

PEARL
(fourteenth
century)
rendered
into
modern
verse by
S. WEIR
MITCHELL

REQUIESCAT

29
Dec.
Evening

*He desired life of Thee, and Thou gavest it him,
even length of days for ever and ever.*

HOW can I cease to pray for thee? Somewhere
In God's great universe thou art to-day;
Can He not reach thee with His tender care?
Can He not hear me when for thee I pray?

What matters it to Him who holds within
The hollow of His hand all worlds, all space,
That thou hast done with earthly pain and sin?
Somewhere within His ken thou hast a place.

Somewhere thou livest and hast need of Him;
Somewhere thy soul sees higher heights to climb;
And somewhere still there may be valleys dim,
That thou must pass to reach the hills sublime.

Then all the more, because thou canst not hear
Poor human words of blessing, will I pray,
O true, brave heart! God bless thee, wheresoe'er
In His great universe thou art to-day!

JULIA
C. R.
DORR

THE HIDDEN JOY

30
Dec.
Morning

Eye hath not seen.

AS little children in a darkened hall
At Christmas-tide await the opening door,
Eager to tread the fairy-haunted floor
About the tree with goodly gifts for all,
And in the dark unto each other call—
Trying to guess their happiness before,—
Or of their elders eagerly implore
Hints of what fortune unto them may fall:
So wait we in Time's dim and narrow room,
And with strange fancies, or another's thought,
Try to divine, before the curtain rise,
The wondrous scene. Yet soon shall fly the gloom,
And we shall see what patient ages sought,
The Father's long-planned gift of Paradise.

CHARLES
HENRY
CRANDALL

THE HIDDEN JOY

30
Dec.
Evening

*Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee
on the water. And He said, "Come."*

THROUGH the world's raging sea He bids us
come,
And 'twixt the sundered billows guides our path,
Till, spent and wearied with the ocean's wrath,
He calls His storm-tossed saints to Heaven and home.

There in His paradise red roses blow,
With golden daffodils and lilies pale
And gentle violets, and down the vale
The murmuring rivulets for ever flow.

Sweet balsams, welling from the slender tree,
And precious spices fill the fragrant air,
And, hiding by the stream, that blossom rare
Whose leaves the river hurries to the sea.

There the blest souls with one accord unite
To hymn in dulcet song their Saviour's praise,
And as the chanting quire their voices raise
They tread with shining feet the lilies bright.

AURELIUS
PRU-
DENTIUS
CLEMENS,
trans. by
R. Martin
Pope

31
Dec.
Morning

*I will remember the years of the right hand
of the Most High.*

ADELINE
D. TRAIN
WHITNEY

I SAID that people who would tell of to-day should wait until it had become yesterday. They may do better. They may wait till the yesterdays in their turn have become to-day. For that is what they do. That is what they are made for, and the process of them. All God's yesterdays make up His grand To-day. When the soul wakes to the light of His meaning for it, its morning has begun.

31
Dec.
Evening

Lord, Thou hast been our Dwelling-Place.

“BUT do Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us,”
chanted the Lector, as he closed the book.
And the Prior struck the board, and the brethren arose
and returned God thanks for the creatures of food and
drink, and for that Earthly Paradise, ever at their door, of
tranquil and joyous and strenuous and thankful and humble
acceptance of God’s will.

WILLIAM
CANTON

FORENOON and afternoon and night,—Forenoon
And afternoon, and night,—
Forenoon, and—what?
The empty song repeats itself. No more?
Yea, that is Life : make this forenoon sublime,
This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer,
And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

EDWARD
ROWLAND
SILL

THE INTERPRETER

- Jan.* 6. Things undone, not things done, have lost
me heaven.
18. I care for naught else (but Thee, O God).
28. Think that this day will never dawn again.
- Feb.* 18. Everything must have its day,
God's love only lasts away.
25. Behold God's angel, fold thy hands in prayer.
27. Look on me well; even I, even I am
Beatrice.
29. For one little tear.
- Mar.* 6. Needs must we have a ruler who discerns
Of God's true citadel at least the tower.
9. Her shalt thou see above,
Smiling and happy on this mountain's top.
16. Yet here ¹ is no repenting, but we smile,
Not at the fault, which comes not back to
mind,
But at the power which ordered and foresaw.
- April* 26. Even as I loved thee
In mortal prison, so I love thee freed.
- June* 17. Desire upon desire came over me
To mount above.
26. Yesterday is To-morrow.

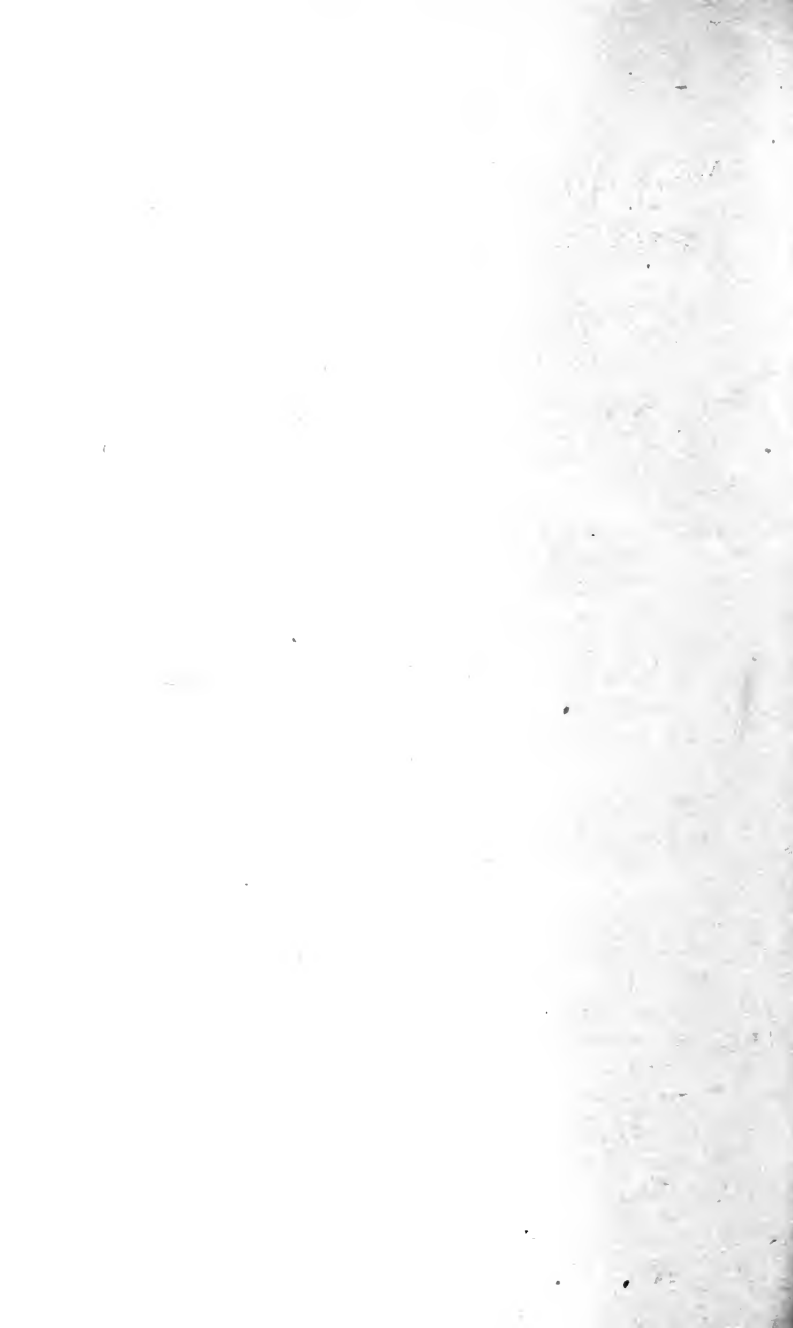
¹ In Paradise.

THE INTERPRETER

- July* 7. Where the treasure is, the heart is.
 12. Then felt I the great might of early love.
 19. Slow to forget is he who truly loves.
 23. Whereby they move, each to its destined haven
 Through the wide sea of being.
 (Dante herè speaks of the guiding hand of
 God which governs all things, stars and
 worlds and souls.)
 29. Servants and messengers of life eternal.
 30. Thus came I back from that most holy water
 Remade, as plants that in their early freshness
 With fresh leaves are refreshed, so was I pure
 And ready to mount upward to the stars.
- Aug.* 10. O brother mine, we all are citizens
 Of one true city.
 16. O Spirit born for joy, who in the rays
 Of life eternal dost the sweetness feel,
 Which, left untasted, ne'er is understood.
 23. To each (his place) gives gladness in the
 Kingdom,
 As to the King who in His will inwills us.
 30. For here, by prayers on earth much grace
 is won.
- Sept.* 20. To know is to forgive.
 28. He, who knows most, grieves most for loss
 of time.
- Oct.* 7. "O child of grace, this joyous life of ours,"
 So he began, "cannot be known of thee
 Holding thine eyes thus ever earthward bent."
 14. Therefore, in fashion of a sapling, grows
 Doubt at the foot of Truth.
 17. Behold my God and my All ! Enough is said
 to him who understands.

THE INTERPRETER

- Nov.* 9. O perfect life of Love and Peace.
21. Behold a door opened in Heaven.
- Nov.* 22. Our happiness in this is perfected,
That what is willed of God we also will.
24. But see, how many speak the name of Christ,
Who in the judgment will be far less near
To Him, than those who never heard of
Christ.
25. Light of the Understanding full of Love,
Love of the truest Good fulfilled with Joy,
And Joy that doth all sweetness overpass.
- Dec.* 20. The Heavens are calling you, and, circling
round you,
Show their eternal beauty manifold
23. Thy will be done.
25. And was made man.



INDEX OF AUTHORS

"A. E." February 25, March 22, June 25, July 11, 21, 27,
September 6, 24, November 9, December 20

Ames, Charles Gordon. June 3, July 28

Andrewes, Bishop Lancelot. January 1, February 29

Anon. February 6, March 14

Anselm, Saint. August 1, December 1

Armenian Jacobites, Liturgy of. October 1

Arnold, Sir Edwin. January 22, June 29, July 5

Arnold, Matthew. January 26, February 13, 29, March 17,
April 5, June 6, July 6, September 4, 12, 23, October 14,
November 30

Barbour, Robert. October 8, December 10

Barry, H. H. January 12

Behmen, Jacob. April 14, October 10, 26, November 23,
December 26

Benson, Arthur Christopher. January 12, February 21, April 18,
June 9, July 14, 28, August 21, November 29

Bernard, Saint. July 29

Bevan, Frances, *trans.* January 5, March 16, April 29, June 1

Blake, William. May 31

Bolton, S. K. October 15

Bonar, Horatio. October 13

Braithwaite, William C. October 24

Bridges, Robert. January 13, April 12, 25, May 18, June 6,
July 19, November 25

Brooke, Stopford A. May 27

Brooks, Phillips. January 6, February 20, September 10,
October 20

Brown, J. E. A. January 7, February 18, April 6, June 23,
July 3, 20, August 23, November 21

Brown, T. E. January 2, February 4, April 1, December 22

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett. April 19, June 2, 15, July 16,
August 22, December 28

INDEX OF AUTHORS

- Browning, Robert. February 23, March 23, June 11, December 12
 Buchan, John. April 3, May 3, September 24
 Burton, Richard. May 24
 Butler, Josephine. February 5
- Caird, Edward. April 29, July 8, August 19, October 9, 27
 Caird, John. January 8, 17, March 10, April 23, August 15,
 October 9, November 5, 13, December 21
 Campagnac, E. T. February 28
 Champion, Thomas. December 9
 Canton, William. May 31, August 18, September 18, December
 31
 Cary, Alice. September 27, October 6
 Carlyle, Thomas. February 24, April 5, June 15, August 14,
 September 4, 26, October 23, November 9
 Chapman, Elizabeth Rachel. April 20, December 23
 Chesterton, Gilbert. May 13
 Clough, Arthur Hugh. March 4, 29, April 11, September 26
 "C.M.E." August 8
 Coleridge, Mary. February 8
 Cone, Helen Gray. February 17, September 21
 Conway, Katherine Eleanor. August 28
 Cooke, Rose Terry. August 18
 Coolidge, Susan. June 23, August 2, September 20, Novem-
 ber 2
 Coptic Jacobites, Liturgy of. August 1
 Crandall, Charles Henry. December 30
 C. W. July 19
- Dandridge, Danske Carolina. September 3
 Deland, Margaret. January 6, March 27, December 25
 De Vere, Aubrey. December 24
 Dixon, Canon Richard Watson. January 3, September 25
 Dorr, Julia. December 29
 Dowden, Edward. February 7, March 10, May 5, June 22, 28
- Eckhart, Meister. August 25
 Eichendorf, J. F. April 24
 Eliot, George. October 28
 Emerson, Ralph Waldo. January 28, February 19, 26, March
 22, April 10, May 7, June 3, 8, 24, July 4, 13, 22, August
 9, September 2, 19, 28, October 4, November 15, 22,
 December 7
 Erigena, John Scotus. August 1

INDEX OF AUTHORS

Erskine, Thomas. February 3, 13, March 16, June 12, September 22, December 12

Faber, Frederic William. September 16, October 21

Falkner, John Meade. September 8

Farquhar, J. W. March 31, May 23, July 10, September 21, October 11, 21

Fouqué, De la Motte. November 26

Francis, St., de Sales. January 15, May 17, July 23, September 7

Francke, A. H. July 31

Fraser-Tytler, C. C. (Mrs. Edward Liddell). August 27

Fry, Joan Mary. March 27, July 10

Gosse, Edmund W. April 30

Greenwell, Dora. January 15, 31, February 15, March 9, April 23, May 4, 29, July 15, August 17, September 30, November 3, December 13

Gregory, Saint, of Armenia, Liturgy of. October 1

Haldane, Richard Burden. February 17, March 4

Harris, J. Rendel. January 5

Hegel, George William Frederic. September 16

Henley, W. Ernest. March 9

Herbert, George. January 18, March 20, 31, May 9, June 18, August 13, September 28, October 1, 20

Hermas. October 13

Higginson, Thomas Wentworth. April 2

Hinkson, Katharine Tynan. April 4, 21, May 4, July 11

Hinton, James. October 31

Holland, Bernard. April 9, November 14

Howells, William Dean. July 13

Hume, Alexander. June 1

Huntington, William Reed. November 20, December 26

Hutchinson, Ellen Mackay. March 6

Imitation of Christ, The. January 4, 21, February 1, 12, March 1, April 1, 4, June 18, July 24, September 1

Inge, William Ralph. January 16, February 16, May 6, July 18, 27, August 16, September 9, 25, November 7, December 15

Ingelow, Jean. February 9, 15, March 5, 13, April 3, June 24, September 15, October 12, November 18, December 6.

Inner Life, The. March 28, November 6

INDEX OF AUTHORS

- Jackson, Helen Hunt. March 25, May 2
 Jones, Rufus. February 21, December 3
 Jowett, Benjamin. January 10, 18, 24, February 8, 18, March 8, 21, 30, April 11, 20, 28, May 14, 19, 29, June 20, July 1, 15, 25, August 5, 13, September 15, October 2, 22, December 9, 18
 Julian, the Anchoress. January 14, March 5, April 16, May 8, June 5, 26, July 17, August 4, 12, 29, September 18, October 17, November 5, December 5

 Keble, John. February 19, March 21, July 7, October 14, December 23
 Kendall, May. March 6, April 30, May 13, June 22, July 17, September 11, October 6
 Kimball, Harriet M'Ewen. September 3, December 2
 King, Harriet Eleanor Hamilton. January 17, February 2, September 10, November 26, December 13
 Kipling, Rudyard. March 3, May 26
 Knight, William. March 15, November 1

 Lanier, Sidney. January 20, July 26, August 12, December 15
 Law, William. April 22, May 12, June 13, July 7, October 25
 Layman's Breviary, The. March 26, October 8, December 8
 Lodge, Sir Oliver. March 11, September 23, October 16, November 3, 17
 Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. February 12, March 12, August 24, December 28
 Longfellow, Samuel. August 1
 Lowell, James Russell. January 10, February 5, August 3, 31, September 22, November 24
 Lucas, Francis. May 30
 Lynch, Thomas Toke. February 11, April 15, May 10

 Maartens, Maarten. May 23
 MacDonald, George. April 13, July 1, September 17, November 22, December 10, 25
 M'Knight, George. July 18
 Mackworth-Dolben, Digby. February 28
 Maeterlinck, Maurice. January 19, 26, February 25, March 30, April 24, June 21
 Manning, Cardinal Henry Edward. February 22, August 7
 Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. February 14, March 25, May 22, June 4, July 31, August 21, September 12, October 12, December 7

INDEX OF AUTHORS

- Markham, Edwin. February 27, November 30
 Martineau, James. August 11, November 8, 28, December 22
 Mason, Caroline Atherton. July 23, August 29
 Massey, Gerald. January 8
 Masterman, C. F. G. January 23, March 20
 Meredith, George. February 24, April 25, May 11
 Meynell, Alice. December 5
 Mitchell, S. Weir. December 24, 29
 Moberley, Robert Campbell. February 9, March 11, July 26,
 November 4, 21
 Modern Mystic's Way, Author of A. April 17, May 16, June
 17, 28, July 20, August 10, December 6
 Molinos, Miguel de. March 24, April 27, October 28
 Morris, William. January 30, August 11.
 Moulton, Louise Chandler. January 9, 29, May 12.
 Mulholland, Rosa. December 3
 Müller, Max. January 3, February 7, April 12, May 15,
 June 7, November 24, December 17
 Mulock, Dinah M. June 17, August 14, December 16
 Murray, Gilbert. March 26, April 8, May 20, June 10,
 October 5
 Myers, Frederic W. H. January 29, June 4, July 14, August 6,
 November 7, 23, December 1, 18

 Neale, John Mason. January 14
 Newbolt, Henry. April 7, May 1, 24
 Newman, Cardinal John Henry. April 26
 Norton, Mrs. December 8

 Oliphant, Mrs. April 7
 "O'Neill, Moira." May 28, November 2

 Palmer, William Scott. March 14, September 5, October 19
 Parsons, Thomas William. August 10
 Pater, Walter. January 2, March 2, April 15, May 11, 30,
 July 2, August 2, October 13, December 16
 Patmore, Coventry. January 13, 25, March 3, 18, May 21,
 July 2, August 26, September 11, October 2, 17,
 November 12, December 4, 14
 Penn, William. March 7
 Plato. May 25
 Powers, Horatio Nelson. June 5
 Proctor, Edna Dean. August 30
 Prudentius, Aurelius. September 13, November 1, December 30

INDEX OF AUTHORS

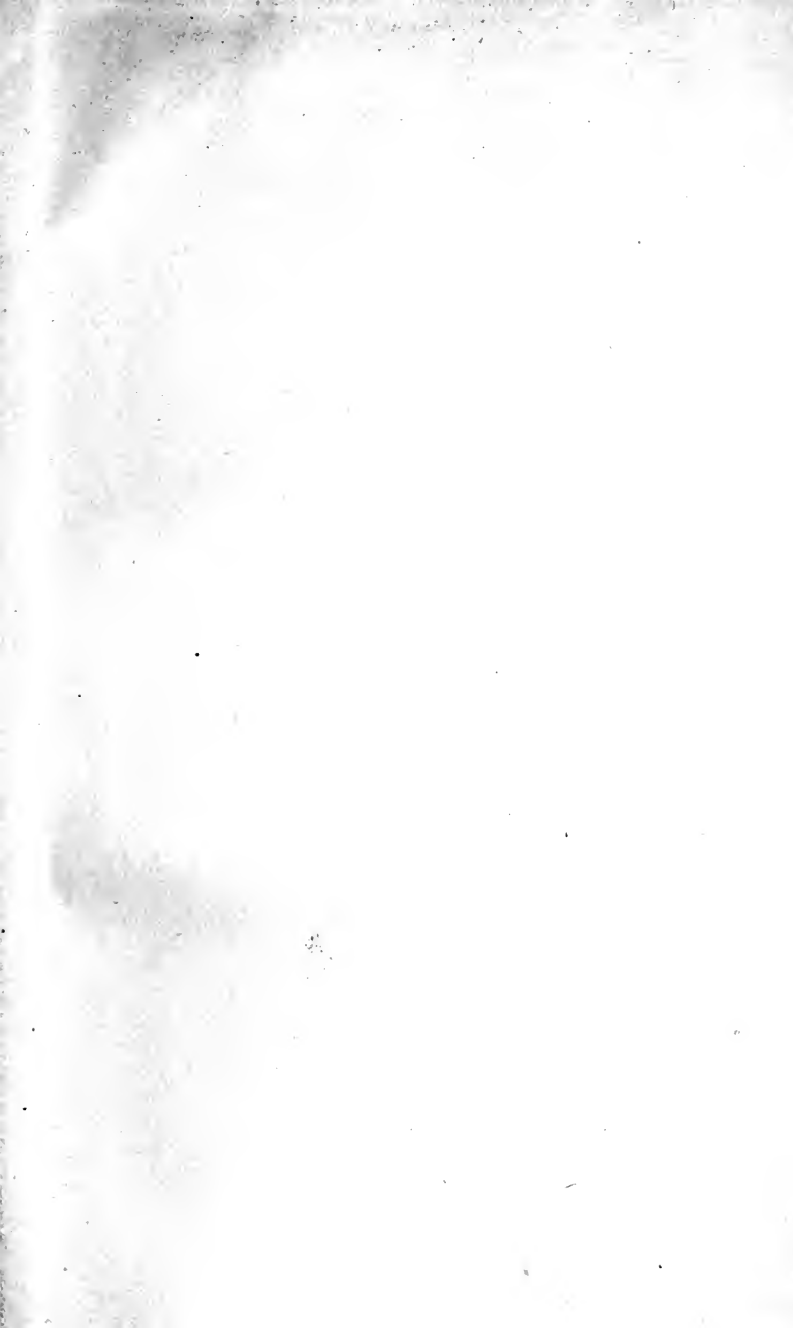
- Robbins, Samuel Dowse. March 1
- Robinson, A. Mary F. August 30, September 27, December 20
- Rossetti, Christina. January 21, February 27, June 19, 30, July 24, August 8, 15, October 10, 19
- Royce, Josiah. January 20, May 10, August 20
- Ruskin, John. February 10, March 19, April 8, May 28, June 2, 25, July 12, August 31, September 29, October 3, November 17, 27, December 2, 19
- Santayana, George. October 7
- Scudder, Eliza. January 1
- Shelley, Percy Bysshe. September 17, October 30
- Shorthouse, John Henry. January 4, June 16, July 3, August 3, November 12
- Sill, Edward Rowland. June 20, page 734
- Skelton, John. November 13
- Smith, George Adam. February 2, March 15, April 6, May 1, 21, June 14, 30, July 9, August 6, September 20, October 24, November 18, 27, December 27
- Stephen, Caroline Emelia. February 23, May 17, June 19, July 6, August 23, September 1, October 29, November 10, 25
- Stevenson, Robert Louis. April 21, May 3, October 30
- Swinburne, Algernon Charles. January 23, June 14, 27, July 9, October 22, December 11
- Symons, Arthur. January 28
- Tauler, John. June 1
- Tennyson, Alfred, Lord. March 23, April 9, May 16, 20, 25, July 5, 30, August 4, 27, October 4, 15, 27, November 20
- Tersteegen, Gerhardt. January 5, February 20, March 16, June 9
- Tertiary, Thoughts of a. January 7, June 29, October 11, December 14
- Thomas, Edith Matilda. April 17, December 27
- Tillotson, Archbishop. September 9
- Traherne, Thomas. January 27
- Trench, Archbishop Richard Chenevix. February 1, 14, August 19, 28
- Tyrell, Father George. January 22, March 29, April 13, May 9, June 11, September 14, October 7, 18, November 19, December 11

INDEX OF AUTHORS

- Vaughan, Henry. Page 1, January 16, March 18, April 27,
May 18, June 13, July 8, September 13, October 16,
November 4, 14, December 4
- Very, Jones. April 18
- Waring, Anna Lætitia. January 30, February 22, March 12,
April 16, May 14, June 12, August 25, September 7, 14,
October 31, November 8, December 21
- Waters of Eunoë, By the. June 21, July 30
- Watson, William. March 8
- Wells, H. G. April 28, June 10
- Wesley, Charles. July 21, 29, September 6
- Whichcote, Benjamin. January 11, 27, February 16, May 5
- Whitman, Walt. April 26, August 24
- Whitney, Adeline D. Train. January 9, February 11, 26,
March 13, April 2, July 16, 25, October 5, November 6,
December 31
- Whittier, John Greenleaf. January 11, 24, February 3,
March 7, April 22, May 8, 22, June 7, August 5, 9, 17,
October 23, 26, November 16, 29
- Wicksteed, Philip H. May 26, June 26, November 16
- Williams, Sarah. November 11
- Wilton, Richard. February 6
- Wordsworth, William. January 19, 25, March 2, 19, 24,
April 10, May 6, 15, 27, June 8, 16, July 4, 22, August
7, 16, 20, 26, September 2, 19, 29, October 3, 18, 25,
November 10, 15, 28
- Yattendon Hymn-Book, The. May 2, 19, November 19,
December 19
- Yeats, W. B. February 10, March 17, April 19, June 27,
July 12, September 5, November 11, December 17







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